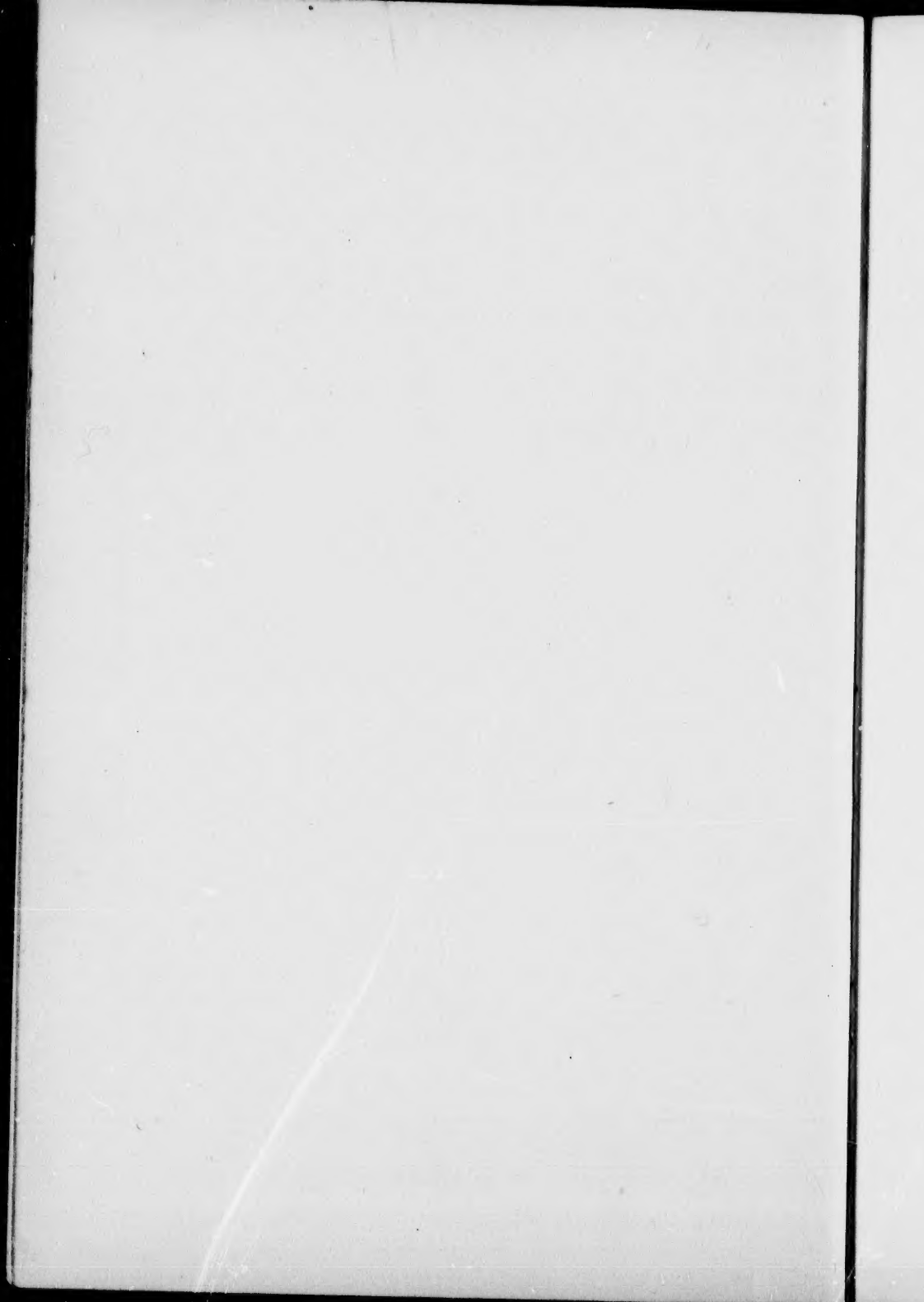




TEN YEARS IN MY FIRST CHARGE.



TEN YEARS
IN
MY FIRST CHARGE.

BY
REV. ALEXANDER HUGH SCOTT, M.A.



TORONTO:
HART & COMPANY
21 & 33 KING STREET WEST.
1891.

BX9225

S37

A3

145888

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, by REV. A. H. SCOTT, Perth, Ontario, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

DEDICATION.

To Him who "counted me faithful," putting me into the ministry ;

To my Wife who shared with me from "behind the scenes," the plannings, and beheld with me the outcome of the plannings of a difficult but delightful ministry ;

To Old and Young who were brought by us to Christ, as well as to those who were helped by us to deeper interest in Heavenly things ;

To the Members of our own flock in the Session, Boards, Organizations, and Homes, who were our interested associates in aiming to exalt Christ in our first Congregation ; and

To the Christian Friends in other Congregations and Denominations in Owen Sound, who, by word and service, proved themselves to be fellow-labourers in the Master's vineyard,

This Book is, with affection,

DEDICATED.



AUTHOR AND DONOR.

Apart from the interest created in a member of his session by a minister of Christ, who was seeking to do his Master's work with fidelity, the author had no claim upon the generosity herewith recorded.

Within the room in which this book was written and on the afternoon of the National Thanksgiving-day immediately preceding the date of its publication, the donor, on being informed of the scope of the work, expressed his special interest in it.

With a modesty that enhances the value of his gift, the gentleman whose name, by good will and by bank cheque, is identified with this volume, intimated a desire to assist in the enterprise. After his intimation had been made, donor, author's wife, and author knelt in the library of the manse, and the Lord's blessing was invoked upon the gift.

The author's sense of obligation is his plea for disregarding the donor's aversion to publicity, and for expressing his gratitude in this way to

Mr. JOHN ARMOUR,

senior Elder of St. Andrew's Church, Perth, for his generous gift of

Six Hundred Dollars.



PREFACE.

Being enabled by grace to say, with Henry Martyn, "Thank God, I am Christ's minister," I can scarcely be charged with presumptuousness when I write, in the following pages, of matters that pertained to my early years in His public service.

It is now nearly three years since I bade farewell to the people with whom I spent the first ten years of my ministry. The interval has brought together new accumulations of experience that may some day find expression on the pages of another volume.

The first ministry that ran over a decade, and the first three years of work in my second charge give confirmation to the statement of "Prediger:"—"There is no place without its difficulties ; by removing you may change them, it may be you will increase them ; but you cannot escape them."

The experience of these thirteen years further confirms the declaration of Phillips Brooks on the work of the ministry :—"There is no career that can compare with it for a moment in the rich and satisfying relations into which it brings a man with his fellow-men, in the deep and interesting insight which it gives him into human nature, and in the chance of the best culture for his own character. Its delights never grow old, its interest never

wanes, its stimulus is never exhausted. It is different to a man at each period of his life ; but, if he is the minister he ought to be, there is no age, from the earliest years . . . to the late days . . . in which the ministry has not some fresh charm and chance of usefulness to offer to the man whose heart is in it. Let us never think of it in any other way than this. Let us rejoice with one another that in a world where there are a great many good and happy things for men to do, God has given us the best and happiest, and made us preachers of His Truth."

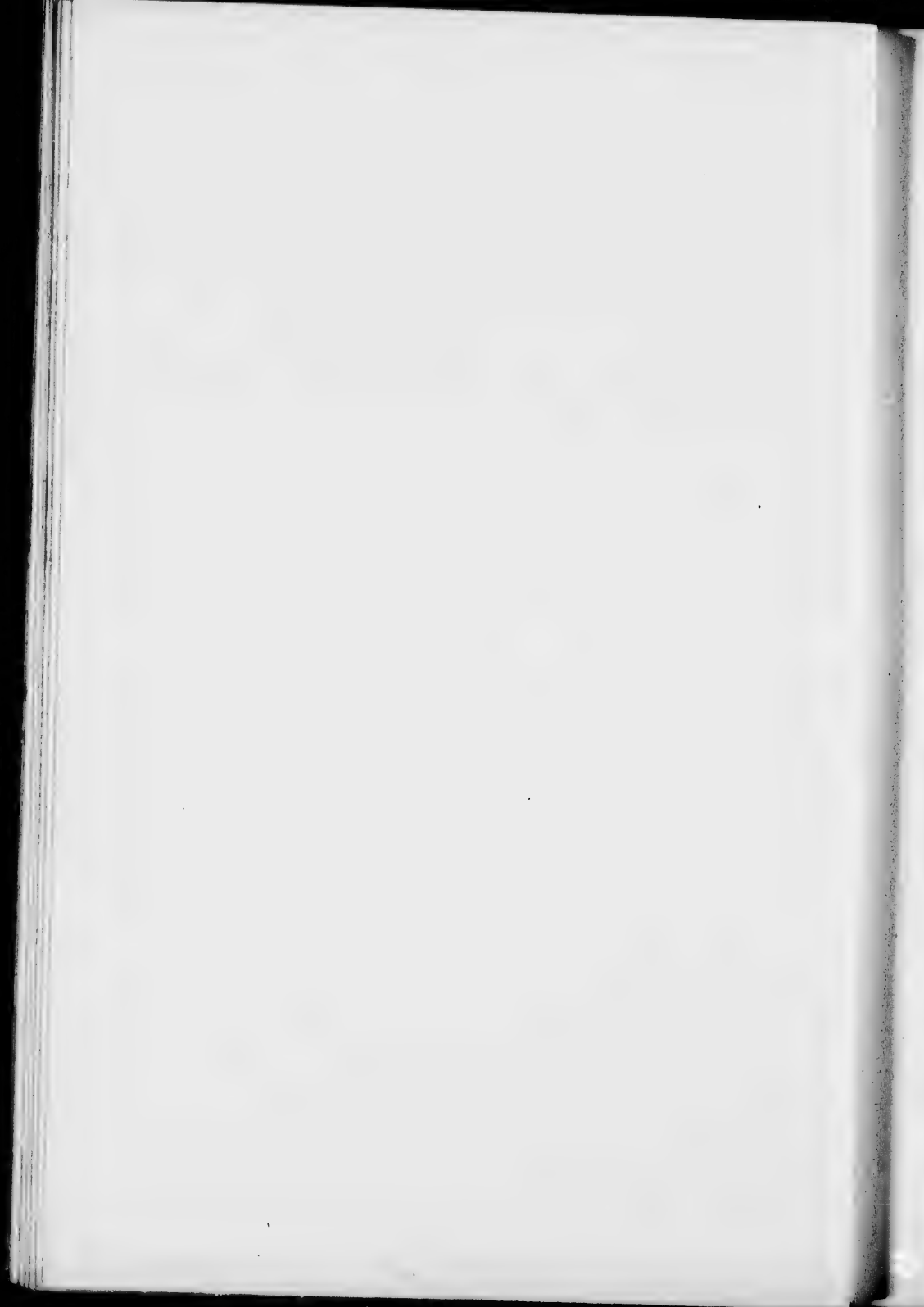
In these prefatory sentences I desire to express my obligations to my Toronto publishers for their interest in my book, as well as for the skill and finish that mark their part of the work ; to my two literary friends, the one in Ontario, the other in Quebec, who have assisted me in the examination of proof-sheets ; to the donor whose gift is referred to on another page, and to advance subscribers in Glengarry, Owen Sound, Carleton Place, and Perth, who have given tangible assurances of interest in my book which forbid pecuniary anxiety about the first issue.

When I survey the period covered by my early ministry I am prompted to ask, with the apostle,—“What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing ?” And when I think that during that period many souls were brought to Jesus, and many of the Lord's attached followers were helped Heavenward, I am prompted to give the Apostle's answer : —“Ye are my glory and joy.”

This contribution I lay "at the feet of Jesus," praying that, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, and "the thanksgiving of many," it may "redound to the glory of God."

A. H. S.

ST. ANDREW'S MANSE,
Perth, April, 1891.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Lord to the first place at the outset—If not, yet not, by God's grace—
My first obligation—As the twig is bent—A grand-parent's due—
My mother—One impression—Something that left a deeper impression
—All my children now are on the side of Christ—"The hand that
rocks the cradle"—A third obligation—Effect of a text—The book
that brought the author to Jesus—Mourning by the Atlantic—At least
one jewel in his crown—New discoveries and new obligations—With
Spurgeon in London—An airy critic on Spurgeon—Could do him no
good—What Spurgeon has done for me—How it was done—Two
names from college days—To me amongst the most helpful of men—
Unfair if another name were omitted—Exuberance of a friend's admiration—
On the platform in Exeter Hall, London—Obligations to a New
York minister—Mr. Sage's \$10,000—Addresses of incalculable benefit
—Classed with the two Timothies and Titus—At Hawarden, Gladstone's
country seat—All fine but the finest to come—Chester's chief
attraction—Like the peasants in *The Angelus*—Archibald Alexander's
testimony—In the chair of the "peerless expositor"—A good man's
enduring monument.....9-36

CHAPTER II.

BETWEEN THE UNIVERSITY AND THE PASTORATE.

Two special seasons in life—From home to University City—Lord Lytton
to young men—Undergraduates for mission work—First mission field
—Seasickness not conducive to doctrinal talk—Hillier and Consecration
—First sermon—The text, and comments upon the sermon—Six
months in Bruce—Rev. John Ferguson—Ministers are targets—
2nd Thess., 3rd chap. disturbing—What Pinkerton has given to the

Church—"The first person that ever spoke to me about my soul"— Last session in College—A congregation wanting a minister—A recommendation—Two Sabbaths in Owen Sound—Owen Sound not Edinburgh—Correspondence relating to a call—"Of the Lord"—Call accepted—The new pastor's welcome.....	37-61
---	-------

CHAPTER III.

A START IN MY FIRST CHARGE.

Retiring minister's farewell—New pastor's inaugural—Face to face with a pastoral charge—Strain of installation—"Under the juniper tree"— Lover-like turning to letters—The panacea—Norman MacLeod begin- ning work in his first charge—His memoir a prized volume—"On thy way"—Indescribable longing for souls—"The place is awfully dead"—Applying the remedy—Topics of first series of sermons—The first convert—Preciousness of first-fruits—True associates—Leal fol- lowers—A sworn band—Downright hard work—Letters from Glasgow and Anwoth Manse—Encouraging words—Cheering view of Christ— "The labor we delight in physics pain"—Till working days are done.....	62-74
---	-------

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE SCHOOL OF AFFLICTION.

Individuality merged into duality—A strange halting place—Invalid father in one room—In a dark room a sister—A remarkable restoration— The furnace many times heated—Consultation of doctors—Prospect of death—Everlasting arms underneath—No intimation of the future —Exactly three years of pain and profit—"Fear thou not O my servant"—Carrie Judd—Mother moved back aghast—Speechless and wondering—The light of day once more—The country astir—Special correspondent from Montreal press on the spot—Tidings of the restoration—A densely crowded audience—An influence that led students to the University— <i>En route</i> to China—The waving hand- kerchief—By Cherith—Rubbed plants emitting fragrance—Working for good—The winter of distress before the flowers of grace—Marah then Elim.....	75-96
--	-------

CHAPTER V.

TANGIBLE TOKEN ADDED TO TESTIMONY.

Reflections from a trip through Norway and Sweden—Stockholm the objective point—"S. S. Sirius"—Genuineness of the Swedish heart—Favours from the Royal family, city official, rich and poor—From Stockholm to Copenhagen—With a friend in Botanisk Have—Most impressive incident in Denmark—A happy mean—Helpfulness of testimony—With clasped hand giving thanks—"One thing I have been wanting to tell you"—One more sermon like that and I'll be a Christian—A motherless boy testifying to the helpfulness of a sermon—A widowed mother's testimony—Another testimony given in Boston—The three P's elaborated in Dumfries—Boston and Scotland helped by what helped in Canada—Testimony from a young man—An aged parishioner nearing the boundary—His acknowledgments and suggestions—Five tangible tokens—Deputations bearing gifts—"In the tribute of the hour I see"—Giving feeds love—Humbled through kindness—Spurred on to increased faithfulness.....97-130

CHAPTER VI.

THE FURNACE, THE FORGE, AND THE FILE.

Another side to the ministry—No promises of beds of ease—Efficient servants with the Master's experiences—Mistaken inferences by a minister's wife—"Fine positions" and "delightful times"—Entitled to a better position—Adulation and jeremiad—Not have you reached position, but have you been faithful—Outward appearances sometimes untrustworthy—The fiery furnace—The hammer-beat on the forge of trial—The file of grace at work—Encroachments upon the devil's domain—Satanic noises—Displeased with reformation—One cause of ministers' troubles—A second cause—Hosannas to-day—Going back to-morrow—With a view to the loaves and fishes—The hangers on—The English language failing in a term—"That man can't preach"—Anonymous letters—Arithmetic of multiplication by subtraction—Lies strangled to death—A veil thrown over—One great benefit from painfulness in the ministry—Another benefit—The gale makes the furnace draw—Two helpful lists—"My God, why should I complain!"—Two additional benefits—A persecutor now preaching—Concluding benefit—As God will!—In the hottest fire—"He knoweth the way that I take.".....131-156

CHAPTER VII.

CHRIST'S MINISTER.

A chapter for the fulfilment of a promise—A request two years after the delivery of an Address—The request repeated—Through living voice and printed page—To others because a power to one's self—The most sacred relationship on earth—The minister of Christ solemnly related to three parties—Two calls to the minister—A worshiper's pungent remark—God never saved any man for being a preacher, nor because he was an able preacher—The most monstrous sham—Enriching delights of Grace—Resources through quiet and prolonged contact with Christ—On the Mount like Moses—More of souls than of salary—Clean hands—Spiritual deliverance through delegated messengers—A creation to be ignored by ministers—Possession of the grandest possibilities—One of the comforts of the ministry—A starving pulpit—"Evangelical" and "Evangelistic"—The message for dying men—A promise for Christ's minister—Science and Philosophy at the feet of Jesus—Moody's discovery—Watchwords for ministers—To Him upon the throne.....157-177

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

Much treasure—Minister and pastor—The home—Away from the crowd—A whole audience converted—Is the home more powerful than the pulpit?—The family in olden days—Christian work began in a family—Better than orchestra or oratory—Reciprocity between church and home—How *not* to do pastoral visitation—Going out to dress—Coming in dressed—A faulty method discarded—Intimated calls—Should an elder accompany the pastor?—Congregational economy in visitation—The pastor's first requirement—The family's responsibility—Many a road to Charing Cross—Pastoral visitation a pleasure—An amusing incident—Brickmaking and soul-saving—What the pastor gives and the people get and *vice versa*—The grasp of an old man's hand—A lift heavenward—Sixty years to Satan—A striking incident—Sanctified Episcopalianism and consecrated Presbyterianism—Enmity between religion and dirt—Works before faith—A "little boy" like the "little maid"—Cruel critics—"Put yourself in his place"—Sympathy a need of the age—The minister behind the scenes—To the hen-house

or rafters—Pearls in shells—Four things found in homes—Rewards of pastoral visitation—The choice of texts—Between Chicago and New York—On an Allan steamer—In Sweden—A whole family led to Christ—The nursery of the church in every generation.....178-215.

CHAPTER IX.

"A PASTOR'S SKETCHES."

First sketch—Difference between a proverb and a truth—Competition and contention—Discord among brethren—Understanding between two pastors in a town—Saved from jarrings—Hearts of the best of people in need of guarding—Second sketch—On the street—A letter from an inquirer—Could not live, and not prepared to die—A convert—Third sketch—A good text but a disturbing sermon—A stalwart worshipper looking daggers—Only one part of the sermon pleasing—The heads of the discourse given—Denominational rivalry—Away in a rage—The same text with other results—Does the Lord come in dreams now-a-days?—Answered in the affirmative—A striking dream—The dreamer's testimony—Fourth sketch—Webster and gossips—Commendable gossip—Among the maples and lindens—"One touch of nature"—Drinking tea and talking vitrol—Gossip deteriorating—Capital advice from a competent instructor—Killing ducks for one feather—A case in point—"Good sister, your turn next"—Church scissors to be used—Fifth sketch—A class of intolerable nuisances—Scriptural description—A visit from a "revivalist"—Who "Rounders" are—Different classes—What they like and do not like—Undesirable accessions—Sixth sketch—Ejecting from a pew—In City Temple, London—A stout dame in velvet and diamonds—Attractions to saloons and churches—Two visitors from Britain in church—What impressed them most on this continent—A hint to congregations—Remedy for empty pews and small Sunday-Schools—Swayed toward Christ.....216-252:

CHAPTER X.

ADDITIONAL SKETCHES.

Seventh sketch—Warning to unwary travellers—Two sisters at a marriage ceremony—No. 103 on my marriage register—One of the sisters in gaol—"I began to go astray when I left your Bible-class"—Eighth sketch—On the scaffold with a blind man—His testimony—Preferred

the wrong way—The execution—Ninth sketch—Two different effects of a sermon—"I want to thank you"—"Never darken the doors of the church again"—What the Scriptures say—Savour of death unto death—Of life unto life—Tenth sketch—Should have missed me—Asking for a certificate—Is it a minister's business to take the census of his audience?—A case in contrast—Remarkable application of Isa. 30, 1-3—Eleventh sketch—Two baneful influences—David Hume and his mother—Infidel wolves in sheep's clothing—Deadened sensibilities—Guard against the unholy tendencies—A mother and her erring boys—"You have talked all my influence away"—Twelfth sketch—What a child can do—A swearing father changed—Two profitable ministries—"Neither do I condemn thee"—Thirteenth sketch—Brittleness of life's thread—"Put up a prayer for my boy"—Four touching incidents—Fourteenth sketch—First Avenue hotel, London—The two most impressive scenes in London—Congregational incidents—Fifteenth sketch—Religion of giving—A loquacious murmurer—Vacuous condition of a church treasury—Why so?—A loud talker taught—Giving for Christ's sake—An illustration—Set apart for the Lord first—Pleasure in the right way.....253-293

CHAPTER XI.

FAREWELL TO PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

At work like Elisha—An unlooked for communication—Why one field of labour was left for another—Released by Presbytery from my first charge—Closing scenes—Last Sabbath morning service—Exceptional circumstances—Because of the conspicuous place given to Christ—What was the staple of the Gospel for ten years—You have Christ because Christ has you—Twenty-eight new communicants at last service—All caught in Christ's net—Last words to the unregenerate—An unfailling rule for the Christian—How genuine prosperity comes to congregations—At the Lord's table—Two names of higher note than "mother" and "home"—Press accounts of the public farewell—Town Hall filled—On the platform—Long into the night—Such a leave-taking as is not often witnessed—Addresses—United address from Session, Board of Management and Sabbath-school—"Better years we never expect to see in this world"—To the new field—Thankful for the ten years' service—"You will never meet with faces that will give you a gladder welcome"—The pastor's wife—From the Ladies' Association—The pastor's last words—Adieu and counsel—Forward—Statement in address on prosperity—Not a new church

hunter—To do with others what has been done with you—A trust to maintain—Love and peace—Sorrowful things about the farewell—Joyful things—Five hundred and seventy new members—Success gauged by faithfulness rather than by figures—"Finally, brethren, farewell"—Heaven at last. 294-331

CHAPTER XII.

GLEANINGS FROM EXPERIENCE FOR YOUNG MINISTERS.

Statement of Phillips Brooks—Certain first principles to be taken for granted—Plan of this closing chapter—Young men to-day where the author was thirteen years ago—Asking for a leaf from another's experience—Frankly, as a brother to brethren—Nine gleanings from experience—The first—Three terrible charges against ministers—Allow them not to be laid at your door—Hodge's Systematic Theology—Another book by Hodge—Nebulous preaching—The second—Dugald Stewart—Is there danger of Bibliolatry?—More *out of* the Book, less *about* it—Colenso, Huxley, Darwin to show off—The Science of the Cross—Philosophy of Christ's substitution—Magi ahead of the Pharisees—The Gospel of Christ is no cripple—The third—Drs. John Hall, Duff, and Pierson—Ministers' power to kindle or destroy missionary ardor—Stagnant waters breed croakers—Away from home and at home—The fourth—A good wife, a good Session, a good Managing Board for a minister—Main dependence upon two others—Self-renunciation and self-dependence—How to get common sense—Stand on your own feet—World does not look through true minister's glasses—What does your minister think of you?—The fifth—Ministers must be fighters—Riddled banners—In a European city—Lessons with a friend—The hymnology of our day—What battalions get heartiest cheers?—Scars and trophies—The sixth—H. Clay Trumbull—The grace of overlooking—The house fly for the dirty spot—Brutus and Cassius—The Arena at Rome—Victor Hugo—Love—The seventh—*ἐν πρ Χριστῷ* ministers—The best marked leaf in my experience—Take it in capital letters—"Position," "cloth," "ambassadorship"—The eighth—Hungry persons need food—Expository preaching—"Less gilding and more carving"—Ornate periods—Praying for their minister that he may preach the Word—Insulting Christ—Power in simplicity—Enamelling the lily—The ninth—Last but not least—Luther's six minutes out of ten—Requirement of congregations, Professors, and Ministers—Spiritual equipment—Your people and you—In demonstration of the Spirit. 332-357



TEN YEARS IN MY FIRST CHARGE.

CHAPTER I.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Them that honour Me I will honour"—The old fire-side—A grand parents due—"The hand that rocks the cradle"—Effect of the text, "He brought him to Jesus"—The book that led the author to Christ—Mourning by the Atlantic—New obligations expressed—With Spurgeon in London—"Old fashioned" and "disappointed"—Two names from College days—"The Greatest man in Canada to-day"—On the platform in Exeter Hall, London—A New York Divine—Mr. Sage's \$10,000—Classed with the two Timothies and Titus—At Hawarden, Gladstone's country seat—Chester's chief attraction—Archibald Alexander's testimony—In the chair of the "peerless expositor"—A good man's enduring monument.

AT an early period in my life I became impressed with the Scriptural words:—"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." As the years go by I find in this passage increasing pleasure and power. In inviting those who may become readers of this book to the record of a young man's first ministry, it is becoming that I should lift my Lord to the first place at the very outset. All through the period included in

these chapters, amid many ups and downs, God has been sustaining his servant in a remarkable way. To Him, therefore, my earliest acknowledgments are due. To Him they are rendered. With special meaning can I engage with the Rev. John Newton in a recorded soliloquy :—"I am not what I *ought* to be. Ah! how imperfect and deficient. I am not what I *wish* to be. . . Nor am I what I *hope* to be. Yet, though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say that I am not what I once was, and I can heartily join with the apostle and acknowledge, "by the grace of God I am what I am."

Next to the Lord, I must express my indebtedness to a Christian home. Among my earliest recollections of that home are those of my father's father. With the passage of years remembrance seems in no way to be blunted of that good man, between whose knees I often stood when a little boy, to hear the name of Father and of God. When my young mind was becoming susceptible to impressions this aged grandsire taught me the distinction between right and wrong, and let me know, if I were to "see good days," that I

must "eschew evil, and do good." In those days it was no uncommon thing for my grandfather's most intimate friends to come to the old home, in order that he and they might encourage one another in God. I sat with an advanced Christian and my grandfather on one occasion as they spent part of a summer's evening in talking of the Saviour, the soul, and the future. At the time I understood not, as I now understand, the topics that interested them so deeply. But the recollections that attach to the spot, where these two men of God conversed on spiritual themes at eventide, draw me to Him whom they called theirs and whom, thanks to His love, I call mine. The impressions created in my mind as I knelt at the same chair, when that good man was conducting the family devotions; the memories that continue of the early days when he gathered the children about him on Sabbath afternoon for "the questions;" the doctrines he instilled into me when a little lad; the instruction he imparted by precept and by example; these combine to keep alive my gratitude to the Lord for having brought me into a home honored with such a head.

I am under deep obligation to my parents. But,

in these opening acknowledgments, faithfulness prompts me to make special mention of her who bore me. As soon as I was born my mother dedicated me to the Lord. In infant days the touch of her hand was felt, though I was yet unconscious of its tender influence. When I became able to think she pointed me to Jesus. I think of the days when I required the rod, and when I smarted under its severity in my mother's hand. But something has left a deeper impression upon my being than the punishment ; for after the punishment had been rendered, the same hand held mine, as I was brought, on bended knee with her, to tell the fault to Him who forgiveth sins, and to ask of Him the strength required to make and keep me better for after days. Piety is a word that does not embrace all that is contained in the religion possessed by her, whose worth a son feels more than his tongue or pen can express. If ten years in my first charge have been fruitful in conversions to the Lord, and in the upbuilding of the Lord's people, the servant, along with his obligations to the Master, most loyally, as a son, speaks out his indebtedness to his mother. In her were combined discernment

and discretion, perseverance and patience, a large heart and large expectations, vigor and faith. She had seen the grace of God herself and exhorted her children, "that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."

Like the oak on the hill top, my old home felt the winds. "Mount Joy" had its trials and afflictions, and our mother had a heavy share of them to bear. They did good. They drove the roots of faith deeper into Christ. But our home had its brightness and gladness, yes, its unspeakable joys. We were a family of ten, of which I was the first born. Never shall I forget, as I returned on one holiday occasion to the home of my childhood, how mother's face glowed with delight, the tear drop of gratefulness appearing at the time, as she expressed to me her assurance that the youngest in the family had just come to the consciousness of a personal interest in Christ. "My son," she added, and although it is years since it was said, I think I hear the words as I write, "your mother's heart is full, for now I know that all my children are on the side of Christ." Thank God for His grace, and for our Christian mothers.

To their teaching and influence much of what is termed our successes is to be ascribed. The longer I live the more I see in the poet's lines—

"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that moves the world."

The opening sentence in John's gospel, chapter first, and verse forty-second, has a special meaning to me, and impresses me with its rich suggestiveness. "And he brought him to Jesus" was the text for the evening sermon on a certain Sabbath day with my first congregation. As the worshippers were retiring from the house of prayer, a Christian lady came to express her gratitude for the benefit she had received through my words. She had been stirred into spiritual activity by Andrew's example. Peter, whom he brought to Jesus, overshadows his brother, in the estimation of some scriptural readers. But the more one rejoices over Peter's rewards on the day of Pentecost, and reflects upon the signal honors that fell to this apostle, the more significance attaches to the scene indicated in the chapter just mentioned. Behind the great sermon, and the great acts of Peter, is this quiet service of Andrew.

During my ministry I thank the Lord that He

has honored His servant by enabling him to bring many a one to the Saviour. With each new instance of conversion in my work with men I am more enraptured with the sentence of Scripture above referred to, because it freshens my remembrance of the man who brought me to Jesus. No human being but myself knew the weary weeks that I spent in struggling with the inquiry, "how then, can man be justified with God?" "Wormwood and gall" were my portion for long days and wretched nights before I came to appreciate Christ as a personal Saviour. I tried to rid myself of a pressing spiritual burden, but that burden seemed to grow heavier. Dissatisfied, and in deep distress, I resorted to the Bible, and I cried unto the Lord about my soul. In the midst of the agitations a little book was thrown in my way. I was struck with the title—"God's Way of Peace." It was peace above all other things that I was wanting ther. I seized the book, and went away to a retired spot. The heading of the first chapter, and the scriptural references with which it was associated, emphasized truth with which my heart was becoming acquainted. As I read on, and examined reference after reference, the light and

comfort from heaven were beginning to be felt. Before the closing chapters had been reached the Spirit of God had wrought the great change. He wrought it through the instrumentality of this little book. By "God's Way of Peace" Horatius Bonar brought me to Jesus.

When down on the Atlantic seaboard spending my vacation season during the summer of 1889, the cable carried from another continent the tidings of Dr. Bonar's death. The daily Press had brief notices the following day. The religious papers gave touching tributes to a worthy man. Some around me spoke the merits of his hymn, "I lay my sins on Jesus." Others expressed their preference for what they termed his choicest effusion, "I heard the voice of Jesus say, 'Come unto Me and rest,' &c." Had I not known anything of the honor bestowed by God upon his voice and pen with others, I could say that Horatius Bonar will have at least one jewel in his crown on rewarding-day, for it was he who led me to the enjoyment of salvation through "Jesus Only."

It was, indeed, a precious satisfaction that I enjoyed as the newly-brought peace told me of "Christ in you the hope of glory." I had been

hearing of Christ ever since I had ears to hear ; but now I heard of Him as I never had heard before. In a charming sense, old things had passed away and all things had become new. And the newest of the new were the discoveries in the Holy Scriptures.

My early discoveries in the Book of books have been telling me down to the present, and will be telling me as long as I live, of my obligations to another man, whom the Lord has signally honored. I refer to Charles H. Spurgeon. Not everyone is an admirer of this man of God. Nor did everyone admire the Son of God when He was here in the flesh. And a man is none the worse for not attracting universal admiration. On the occasion of my first visit to England I made the acquaintance of a young man in the ministry. Airy in his notions and talk, he seemed to magnify "dignity," at the expense of responsibility, in a shepherd of the flock. We met on a Monday, and he asked me how I had spent the preceding day. In my reply it was stated that one of the public services had been enjoyed at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. This statement elicited certain comments upon the "culture" of the Tabernacle worshippers, and the "tone" of the

Metropolitan preacher. There are times when, with new acquaintances, it is expedient to withhold from utterance the heart's promptings. And on this occasion there was a smothering of indignation at the insinuating suggestions of my friend. Our interview completed, I bade him good-bye, silently predicting that, without a change in ministerial views, there would soon be a downfall. Years have passed by since this London visit. The interval has found Mr. Spurgeon increasing in honor with God and man ; but the airy critic has already demitted his charge, and betaken himself, compulsorily, to a department of activity other than that for which, at the time spoken of, he had not the first qualification.

On the occasion of our last visit to London, lodging with us in our quarters, near Trafalgar Square, was a gentleman whose home was in one of the large cities of the United States, and who had just returned to the Metropolis from an extended Continental tour. A combination of circumstances attracted the gentleman to us during his stay in London. I had pleasure in rendering him assistance in an unexpected difficulty that had arisen, and he was not slow to acknowledge his

gratitude. When the Sabbath morning came about, and as we sat at the breakfast table, the gentleman interrogated us as to our plans for the day. When response was given, he asked if he might accompany us to Spurgeon's Tabernacle for the first service. Our American friend, my wife, and myself occupied a pew in the first gallery that Sabbath morning. The house was filled. Mr. Spurgeon was in his accustomed place, and preached a sermon that, to some of us, was marrow and fatness. The benediction having been pronounced and the congregation dispersing, we three tarried in that gallery to speak of the things we had seen and heard. Our friend was not pleased with anything. The singing was old-fashioned; the sermon was long; the "looks" of the people he did not like; with Spurgeon he was disappointed; and so on. We endeavored to get away from externals, but our companion had no sympathy with spiritual things. The strength and accompaniments of our friendship, together with a desire to speak a word in season to a brother who was out of the way, led us to emphasize the claims of Him whom the preacher that morning had been holding up. What fruits may come from the conversation we may not

know in this world. It would seem, before we separated, that some impression had been made. Yet, on the stone steps in front of that sacred edifice, as we bade good-bye to our gentlemanly friend, he continued to affirm that Spurgeon could do him no good.

Because Spurgeon has done me great good, I desire, in these preliminary acknowledgments, to make mention of it. As a worshipper when he led us in the public service; at the communion-table with him and his people commemorating the death of a risen Lord, the Metropolitan Tabernacle brings precious memories. But my gratefulness to Spurgeon runs back further than the time when I first saw his face in the flesh. Horatius Bonar led me to see Christ as my Saviour. Charles H. Spurgeon led me to see Christ in my Bible. Before these revelations from the Spirit, through Spurgeon's instrumentality, I had hazy views of the Word of God. From early training I had an enforced veneration for the Word of God. Portions of the Scriptures I read, or heard read, with interest; but what necessary connection the Old Testament had with the New I could not tell. I wanted to understand the Bible, and was praying

that my wish might be gratified. Providentially, about this time, I had placed in my hand a copy of the second series of Spurgeon's published sermons. That one, numbered 20, based on the closing words of 1st Cor., x., 4, brought me into a new land. It was through meditating upon that discourse that the Spirit of God led me to realize Christ as the central figure of the Old and New Testaments. From that time up to the present, with every new discovery in the Holy Oracles, and with every fresh presentation of the truth in my ministry, I am stimulated by the remembrance of the time when the Christ whom I enjoyed as my Saviour was shown to me to be the same who was before me in the successive books of the Divine Volume. How the Book did glow with meaning as I learnt that Moses, David and Isaiah, along with Matthew, Paul and John, were men chosen by the Holy Spirit to tell of God in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself! To Spurgeon, therefore, I feel bound to express my indebtedness for having first shown me the living Christ in the living Word of God.

Two names lay claim to special recognition from the period covered by my college days. The four

sessions of my arts course were taken in Queen's University, Kingston. The three additional years of theological study were spent in the Divinity Hall of the same institution. These courses, looked back upon from the standpoint of the present, disclose some remarkable things. Reminiscences, congratulatory and regretful, belong to those seven college years. But whatever those years tell of that which was done, or that left undone, they serve, with the lapse of time, to bring into prominence my obligations to the men who were my teachers and guides.

Speaking in a strictly educational sense, I may be as much indebted to the professors in science, philosophy, mathematics, and history as to him who adorned the chair of classical literature in my Alma Mater. But, by reason of circumstances, not necessarily connected with the class-room, I am conscious of a special debt of gratitude to the influence of the much-beloved Professor Mackerras. Here is the name of a grand man; grand because he was good. His body was lowered to a resting place in Cataraqui Cemetery. To him belongeth an interest in the benediction from the heavenly voice: "Blessed are the dead which die in the

Lord from henceforth : yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors : and their works do follow them." When my college work was completed, and his life-work was nearly ended, I enjoyed my most valued instruction from him, as he taught from the chair of affliction. It would be a breach of sanctity were my pen allowed to disclose words and doings that marked certain hours in his invalid chamber when we were alone before the Lord. His was a spirit indomitable, and his a character brightened and blessed by the love of the Saviour. Professor Mackerras was a man endowed with keen discernment of men, and one whose judgment was worth while seeking after. In many perplexing periods in my own history, at many of the strange stages in my ministry, I have had special occasion to thank the Lord that He allowed me to share the advantages of inner communion with this wise and good man. When I was perplexed about correct conclusions as to post-collegiate labours ; when I was manifesting anxiety as to the Lord's will in the matter of the call from my first congregation, anxious to help me through his acquaintance with men and things, he proved himself a valuable adviser and true friend. From amongst the last

words that came from his pen a few that lie on my desk as I write, were sent to me in my Western home. The recollection of the occasion, associated with his sleep in Jesus so soon after, draws the tear-drop from my eye. But that wiped away, I am constrained to score another obligation to one who, to me at least, was among the most helpful of men.

It would neither be just to myself nor fair to the interpreters of these introductory acknowledgments if I were to leave the period covered by my college days without special reference to him who, at the time of this writing, fills with conspicuous success the position of Principal of Queen's University.

From his colleagues in the Divinity Hall, and from Dr. Snodgrass, his predecessor in the chair of Systematic Theology, I received more, speaking strictly educationally, than from Principal Grant. But, as with Professor Mackerras, so with Principal Grant, special circumstances brought me into special contact with him, and out of this came the causes for this allusion to particular obligation. During the last year of my theological studies in

Queen's, the Missionary Association, the most venerable of the societies attached to the institution, honored me with the occupancy of the chair belonging to its presiding officer. My official position, doubtless, had something to do with the Association's selection ; at any rate, I was chosen the representative of the students in theology to give the new Principal a welcome to the city. During that same year were placed upon me the responsibilities of the managing editorship of the "Queen's College Journal." Early in the session of 1877-78 Dr. Grant came to Kingston as the Principal of Queen's. It devolved upon me to prepare for the columns of the "Journal" certain articles bearing upon his reception and installation. This, along with added obligations from the Missionary Association in the same connection, brought me to a measure of intimacy with the new Principal from the day of his arrival. Up to the present, from that date, intervening years testify to the wisdom of the trustees in their choice of a successor to Dr. Snodgrass.

I had abundant occasion to know, from the day on which he assumed his new duties, that a united staff, a loyal band of students, and a host of friends

in the City and Province would encourage and assist the new Principal. I knew, at the same time, that he was being watched by not a few inside, and by a larger number outside of Kingston. Hurriedly to sever a pastoral connection that had extended over seventeen years, and as hurriedly to undertake the responsibilities of Principal and Primarius Professor in Divinity, meant the placing of a man at a disadvantage. This disadvantage, however, was overcome as the class hours multiplied. But the influence to be imparted to young men is not confined to the lecture-room, nor is the good to be bestowed necessarily linked to perfect acquaintance with a theological subject, nor to the scholarly impartation of knowledge through well-prepared prelections. And it is not for these things that one of the young men, belonging to the first class that left the University after his installation as Principal, makes special reference, in these sentences, to a former teacher and a personal friend.

As I had reached this stage in the preparation of the rough draft of this first chapter, a gentleman, well known in the Ottawa valley, came into my library. Principal Grant, a day or two before, had delivered an address before a Toronto audience on

Imperial Federation. The gentleman was barely seated when, with earnestness, he inquired if I had read the speech from the public prints. Having replied in the affirmative, the exuberance of my visiting friend's admiration declared itself thus: "Principal Grant is the greatest man in the Dominion of Canada to-day."

It is no part of my present purpose either to substantiate or to question this declaration. But it is part of my purpose to express myself a sharer, with the gentleman referred to, in admiration of this leading Canadian. As with a great many other prominent men to whom honor is due, so with Principal Grant, his qualities are variously estimated. But as a young man, fresh from his class, going out to the responsibilities of a heavy charge; as one privileged to have intercourse with him in private and in public; as one who, ere college days were over, and long since college days were done, has known him under the successive strains of plaudit and disapprobation; and as one recording his obligations to some from whom special good has been derived, pleasing constraint bids me acknowledge in the first place that the Spirit of the Master, exemplified in Dr. Grant, has lifted

me to new satisfaction with the Master; and, in addition, that from College days to the present day, three characteristics in the Principal have influenced me for good—his manliness, his catholicity, and his inspiration.

I have, next, to express my indebtedness to another minister of the Gospel, who helped me very much as I was proceeding to preach Christ in my first charge.

Up to this date I have not shaken hands with the brother whose praise is in my heart and on my pen as I write these lines. I have been a worshipper with his people in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, when the pastor was on the other side of the Atlantic. I have sat with him on the platform in Exeter Hall, when the crowd was too great to admit of crossing over to repeat by word of mouth what I had done years before through the medium of pen and paper. I have been one of the congregation led by this divine at a public service on the Lord's Day in St. John's Wood, London. Replies of his to my correspondence are among my treasured papers. His valuable published volumes occupy a conspicuous place on the shelves of my library. Yet I have not the

pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Dr. William M. Taylor.

At a critical period in my life, a period when I was greatly in need of such a book, Dr. Taylor's "Ministry of the Word" came into my hands as a messenger from heaven. As long as my ministry on earth lasts I believe I shall be conscious of a debt to the author that I never can pay. Along with very many others, I am under obligation to the brethren whose preparations have been given to the world, through the Lyman Beecher Lecture ship on Preaching. Each successive course at Yale College has merits of its own. But, in my judgment, the revenue from Mr. Sage's invested ten thousand dollars never was put to better purpose than to meet the requirements of the course of 1876. These twelve lectures switched me off tracks of danger, and conducted me to new avenues of ministerial usefulness. For the first seven of the twelve I thank God with all my heart. A book, like a true friend, we do not tire of; and the "Ministry of the Word" I like to read through once a year. Some time ago I was sitting with a signally honored minister of Christ whose day was wearing done. He laid aside, on my entering the room, one

of the volumes of "Lectures to My Students," by Mr. Spurgeon. In the course of our conversation he spoke to me of freshness and vigor to his soul through the perusal of these pointed and practical addresses. Then he indicated the good likely to come to his young friend through the reading of works belonging to that class. Since that day I have purchased and read many a book of this nature, and the suggestions derived therefrom have proved, in many cases, to be eminently helpful. But by reason of the inherent excellence of Dr. Taylor's Yale addresses, coupled with the conditions of my mind at the time I first read them, the "Ministry of the Word" has been to me of incaluable benefit. I place it, next to the two Timothies and Titus of the New Testament, as a book for the young minister. It took me into the inner chamber of valuable experiences, out from which I came better prepared for the privileges and responsibilities of a servant of the Lord. Through blessing derived from its pages I have been assisted to know man as a moral and immortal being, dear to the Father; and, by means of it, I have received knowledge and help for dealing with men, as God has honored me in preaching the Gospel, in the name of Christ.

This opening chapter would be marked by an omission that would cause me life-long discomfort were I to leave out another name, about which cluster grateful memories of the past and delightful obligations in the present. On the occasion of my first European visit I was enjoying a brief season in Ireland. After certain rambles through the North, particularly about the Giants' Causeway and the Antrim coast, it was my pleasure to be in Belfast for a week. Here I became acquainted with an interesting friend from Wales. He exacted a promise, if time and plans would permit, that I should go over with him and remain for a day or two at least at his home. Cogent reasons were advanced why I should not take the return Atlantic voyage without paying a visit to his native place. I purposely gave up other places and disturbed existing plans in order to accede to the cordial solicitations of this new friend. During the period in which I was his guest we walked and were driven through choice portions of Wales. Our visit to Hawarden, the country seat of Mr. Gladstone, then the British Premier, marked one of the most enjoyable days. The city of Chester, on the Dee, was spoken of by my friend as worthy

of a full day's visit. In response I said to him that Chester was one of the places, marked on my tour-book, that had a special fascination for me. Without informing him why I felt attracted towards the place, it was agreed that we should go there together on the following day. Places of interest were mapped out by my genial escort, without consulting with me, so that, as he said, we might turn the day to the best advantage. In the morning we proceeded to acquaint ourselves with places, persons, and things. From a prominent spot we got our bearings, and noted the conformation of the old city, with its four principal streets, radiating from the cross and terminating at the four gates that puncture the surrounding wall. The Rows, the Grosvenor Bridge, the long old seven-arched bridge, Cæsar's Tower, the Cathedral, and a number of other places were taken in turn. Officials in the city we met and conversed with until the afternoon was well spent. As evening was coming on Chester's principal attraction to me had not yet been reached. But, as the programme for the day was nearing completion, my friend said there was a chapel near by that was of interest to many, and he suggested that to it we

should go next. In accordance with the suggestion we proceeded to Crook Lane, feed a gate-keeper, then entered the anteroom of this chapel and sat down. Notwithstanding the descriptive information of our guide, I was unconscious of any special interest in the place at first. Turning to my kind companion, I said, before leaving Chester, that I would like very much to see Matthew Henry's old church. "Why," said he, "this is Matthew Henry's old church; you are sitting in his study chair now, and there is the table on which he is said to have written his Commentary." "Well," I added, "this is the spot of chief attraction to me in Chester."

Like the peasants who halt from their labor in *The Angelus*, and bow their reverent heads at the sound of the church bell in the distance, so, as I hear the name of Matthew Henry, I am disposed towards the Lord in adoring acknowledgment, because he has sent me so many blessings through this peerless expositor of the Bible. I was laughed at by a minister, who knew not Matthew Henry except by name, when I was on my way to the bookseller's to purchase my nine-volume edition of the Commentary. He said that Henry, he thought, was good enough for a Sunday-school teacher, but

really no good for a minister. I adhered to my purpose, however, declaring, as we walked together, that men in whose goodness and judgment I had great confidence regarded Henry in a different light; and, furthermore, that my own knowledge disproved his estimate of this commentator. The purchase was made that day, and increasing years testify to the wisdom of my investment. Since that day I have heard certain wiseacres, who would shock the informed with their reading of a page of Old Testament Hebrew, and who would make a mess of pronunciation and quantity with a page of New Testament Greek, pretentiously uphold the German critic at the expense of this English expositor. It is quite contrary to my mind that anything should be said or written to minimize the importance of exegesis, analysis, and synthesis with the Biblical Records. But allowance made for their value to the Christian minister, and honor to whom honor is due with the critical writers on the Old and the New Testaments, I, for one, have to take my place beside Matthew Henry, and acknowledge that I owe more to him than to any other scriptural commentator. I think, in my private study and in my public preparations, I have

drawn appreciatingly from the authors that as scholars we call critical, but with greater appreciation have I extracted from that magnificent production, concerning which Archibald Alexander has written: "Taking it as a whole this Commentary may be said to combine more excellence than any other work of the kind which was ever written in any language."

Matthew Henry gives me the results of learning, without the parade of learning; while his singular dexterity of expression and his unique felicity in the application of truth place him, in my esteem, as among the most helpful of men. At my desk and in my pulpit I am continually testifying to the debt due to this grand man. He seems to take me by the hand and lead me to the treasures of the Word. And, as I behold these, his words seem to me to multiply in propriety and attractiveness, because the man's heart is brim full of the love of Jesus. At the commencement of my public ministry I was deeply impressed with the fact that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were messages from God intended for man; and with another fact, that God had chosen men, of whom I was one, to be his mouthpiece with men.

In seeking to disclose the mind of God in Christ, the Holy Spirit has greatly blessed to me this human instrumentality. For the fundamental verities in the Word have been made helpful to my own soul, and, through me, to the souls of many others, by means of that skilful student of the Holy Oracles, whose enduring monument is his published exposition of the Book, from Genesis to the Acts of the Apostles.

CHAPTER II.

BETWEEN THE UNIVERSITY AND THE PASTORATE.

Two special seasons in life—From home to University City—Lord Lytton to young men—Undergraduates for mission work—First mission field—Seasickness not conducive to doctrinal talk—Hillier and Consecon—First sermon—The text, and comments upon the sermon—Six months in Bruce—Rev. John Ferguson—Ministers are targets—2nd Thess., 3rd chap. disturbing—What Pinkerton has given to the Church—"The first person that ever spoke to me about my soul"—Last session in College—A congregation wanting a minister—A recommendation—Two Sabbaths in Owen Sound—Owen Sound not Edinburgh—Correspondence relating to a call—"Of the Lord"—Call accepted—The new pastor's welcome.

THERE are two special seasons at which not a few have expressed themselves as having felt more than at other times how blessed it is to have esteemed ones encouraging us to the Lord, and to enjoy the delightful privilege of leaning upon the Lord.

One of these is when a young man is leaving home for the first time. My first home leaving was when the trunk, packed by loving hands, in addition to my own, was being lifted into the family carriage to be conveyed to the University city. Up to this date the good byes covered a period no longer than

a week, or at most a fortnight. This was the first break in the family. What a cruel thing for father, or mother, or both to send a lad, from a quiet home in the country, into the city, without desires or breathings to the Divine Keeper in his behalf! Thank the Lord, in my case it was the eldest in a family of ten, starting out conscious of His presence, and of the prayers and influence of those left behind encouraging to reliance upon the Great Helper. "Believe me, as a man of the world," said the late Lord Lytton to an Edinburgh audience, consisting largely of young men, "that you inherit a religion, which, in its most familiar form,—in the lonely prayer that you learnt from your mother's lips—will save you from the temptations to which life is exposed, more surely than all which the pride of Philosophy can teach." Many a bitter testimony can be given that college has temptations, and that city has associations which press sorely against the better qualities of the young. At the same time, with some of us, as the needle is attracted to the pole, so sacred retrospects of childhood's home attracted us, amid difficult surroundings, to Him who is "Our Refuge and Strength."

Another occasion on which help from the Christian,

and the Christian's Lord is appreciated, is when the young servant is going out, for the first time, to do public work for the Master. There are reasons to be given in favor of undergraduates of a University going out during the summer months to labour in the pulpits and homes of our Mission fields. It can not be denied that, oft times, advantages are enjoyed by the student, and by those to whom he ministers, through this inter-sessional service. Except, however, in a minority of instances the reasons against this service, in my judgment, preponderate. The responsibilities attaching to the public ministry in the older congregations, or in the home mission field, are far greater than some of my college companions would admit before they began to experience them. It was my conviction during University days, and it has been my belief ever since, that a young man, unless in exceptional cases, should not proceed to the work of public teaching in a mission field or congregation until he has had at least one session in Theology. Acting upon this belief it was after a full four years course in Arts and one session in Divinity, that I recognized God's call to public work in a mission field.

My name, along with others, was handed in to a

committee charged with the appointment of students to summer fields of missionary labor. When the conclusions arrived at by this committee were made public, it was found that an appointment had been made for me in the Province of Ontario, and in the County of Prince Edward, on the Bay of Quinte. The mission stations of Consecon and Hillier were announced to be under my care. A volunteer informant among my acquaintances in Kingston, taking advantage of my condition of concern about a field I knew nothing of, said to me one day, "You are going to one of the very worst spots in creation." "Not at all," said a more sympathetic friend in the company, "it is no worse than a great many other places, and besides, Prince Edward is the garden county of the Province." Whatever uplifting thoughts about the place the expression "garden county" might beget; "worst spots" was a term that prepossessed me unfavourably with regard to the people. Deeply conscious of insufficiency I left Kingston by steamer, on a Friday, for my field. None of the passengers had I met before, and there was little inclination, on my part, to make the acquaintance of any on board; for my thoughts were engrossed about my first Sabbath, and my first "ser-

mon," with a people farther on. About the time we were nearing "the gap" a fellow passenger made advances for a conversation. Just as we came in to "the gap," and disturbance began to mark me on account of the lumpy water, this partially deaf and excessively talkative Arminian proceeded to enquire about the distinctive points of difference between his creed and mine. He thought because I was fresh from College, and was a "minister" that I "knew everything." Combining the concomitants of sea sickness, and a disinclination to engage in points of theological difference, my friend must have thought me a very uncongenial spirit by the way. I was thankful to get off the steamer, and to enter a hotel in Picton. I spent an uncomfortable night in the hotel, and left on Saturday morning, by stage, for Hillier, which was reached, through a charming agricultural district, in a few hours.

A home, belonging to a family from whose members great kindness and help came during that summer, welcomed me that Saturday evening. Here I had the first disproof of the statement made by one of the Kingston critics. But the following day was staring me in the face; and the human part, getting the mastery for the time, caused me to feel

downcast. Retiring to my room at an early hour I found comfort and encouragement. I knew that down in my Glengarry home were those who were holding me up in prayer. I was cheered as I knew that other interested ones were asking for me likewise, and I had my chief encouragement from the first chapter of Joshua:—"As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Be strong and of good courage. . . This book . . . shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. Have not I commanded thee? Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Not every reader of these pages can enter into the feelings of a beginner in public work for the Lord with men. Some of those who can will recall their beginnings. I went from my knees to the pulpit, and when it came to the time, Luke x. 38-42 was announced as the text. For Christ's sake, I could conscientiously say, I delivered to the people what had been carefully and prayerfully gathered from the

passage. They listened with marked interest to what I had to say, and testimony was given afterwards to blessing received at our first meeting. A gentleman from among the worshippers, at the close of the service, in our first conversation, was free enough, in his welcome, to speak of "so young a minister," but, he added, "you handled that subject well for us to-day." Proceeding to the Consecon station in the afternoon I found awaiting me another congregation to whom the morning's message was delivered. A minister of the Gospel, belonging to a sister church, was in the audience. With a brotherly kindness, that I feel the benefit of till this day, he came to me when the service was over, encouraged "so young a man" in God's work, and said "the service to-day did me a great deal of good." With the people of these two congregations my first six months in the mission field were spent, teaching "publicly and from house to house."

The months between the close of my second Theological session, and the commencement of the last year in the Divinity Hall, were spent in Pinkerton, at that time a mission station in the County of Bruce, and under the supervision of the Presbytery of Bruce. I had the advantage, in this field, of

following a fellow student, in connection with whose ministry the year before, there had been a marked religious awakening. If the matter were left to our choice some of us would not elect to succeed certain predecessors, in certain congregational fields of labour. But it was a privilege to follow, in Pinkerton, a man so good, and considerate, as Mr. Ferguson. The Rev. John Ferguson, B.D., was removed by death from his wife and flock, in Chesley, Ontario, on the 15th of February, 1890. By his death I lost an old college companion, who remained ever after a warm ministerial brother, and personal friend; and the Presbyterian Church in Canada lost from the ranks of its young men, one of its best scholars, as well as one of its most devoted ministers.

On my arrival in Pinkerton I found Christians hungering for spiritual bread, and craving for some one to break it to them. Young converts were greatly in need of instruction in the Word. And there was material among the unregenerate to call forth, from an honest messenger, the appeals of the Gospel. With great satisfaction I look back upon the half year's work in my second mission field. Here I learnt more of my Heavenly Father, of myself, and of my fellow man. Here I had my first

congregational experiences with downright lovers of Jesus, who read God's Word with me, prayed with me and for me, and wrought with me in matters effecting the extension of the Saviour's cause. Here I was led into the charming experience of having members come to ask the way of salvation ; of seeing many of them trust in the Lord Jesus Christ ; and of walking with them afterwards, as the Saviour led us along the path way of a new life.

What targets God's servants are! And how often, as with the Great Teacher, are we misunderstood and misinterpreted to persons' own hurt. On the occasion of my first morning service in Pinkerton I read with the congregation the chapter from which, afterwards, the text for the day was taken. It was not until the summer was well past I came to know that the reading of Second Thessalonians, third chapter, was the occasion of hard feelings on the part of one of the families. The head of this home, judging erroneously a fellow worker in the congregation, with whom he had some difference on church matters, concluded that as soon as I had arrived in the place I had been tampered with, and that on the very earliest occasion I had chosen a Scriptural selection with a view to smite him. This first read-

ing rankled in that man's breast for months. Towards the close of my season in Pinkerton, and in the course of a regular visitation, encouragement was given me to refer to the matter. It came to be known that inferences had been drawn from mistaken assumptions. Old sores were mended, and happy results followed.

So many delightful things marked that summer's work that occasionally, when a few of the less favorable present themselves for remembrance, the more favourable ones refuse them consideration. I had joy in the morning and evening services, pleasure in the Sabbath-school and Bible-class, and delight in mingling with the people in their homes. One of the young men, who came to me for assistance in Latin and Greek, became a distinguished student of Queen's University, and is now among the rising men in the Canadian ministry. Other young men from the same congregation entered college, and are now occupying prominent positions. There were warm hearts and willing hands among the members of the flock in those days. The summer found Christians growing in attachment to Christ, and the season was crowned with conversions.

A short time before my departure from the field I

was visiting in a certain district. Entering one of the homes, I found awaiting me a father and mother, both advanced in years, and a daughter. We talked upon a number of subjects, read from the Word of God, and knelt in prayer. Something said to me, as I was preparing to say good-bye, that the end of that visitation had not yet been reached. So I talked to the two aged persons about Christ. The daughter stepped aside in order that her parents might have more freedom in conversation. Our hearts burned within us as we conversed on spiritual themes. In taking my departure I saw anxiety on the young woman's face, and I asked her to walk with me a little distance from the dwelling. As we talked by the way discovery was made that she was struggling with the momentous inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" The interviews with her and her parents, I shall always remember, for they left me with lessons of special value. As that lady held my extended hand in farewell, she said, "Mr. Scott, we will likely never meet here again, but before you go away I want to thank you for this visit, and to tell you that you are the first person that ever spoke to me about my soul." She accepted Christ as her Saviour and became a

communicant in the congregation soon after. Less than two years afterwards, while I was preparing my first sermon for my Owen Sound congregation, I received a letter from my successor in the Pinkerton field. He wrote that he had just returned from a visit to the home, in which the father of this lady was passing through his last illness. When asked by my brother minister about his personal salvation the dying man answered with the confidence of a believer, and furthermore testified that I had been the instrument in bringing him to Jesus.

Reminiscences of Pinkerton, of my people and labours there are very pleasant indeed. In the parting, there was sorrow along with the benedictions. They bade me adieu with tangible kindnesses, together with the following address:

MR. A. H. SCOTT, B.A.,

Dear Sir:—As the time has arrived when your services in our midst come to an end, and when we shall lose your valued instructions, and kindly counsel, which we have so much enjoyed; we are desirous of giving you some tangible and public evidence of our appreciation of your energy and faithfulness as a Christian worker, and of our recognition of those qualities of heart by which we have come to look upon you as a most valued friend.

Though short, comparatively, has been the period of your labours among us you have gained many warm friends, while your

assiduous pastoral attention to the wants of this congregation gives the fullest evidence of your sincerity ; and has also, we fully believe, resulted in much permanent good. When you entered upon the important and responsible duty of ministering to our spiritual needs, we have no doubt that it was with the full determination of preaching and teaching *the truth* ; and it must be a glorious and sustaining thought to you, on your departure, that, while it is possible you may be forgotten, those precious truths which you so ably, and faithfully made known shall never pass away, and never be forgotten. How well it has been said :—

“ Only the *truth* that in life I have spoken,

“ Only the *seed* that on earth I have sown ;

“ These shall pass onward, when I am forgotten,

“ Fruits of the harvest, and what I have done.”

We ask you to accept these volumes of Smith's Bible Dictionary, as a very slight evidence of our personal regard, and as a memento of your faithful and unwearied labours among us. We shall take a deep interest in your future life as a Christian ambassador, and our earnest prayer is, that you may enjoy the fullest outpourings of Divine love, and be abundantly successful in your grand mission of winning immortal souls for the Saviour.

Your many friends of the

PINKERTON CONGREGATION.

October 22nd, 1877.

At the close of a class hour one day during my last session in Theology Professor Mowat asked me to speak with him about a communication he had received from a minister in Western Ontario, who

was about to retire from the active duties of the ministry, and who desired to become informed of a student, in the final year, who might be thought of as a probable successor. The Professor intimated to me that he had mentioned my name to his ministerial friend, and asked if I would accept an invitation to Owen Sound, for one or two weeks at the expiration of the college term. For some time before this interview I had been planning for an additional session at Edinburgh, and I told my teacher that if these plans would be carried out I could not accept the invitation. A few days after this conversation a letter from Owen Sound, bearing date Dec. 11th, 1877, written by the minister just referred to, and enclosed in one addressed to Prof. Mowat, was handed to me by the latter. The opening portion of this letter referred to the "favorable terms" in which the Professor had written of me, and then contained a formal invitation from the writer and his office-bearers to be with the people of Knox congregation for two Sabbaths in the Spring. After deliberation that extended over a few weeks, I wrote to Owen Sound, agreeing to an engagement for the first and second Sabbaths of

the following May. These two Sabbaths were spent in Owen Sound, according to arrangement.

Immediately after the second Sabbath I returned for a short season to my home in Martintown. While there, I received from the pastor of Knox Church, Owen Sound, a letter dated May 27th, in which he said :—"It will be satisfactory to you to know that the fine feeling which you raised, unless disturbed by you, will result in a call." Then, after references to a number of matters bearing upon the prospects of the charge, the letter concluded with these sentences :—"Are we to understand that you are giving us liberty to go on with the call? You know, my dear sir, it is a long and cumbrous routine—very vexatious, too, when it is followed by disappointment. Some congregations have suffered much in this way, and so it is natural that they should seek to feel reasonably sure of their ground before they take any step ; and, therefore, if you can say anything in the way of encouragement, it might increase the spirit of the people, and lift the courage of the managers in carrying forward this call enthusiastically."

Believing that the matter was of the Lord, I

returned an encouraging reply. The next letter received contained information as follows:—

Owen Sound, 19th June, 1878.

My dear Mr. Scott,—

We held our congregational meeting to-day anent taking steps towards filling up the proposed vacancy. Nothing could be more pleasant. You are the unanimous choice of our people, and the prospect before you is splendid.

If the *vis inertia* of this congregation could be got over once it would be a good thing, and all the families lifted to a higher life, and that, my dear sir, I trust you will be able, under the Divine blessing, to accomplish. Meanwhile there is room for faith and patience and quiet, steady work. . . .

The congregation agreed to-day to go up to the Presbytery on the 9th July next, Tuesday, 10 o'clock, to ask for moderation of a call to a minister; and, further, to ask that I be allowed to take the position of *pastor emeritus*, as soon as that can be obtained from the General Assembly, that is, next June. Meanwhile—that is, from the time of your settlement till such a position is given, or such position as the General Assembly is pleased to give—I am to be the same to the congregation as if I were in the official position of *pastor emeritus*. I have, in the document engrossed in the minutes, in the resignation tabled, agreed to withdraw from all active duties, save except in the way of rendering such occasional assistance as I may be able to render, and as may be asked at my hands. So, whether the position sought be granted or no, the thing or *status* covered

by the position is carefully provided for. All that, I think, will be quite to your mind ; for you will be entirely free and unfettered, have your place in all the courts, and, with the session, the entire control of the congregation. . . .

I am particular in describing the relation I am to hold to the congregation—a mere position of honor, giving me a seat, &c., but nothing in the way of power or authority in the congregation—because in the form of call I will appear as one of the pastors ; you will be called as a colleague and successor to me, and so on ; and, unless the terms of my resignation were understood by you, you might think at the first blush that I was still to exercise the powers of an active minister in the ordinary discharge of pastoral work.

Trusting, then, my dear Mr. Scott, that He that hath begun this will perfect it in His own good time, and that you will soon come to us with the fullness of the Gospel of peace,

I am, very sincerely yours, in haste,

DUNCAN MORRISON.

P.S.—I will be much obliged to hear from you with the returning mail. The secretary was authorised to write you, intimating officially that you are the people's cordial and unanimous choice. If there would be anything you would suggest at this stage, please let me know.

D. M.

The official letter came to hand the next day, and was couched in terms following :—

Owen Sound, 20th June, 1878.

Dear Mr. Scott,—

I am instructed by the congregation of Knox Church here to inform you that at a meeting of the congregation, held on 6th June, a unanimous and enthusiastic vote was carried in favour of extending a call to you to become the pastor of this church.

A second meeting was also held yesterday, at which it was resolved to apply to the Presbytery at its next sitting for a moderation in a call, and delegates were appointed, and the necessary steps taken to carry this into effect. The salary promised is eight hundred dollars for the first year, and a hope was expressed that we may be able to raise it to one thousand the second year, which I have no doubt will be done if the proposed relationship is entered into.

Mr. Morrison gave in his resignation yesterday to the congregation, and will place it before the Presbytery at its next meeting.

And now I trust you may see your way clear to accept of this call. Some of us have made it a matter of earnest prayer that God may send us such a man as He knows is best suited to our present circumstances. The feeling throughout the congregation is very strong in your favour, and several who belong to other churches have expressed a hope that you may be led to settle amongst us. I think there can be a good work done in this town just by preaching the glad tidings of salvation. I know there are many in our own congregation who are anxious about their souls, and who, I think, by judicious dealing might

be led to decide for Christ. Let us pray that our own spiritual life may be revived, and then we shall feel it not only a duty, but a privilege, to work for Jesus.

Mr. Morrison intends writing you also, and will, no doubt, give you further particulars.

I shall be glad to hear from you at an early day, and I trust we shall receive some encouragement from you regarding the step we have taken.

Believe me, yours in Him,

H. C. ROSS.

The next tidings received from the people, with whom negotiations were proceeding, were in a letter from their pastor. From it the following extracts are made :—

Owen Sound, 1st July, 1878.

My dear Mr. Scott,—

I shall send this to Kingston, for by the time it reaches Kingston it is likely you will be there.

I am delighted with the tone of your letter and the spirit with which you are ready to enter upon the work, and grasp the reins of this congregation.

We go up as a congregation on the 9th July to ask for the moderation of a call, and, secondly, for me to get liberty from the General Assembly next year to get the position of *pastor emeritus* of this charge—a position, as you are aware, that gives me merely an honorary connection, and retains my

name on the roll, without touching your name or place, either on the roll or the Church Courts. . . .

I am greatly thankful to see the unanimity that prevails in this matter—and the welcome that will be accorded to you ; and I verily believe, my dear sir, that you will never regret casting in your lot with us ; and I am also sure that the people will never regret the step they are now taking in calling you to be their minister.

I will write you again next Tuesday, saying whether they grant moderation.

Very sincerely,

DUNCAN MORRISON.

In his promised letter of July 10th Mr. Morrison informed me—"The Presbytery yesterday granted our prayer for moderating in a call on Wednesday, 24th July, at 11 o'clock a.m." This complimentary portion was inserted:—"If anyone has reason to be thankful because of unanimity it should be myself, and cordiality too. And I am sure it must be gratifying to you also." It was added, in the same letter:—"You will be called as a colleague, but your perfect freedom and independence are secured by the terms of my resignation to the congregation."

Two days after the letter from which the fore-

going extracts are taken had come to hand, another was received from the secretary of the congregation in terms following :—

Owen Sound, July 12th, 1878,

Dear Mr. Scott,—

I duly received your letter of the 24th June, and was very much pleased with the decision you have arrived at with reference to our call.

Mr. Morrison has written you, I presume, since our Presbytery met, and notified you of the appointment of a moderator.

My chief object in writing you at this time is to make an explanation. I think I mentioned in my first letter to you that Mr. Morrison was going to give in his resignation at the next meeting of Presbytery, which was a mistake on my part. I was under the impression then that he contemplated an absolute resignation ; but there are several reasons, which he has no doubt stated to you, which prevent his taking this step at present.

Although retaining a nominal connection with the congregation, he retires from all active duties connected therewith ; and as he proposes to spend the ensuing fall and winter in Scotland, you will at once enter upon the full discharge of all the duties of pastor of this congregation. I trust his nominal connection with us will not be looked upon with disfavor by you. I suppose the matter has been thoroughly discussed between you, as he appears quite aware that you desire perfect freedom of action if you come here, and he is also aware that this is the desire of the congregation as well.

People of all churches here are looking forward with pleasure to your settlement amongst us. May God grant a speedy accomplishment of this event, and may you and we be greatly blessed thereby.

Believe me, yours in Christ,

H. C. ROSS.

During the period marked by this correspondence the Kingston Presbytery, after examination, granted me formal license to preach the Gospel. The July letters from Owen Sound were not altogether clear to me. Being imperfectly acquainted with the details of procedure in the matter of a congregational call, and somewhat confused as to the exact significance of the terms "colleague," "colleague and successor," and "pastor emeritus" in the communications that had reached me, I felt it was proper, before further steps should be taken, that my mind should be satisfied as to the terms above referred to. In consultation with Professor Mackerras I received help, and from him I was encouraged, in view of after days, to have plainly understood what were to be the relationships between the former pastor and the congregation, between the former pastor and the one invited to be the new pastor, between the new pastor and the congregation. At the suggestion of Professor

Mackerras I wrote to the Rev. Mr. Morrison, stating the want of clearness in the documents so far, and asking replies to a number of categorical inquiries.

On the 16th of July the replies came to hand. They removed all misconceptions from my mind. The 24th of July, the day appointed for moderation, arrived. On the evening of that day Mr. Morrison wrote me about the proceedings. He said "there was perfect unanimity, and, better still, cordiality." In the same communication he informed me that "successor" was added to "colleague" in the call, and that he would let me know about the signatures to the call in another letter. On the 30th July he wrote:—

My dear Mr. Scott,—

We have just got through our meeting of Presbytery. The call, signed by one hundred and thirty-four communicants and eighty-six adherents, was sustained. The accompanying papers—license, telegraphed letter of acceptance, guarantee of stipend, &c.—all satisfactory. The ordination was fixed for the day you named, 22nd August. The examination and hearing of trials to be in the morning at 10 o'clock; the ordination service at 2.30 p.m. Had we had a little more time, every name probably would have been recorded. As it is, it is fully better than most calls.

Now, my dear Mr. Scott, have good courage. You are young yet, but God has given you gifts, health, strength, and a good name, and, I think, a deep sense of your responsibility, or you would not be so particular in regard May He whose you are and whom you serve stand by you and make you a polished shaft !

Ever sincerely,

DUNCAN MORRISON.

The last communication from Owen Sound before ordination day was received on the 8th of August. Rev. Mr. Morrison wrote again, stating :—"I think it matter of thankfulness that everything is so pleasant—no divisions among the people. It is very seldom a settlement is effected with so much quietness and unanimity." . . . "My dear Mr. Scott, I am very hopeful of you, and I am certain that if you keep near the Fountain you will be a power."

The 22nd day of August came. In the forenoon of that day Presbytery examined me on specified subjects, and sustained the examination. In the afternoon the public ordination service was held. Rev. D. Morrison, the former pastor, presided. Rev. Mr. Somerville, pastor of the sister church in the town, peached the sermon. By the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery I was formally

ordained to the holy ministry, and thereafter inducted into the pastoral charge of Knox congregation. The Rev. Hugh Currie, then of Keady, addressed me from the pulpit; and the Rev. Archibald Stevenson, of St. Vincent, addressed the congregation. In accordance with a Presbyterian custom, as the congregation retired at the close of the service, the new pastor received a welcoming hand-shake from his new people.

CHAPTER III.

A START IN MY FIRST CHARGE.

Retiring minister's farewell—New pastor's inaugural—Face to face with a pastoral charge—Strain of installation—"Under the juniper tree"—Lover-like turning to letters—The panacea—Norman MacLeod beginning work in his first charge—His memoir a prized volume—"On thy way"—Indescribable longing for souls—"The place is awfully dead"—Applying the remedy—Topics of first series of sermons—The first convert—Preciousness of first-fruits—True associates—Leal followers—A sworn band—Downright hard work—Letters from Glasgow and Anwoth Manse—Encouraging words—Cheering view of Christ—"The labor we delight in physics pain"—Till working days are done.

THE Sabbath on which my predecessor in the pastorate of Knox Church, Owen Sound, preached his farewell sermon was the day on which I preached my inaugural. He wound up an eleven years' ministry in the morning; I began a ten years' ministry in the evening. Early in that same week he left for Britain, and I was face to face with the realities of a pastoral charge.

Never can the remembrance leave me of the days that closed that month of August. The strain of the ordination service had been severe. The in-

duction service added to my sense of responsibility. The succeeding Sabbath morning's farewell, and the Sabbath evening's introduction impressed me very greatly. In the private study, that belonged to the home of a kind family with whom my first months in the town were spent, I had a sore struggle with myself. Like the prophet who sat under the juniper tree, after the ordeal at Carmel, I sat in that library after the strain of installation. If I had not reached the pass that brought out Elijah's plaint, "Lord, take away my life," I certainly was so encompassed about, that I cried with Paul, "who is sufficient for these things?" Perhaps there was a physical explanation of the temporary darkness. Be that as it may, I was bowed down. I was a stranger in a strange land. The only one with whom I had even an imperfect acquaintance had left for distant shores. Lover, like I turned to his letters, which had been carefully preserved, imagining that in them might be found something to meet the requirements of the occasion. In one of them, written a few weeks before, I read: "Of course you will come not knowing any person, or anything. You have a pair of good eyes, and can take the measure of people quickly,

but you will need much of the south wind of the spirit to cheer you." Again it was written, "You are undertaking a heavy charge, and you would need to be well sustained by your elders and managers, and Sunday school teachers." The reperusal of these epistles was not the panacea for my present ills. The more I thought of the responsibilities incurred, the closer was my resemblance to Peter on the Galilean waters—going down until the eye of faith was refixed on Jesus.

Many a time during the ten years in my first charge the temptation was in the direction of Peter's error in the storm. But thanks be to Him who has given the "Lo I," and the "It is I" of inspiration. He offered me his hand in this momentary gloom. I took it. It brought me from the chair at the desk to the couch, at which, on bended knee, courage was revived, and strength to His servant imparted. Questions such as these were suggested: "Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges?" Is this God's work you have come to attend to? Are you not one of the Lord's helpers? Has He ever failed you in the past? Have you one good reason now to question the readiness of the Lord to fulfil what He promised

you before you reached this place? Has he not given you precious souls in the past, and have you not been assured that precious souls are waiting for Christ's name and offers to be announced to them here? If the place is dead is not your privilege to bring them to a Saviour of life? And if your burdened soul finds expression in the scriptural question, "Who is sufficient for these things?" why not have the burden lifted through the scriptural answer, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness?"

Norman MacLeod wrote in his diary, November 3rd, 1837, "I have got the parish of London. Eternal God I thank Thee, through Jesus Christ; and, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit I devote myself to Thy service for the advancement of Thy glory and kingdom. These words I write this day the moment I hear of my appointment. I again solemnly say, Amen. I have got a parish! the guidance of souls to heaven! I shall at the last day have to tell how I performed my duties. Part of my flock will go to the left; part, I trust, to the right. I, their pastor, shall see this! I am set to gather lambs to Christ. What a responsibility! I do not feel it half enough; but I pray with all my

soul, heart, and strength that the great Shepherd may never forsake me. Without him I can do nothing; with him I can do all things. Oh, my Father, my kind and merciful Father! Thou who art my Creator and Preserver and Redeemer, I this day before Thee declare my willingness to make my soul and parish part of Thy everlasting kingdom. Accept of my deepest thanks for Thy kindness until now. Father, Son and Holy Ghost be with me until the day of my death: purify, strengthen me, and give me from the infinite riches of Thy grace power to be a faithful minister, and to turn many people from darkness to light. Into Thy hand I commit my soul!"

Norman MacLeod's memoir was a volume prized by me at the time of entering upon my Owen Sound ministry. The extract from his diary, here given, helped me. That good man's spirit and my spirit were together. We "communed together and reasoned." And as in the days of the eventful walk from Jerusalem to Emmaus, "Jesus himself drew near." My eyes were not holden, for I knew Him. Cheered by the responses that came through the upward look my temporary sadness was dissipated. The Lord in-

structed me, as He instructed the Tishbite—"on thy way." With new courage and fresh zeal I obeyed my Lord.

I have no means of ascertaining if it is the universal experience among Christian ministers, in entering upon their public work to have an indescribable longing that all their hearers should enjoy a personal interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. It was mine at any rate in the early days of my Owen Sound ministry. That longing has not departed with a change of the field for service. Yet there was something special about that first love for souls. And I find, with the lapse of years, and the multiplicity of claims, with the knowledge of humanity and other exactions of a busy life, that I am receiving stimulus, as I call to mind the seemingly unobstructed earnestness that marked the commencement of that first ministry. Certainly that work was entered upon in the spirit of him who said, "I seek not yours but you." Profit comes to my soul as I recall those early days when I sat down to my reading, or handled the pen in my preparations, or talked with my Heavenly Father about the people committed to my care; and as I think how really I

did want to be a true minister of Christ, and how I entered into the spirit of the apostle's utterance, "I will very gladly spend, and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."

In one of his letters to me after the acceptance of the congregation's call, my predecessor wrote me, "the place is awfully dead." Believing the statement to be in accord with the actual condition of things, I proceeded to preach, with all my power, the way of life. On the evening of the first Sabbath with my new flock I announced that on the following Sabbath evening a course of sermons, on the way of salvation, to cover two or three months, would be entered upon. To those night audiences, that grew in interest and numbers, was delivered a series of sermons that embraced the following themes:—The soul in need of a Saviour; Salvation divinely prepared for the soul; the greatness of the Salvation prepared by Christ; man's part in becoming personally interested in this Salvation; Salvation by grace through faith; the place of repentance alongside of faith; human obstacles in the way to the acceptance of Christ; present acceptance of Christ demanded;

the inducements to a Christian life ; the outcome of effectual calling ; the open acknowledgment of the Lord Jesus ; identification with Christian workers in a particular congregation ; the Christian life ; and the believer's work.

It was not long until I had practical demonstration of the fulfilment of this scripture :—"As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater ; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth ; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." I have a very delightful acquaintance with the Saviour's words, "ask, and it shall be given you." How often has occasion been given to know the exceeding willingness of the Master to grant "good things to them that ask Him !" These discourses were prepared, and delivered, with conversions in view, and the Lord granted conversions. The first convert to Christ in my Owen Sound ministry was a woman, a wife, a mother. It encourages me very much, as I go back in thought to the

time that the Lord opened her heart. Like Lydia this woman put herself among the worshippers of God, and "heard us." "She attended unto the things which were spoken." Many a time during the ten years in my first charge, I have been drawn into special contact with that convert, and with her home. She had many trials. But the abiding Friend whose love she reciprocated, so soon after the commencement of my ministry, comforted and sustained her under many great afflictions. At times I have seen her in distressedness unknown to all but intimate friends. But the twenty-third psalm was a solace as she sang, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Some of the Lord's loved ones seem to pass through life with fewer trials than others. This one seemed to have a large share of trouble. It was good to see her, when the trouble was the greatest, drawing from a fountain such as this: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flames kindle

upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy one of Israel, thy Saviour." First fruits are precious in the sight of the Lord. This early blessing in my ministry was a foretaste of many others that God sent to cheer His servant.

Recollections of a place are made bright when one whom God has chosen to take the part of a leader, can look back over a period of labour, and call up by ones, and twos, and scores, those who have proved themselves to be interested associates with him in Christian service. There is significance in the reference, found on the dedication page, to the members of the flock "in the session, boards, organizations and homes, who were our interested associates in aiming to exalt Christ in our first congregation." Men and women, young men and maidens, as leal as could be found any where, were along with me in my early work in the ministry. From the day on which that ministry was begun, until the day of sorrowful farewell to that people, I had with me a band that could be counted upon. That band was not so strong, numerically speaking, at first, as it came to be in after days. But, at first, a band was there sworn to Jehovah, and to His ambassador

as well. As the years passed by the Christian ranks were strengthened by accessions to the church; and I love to recall, though now away from the scene, the names and doings of old and young, male and female, who were true as steel to me, earnest and progressive in the work we wrought at together. I can not name them all here. It would be undesirable to select but a few. But whatever service may fall to my lot in future days, and wheresoever the place may be for the rendering of that service, there will be incitements to faithful leadership from the remembrance of the allegiance of former followers.

With a clear conscience I can declare that one characteristic of my first ministry was downright hard work. A greater number of hours per day have been devoted to study since college days than during college days; in fact the four years in the University, and the three additional ones in the Divinity Hall were but preparations for the severer mental work that accompanies the public ministry. Besides the service among books, and with the Book of books mainly, there is a something consuming to the soul, when one who is entrusted with the spiritual oversight of the flock,

is solicitous about their eternal welfare. He who had handed over the work to my care, wrote me from Glasgow before the year was out: "I am longing to hear from you, you have a heavy burden to bear, but you are young and strong, able and willing." In another letter written later on from Anwoth Manse were these sentences: "My fear is that the great strain of work and study will prove too much for you. But I have great hopes of you, my dear Mr. Scott, and I often feel thankful to the great Master that I was directed to you at an early period in the negotiations. God has done great things for you, and He will, if faithful, do greater things than these. And be not discouraged because of careless people, wet Sundays, and so on. Bring to them a warm gospel, and send them **away** with a bright and cheering view of Christ—something new every day, comforting or convincing, and you will not be without plenty of hearers, and many and many a seal to your ministry." That was excellent counsel from beyond the ocean; counsel worthy of being perpetuated! The work was indeed very hard, but the young leader of the flock relied, day by day, upon Him who said, "In Me is thy

help." In dependence upon Him many encouragements were found. If a difficult, it was at the same time a delightful ministry. Accompanied by pain, though it proved to be at several stages, yet fresh insight was given into the poet's words: "The labor we delight in physics pain." Hard work, I had been taught from childhood's days, is good for man. What fell to my lot to attend to in Owen Sound was a stimulating preparation for that which I am expecting to be engaged in until my working days are done.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE SCHOOL OF AFFLICTION.

Individuality merged into duality—A strange halting place—Invalid father in one room—In a dark room a sister—A remarkable restoration—The furnace many times heated—Consultation of doctors—Prospect of death—Everlasting arms underneath—No intimation of the future—Exactly three years of pain and profit—“Fear thou not O my servant”—Carrie Judd—Mother moved back aghast—Speechless and wondering—The light of day once more—The country astir—Special correspondent from Montreal press on the spot—Tidings of the restoration—A densely crowded audience—An influence that led students to the University—*En route* to China—The waiving handkerchief—By Cherith—Rubbed plants emitting fragrance—Working for good—The winter of distress before the flowers of grace—Marah then Elim.

MANY considerations combine to emphasize the practical value of that sentence in holy writ, “two are better than one.” Discretion teaches the advantages of having individuality merged into duality in the public ministry. On the second Christmas day, after my settlement in Owen Sound, our marriage having taken place the evening before, my wife and myself came to “Mount Joy,” the home of my childhood. To both of us it had special attractions. Some who do not

know the hallowing influences of sanctified affliction might have thought this a strange halting place on a bridal tour. The initiated, however, are more conversant with realities than the uninitiated. Amongst the greetings on that Christmas day none were more cheerful than those which came from an invalid father, on one bed, and from a sweet sister, in a dark room, on another. The exceptional accompaniments of this sister's illness, its far spreading blessings, and the honoured afterpart in a remarkable restoration, are warrant for re-producing here what has gone forth in successive editions, in another form, to tens of thousands of readers. Her first letter, after release from the dark room and the pain, was written to me, and contained this sentence, "It is three years to-day since I stood alone." The fuller statement, in her own words, is as follows :—

"To the many friends who write me, asking for a detailed account of my illness and healing, I send Christian greeting, and beg that this letter—a copy of one sent to another dear friend for publication—may be a sufficient reply to the numerous questions that I daily receive from many parts of Canada and the United States.

In compliance with your recent request for an account of

my healing, and a statement respecting my previous "religious experience, sickness, and preparation of heart for the healing of body," for publication in your little book, I humbly and gratefully add my testimony to the love, wisdom and healing power of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The story of my early training is simple as it is brief. Being blessed with Christian parents, I had every advantage in the way of learning to walk in the footsteps of Jesus. A dear mother, whose earnest desire and greatest joy were to know that her children "walked in truth," early taught us the way of salvation and thus prepared the way for our acceptance of Jesus as our Saviour and Master. In 1876 when I was just thirteen years of age, and when a blessed season of revival was in progress in our churches in Martintown, I was led to see the "exceeding sinfulness of sin" in my heart, and to look for a way of escape from the displeasure of God and the burden of my sin, and immediately I found answer to my heart's longings in the words of Jesus: "Come unto Me!" So, without delay, I simply and confidently came to Him and gave Him my heart for cleansing and safe-keeping, and at once realized the full satisfaction and "joy of believing" in the Lord Jesus.

Since that period my chief desire has been to win my companions and friends over "to the Lord's side:" and in this the Lord has been pleased to use me in some measure. In passing, I must say, also, that ever since my conversion I have been a very happy follower of Christ, finding Him always worthy of fullest confidence and happiest trust. Whenever I would wander from his side or mis-step in my

Christian course, He would willingly raise me up again and restore me to my former place in his love and confidence.

I remember praying often and earnestly for an excellent education, that He might send me sometime out to India to tell the "glad tidings of salvation," to the Hindoo children there; but after I was fifteen years old, He adopted a very different method of educating and training me for His work from what I had expected. A painful and wearisome path it was by which He led me—through the furnace of affliction "many times heated"—but I could, in the midst of it say, gladly: "Thou art with me," for, thanks to his boundless grace, He never let me miss the bright "light of His countenance" towards me.

This affliction commenced in this way; on the 2nd of April, 1879, after coming home from school, (which was two miles from "Mount Joy,") a severe pain and great weakness came into my back very suddenly, and I was instantly laid aside from all duties and studies. The pains in my head and spine were intense and constant, but I was then able to stand alone, and walk, though very slowly and painfully, through some rooms every day, until November 1st of the same year, when I became worse, and was unable to stand at all alone, and the light of day, or lamp intensified the pain in my head ten-fold. After Dec. 1st, I was totally helpless, with the exception of being able to move my hands a little, nearly all the time.

A consultation of doctors was held on Dec. 26th, 1879. On experimenting they found that the lower part of my body was paralyzed, and the remainder partially so, following,

or, caused by acute spinal disease, or as it is technically termed, hyperæmia. The pain in my head was most excruciating and constant, and the light acted very peculiarly on every fibre, nerve and muscle of my body; the reason of this was, that the nerves of the eye were paralyzed, so that it was impossible for the pupils to contract on the approach of light; and thus its full glare entered and preyed on the sensitive head already agonized with pain. These physicians agreed in saying that I should live but a very few weeks at the longest, and would probably die at any moment.

To me the prospect of death was a most delightful one. To be free from all pain; to be at home with Jesus, to see the lovely face of my Redeemer and worship Him with purified heart and enlightened understanding! These were the crown of my bliss. Of course, I sympathized with the sorrow of those dear ones who would be left behind, and very ardently did I wish to glorify Him every moment of time I remained on earth. Very earnestly did I desire to win many souls for His dear Kingdom before I went hence, and also I wished to tarry here long enough to help many fellow Christians to cast all their "care upon Him," that they might go on their Heavenward way unimpeded, and "without carefulness" concerning the things of this world. And that this end might be better effected, I prayed that my reason—every mental and spiritual faculty—might be preserved entire. This prayer was answered, although the doctors had positively asserted that if I lived many days, insanity would result from such suffering as I momentarily endured. Concerning the life of the soul during the years of my affliction, "perfect peace,"

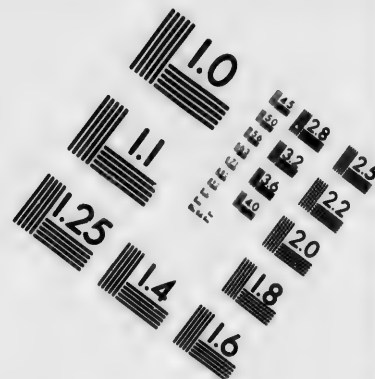
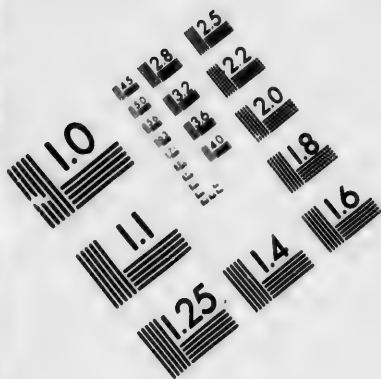
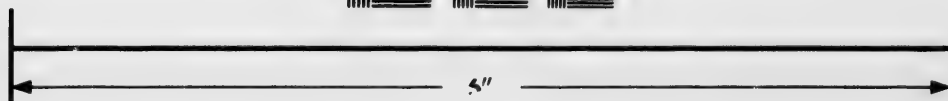
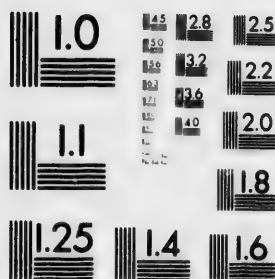


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

15 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503



and deep, true joy, ever prevailed. Then I learned to know the great heart of God! I knew a little of it before, but now I was more alone with Jesus, and could learn all the better. Ages could not afford me time enough, nor language words enough, in which and wherewith I might praise Him sufficiently for all He has been *to* me and done *for* me, during the days and months and years of sore chastening upon my bed. Every moment of the time even when in the extreme of suffering, I found dear and unfailing comfort in the presence and help of the Holy Spirit. When my helpless body was racked with exquisite suffering, His "everlasting arms" were indeed "underneath" and around me, and while He held and kept me in His strong and tender embrace I did not doubt His love or wisdom in thus afflicting His child; but I realized that this was His effectual plan of revealing himself to me, of letting me see some of His ways with the children of men, and of causing me to see "wondrous things out of His law." His Word, indeed, became precious unto me, in these years of trial. And of His blessed and gracious promises I must here say: "they have been 'true and righteous'" "Not one thing hath failed thereof." (Deut. 23: 13.) He thus took me away from all other teachers that I might learn only of Him, and "Who teacheth like Him?" (Job 36: 22.) Now I must "forget not all His benefits," but mention that the following two or three precious powers He left with me, to use in His dear service! I was able (nearly always) to read a few verses each day; I sometimes read a great deal, having had a convenient book desk invented, which, fitting over my body, held the

book before me. Another thing, I was able (nearly always) to listen to conversation without much consequent pain; and in the same way I was permitted to speak. Also, during the first two years, when in a highly nervous condition, I was able to write just lying on one side, and using the muscles of my hand from the wrist joint. In this position (for I never could sit up), I wrote between two hundred and three hundred letters. All of these powers were to me inestimable privileges, and I have trusted, and am still trusting Him, for results of good, from His use of my lips and pen.

One thing, during the years of my illness I sometimes wondered at, was, that the Lord never gave me the slightest intimation concerning my future—whether I must lie thus for many years, or shortly be taken home; whether He would ever make me well and able to work actively in His vineyard, or not. Of course, humanly speaking, there was no possibility of a cure or even of an alleviation of pain, being effected: but many times I had thought that perhaps He would yet raise me up to more active service for Him, surmising that Heaven was not the only thing that He was preparing me for, in thus teaching me so emphatically and experimentally out of His Word and by His Holy Spirit. In some newspapers I had read a few articles respecting "Faith-cures," so-called, and naturally the thought arose: "Perhaps He will cure me in this wonderful way," and directly I would ask Him about it, and wait to hear what His Spirit would tell me about it, and then go to the Bible to see His Will concerning the matter. Each time I asked Him about it His answer came directly out of His Word, always bidding me wait a

while, and invariably a precious, comforting promise would accompany His answer. About everything else nearly that I required He would give abundant knowledge; about this one thing He just gave me enough to satisfy my present need, and I oft times wondered why His Word seemed partially hidden from me on this subject. (Now, however, His loving object in so doing is quite obvious to me.) What he did tell me at such times was, in substance that I was doing His work on my bed, and that this was His will concerning me for the present—for a “little while.” He had more to teach me, and desired my life and lips to praise Him every moment. I was perfectly willing to await His time for further revelation. Then His will had become mine, and it was with a heart full of gratitude and steady, springing joy, that I waited, trusting gladly His Love and Wisdom in all His wonderful dealings with me. I shall say nothing more about the illness itself. Let it suffice, when I say that for exactly three years I was in this helpless, suffering condition: years fraught with deep true pleasure and profit to me; years, in each day of which I held communication with the Father and Son through the Spirit.

Now to proceed to give an account of the “preparation of heart for the healing of the body,” as you aptly put it, I shall tell just so much as my memory now retains of what I deem the most essential.

On the 14th of September, 1882, our gracious Lord showed me in a delightfully clear way, that He would sometime “restore health” unto me. For two days previous to this last date, my suffering was more intense and weakness greater than

usual; and very strangely my imagination was then carrying me away, to distant cities and towns, incessantly, to where beloved friends were laboring for the Master, in their several fields. Now I would be in Owen Sound, assisting my dear brother in his Pastoral work, and Sabbath school; anon in Toronto, visiting hospitals, and helping a dear friend with her work among the women in the reformatories, etc. Again another rapid thought would convey me to Montreal, or Kingston, Scotland, France, India, United States and dozens of other places, always actively assisting in their different provinces of Christian work, those dear ones for whom, and for whose work, I had long been wrestling in prayer. Very useless and very pointless all these fancies seemed to me. Several times I endeavored to banish them, but they persisted in remaining. That they were not produced by previous rebellious thoughts I was sure. On the contrary, I was conscious that He was even then directing my thoughts as well as my words and actions, for I had entrusted Him to do this for me. Nevertheless, two or three times, I handed them all over to Him to take away, or, if He had some special end in view, unknown to me, to put them back again; and since they returned each time I ceased all efforts to substitute other thoughts. On the second day, while suffering keenly, I felt impelled to take up my Bible, being assured that He had some specially good thing to tell me. As I feebly drew the precious volume towards me the thought came brightly, "Perhaps He will now explain the purpose of these late desultory and curious fancies," and then I just asked Him to open the leaves and direct my eye to His particular passage.

Jeremiah 30, opened before me, but it was only to a few lines here and there in it, that my eye was directed, which were these: "Fear thou not, O my servant." It was so nice thus again to be called His "servant," and the "Fear thou not" was beautifully supplemented by the next words: "*For I am with thee saith the Lord.*" How I rested in that assertion of my Lord's! Next came this: "*Thus saith the Lord, thy bruise is incurable, and thy wound is grievous; there is none to plead thy cause that thou mayest be bound up; thou hast no healing medicines.*" (Verses 12-13.) I knew that He was then speaking literally to me, therefore, just looked up to Him saying, "I know, dear Lord, all that thou sayest is true; yet thou hast all power over disease, and therefore, over mine; and now I wait to see what next Thou wilt say to me. I am in Thy hands, willing to be taught of Thee, glad to be whatever and wherever Thou wilt have me to be, if only I may be used to glorify Thy name on the earth." Then the words of the seventeenth verse shone out distinctly before my eye: "*I will restore health unto thee and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord!*" I was certain He wished me to take this literally, and very happy was I about it. It was also so new and wonderful, that I should be well, able to stand and walk, and that without any pain. To me it did not matter when this healing would occur. I should not be surprised if it came at any moment, or I should wait for it for years, if He so ordered my life. So I immediately thanked Him for the healing, just as if the cure had already been effected so sure was I of the truth and stability of His word; and also asked Him to give me

a little additional information regarding this wondrous matter out of His word. Immediately the leaves of my Bible fell over and opened at 2 Thess. 1; 11, 12. There I found all that my heart had desired. 1st. That this was His "calling." 2nd. To be assured that this would not be given because of any impatience of mine, but it was according to the "good pleasure of His goodness." 3rd. That the healing would not be by the instrumentality of medicine or surgical operation, but as to His method: "*A work of faith with power.*" 4th. And that as a result, His name might be "*glorified!*" How thankful I was to have all of this so clearly and satisfactorily revealed to me! And I had nothing to do but thank Him for His goodness in promising such a blessing as health, and pray that He would continue to me all of His former kindness, and make me a blessing to all with whom He would bring me in contact. After a time the thought came into my mind, does He wish me to write to any of those whose faith has been honored in the healing of the sick?" His answer came promptly in the negative, so I simply told Him that I would wait, and obey His voice as it would come to me. I immediately commenced to tell my friends and correspondents what the Lord was going to do for me, and asked them all to pray for my complete restoration, since the Lord had promised it. I must say, as one of ancient time did: "Many believed but some doubted." After this the pains grew worse, if possible, at least all the old and most painful sensations returned in my body, and continued so until the moment in which I was healed; and I was very much weaker too. But this fact did not lessen my faith in God's word, or my confident expectation of His glorious power being exercised, and

that at a not far distant period ; for, day by day, I felt that a crisis was approaching. One thing which was a delight to me, as well as a much-needed instruction, was that He now began to teach me much more out of His word about the matter of healing the sick "by the word of His power." Much that before seemed hidden from me was now clearly revealed. Day by day, new facts, new truths and new lessons were given by the Spirit, and gladly accepted ; and when Miss Carrie Judd's little book, "The Prayer by Faith," was sent to me and read, the knowledge of her cure caused me to feel not quite so much alone in this manner of healing.

On the 20th of October, 1882, the Lord counselled me to write to Dr. Cullis, Miss Judd and Mrs. Mix, to ask them also to unite their prayers with those of many other dear friends for my recovery to health. The replies to the two former came in a week's time, Dr. Cullis merely stating that on Tuesday, October 31st, 3 p.m., he would remember me in prayer ; Miss Judd also stating in her brief reply that my case would be brought in faith to the great Physician on November 2nd, at 8 p.m., also asking us to join them at the Throne of Grace at the same hour. Several dear friends were notified of these special hours set apart for prayer. At 3 o'clock, October 31st, 1882, all the loved ones who were at home went to their several rooms to pray. My dear mother was the only one who come into my room to be with me ; she knelt beside me and prayed silently. Very quietly and quickly the moments fled. Very happily and trustfully did I wait on the Lord then. I was scarcely praying ; certainly I asked Him for a gracious outpouring of His Holy Spirit upon us all, but as

for asking Him for health, I did not need to do so. He had already promised it, and I was waiting for it. I did not know that it would come on that day, but I knew that on that day He would give me some new and special word relating to it, and so was joyously waiting for His voice. Nor did He leave my soul desolate in that memorable hour, many of those promises, which had been strength and life to my heart in days of trial ever since I have been confined to my bed, were slowly and beautifully spoken to my soul then by the Holy Spirit. Precious, encouraging promises; loving "words of Jesus!" Verily, I lacked "no good thing!" Those passages that seem most necessary I shall mention here. At 3.30 dear mother looked up to me, enquiring how I felt then. I replied that I did not feel any better, that the pains in the head and spine, joints and muscles, had never been more excruciating than in that hour. Then she asked, "And what are you going to do, Maggie, dear?" "I am not going to do anything," I answered. He did not tell me to do anything, and I am just waiting for His voice." Then I repeated my last promise to her, "Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry!" (Hab. 2: 3.) She was satisfied then, and said that she, too, could wait for it. A minute passed, and I again whispered to her my next message from the Lord, "Watch with me one hour!" There was so much that was good in that. It was not only a waiting for Him, but a waiting and watching *with* Him—with the Lord Jesus Himself! When she heard it she looked up again, smiling, as she told me she, too, had just caught a glimpse of the three slumbering disciples, and of Jesus bending over

them saying sadly: "Couldst thou not watch with me one hour?" It was a sweet coincidence; and the dear mother bent her head in renewed prayer. About twenty minutes later this sentence came brightly into my heart: "Behold, thy King cometh unto thee!" (Zech. 9: 9.) And this, also, emphatically: "Be strong and of good courage, and do it; fear not, nor be dismayed; for the Lord God, even my God, will be with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee, until thou hast finished all the work for the service of the house of the Lord!" This verse, (1 Chron. 28: 20,) contains so much that was valuable to me then! For one thing, the King was coming to me; then, He would have me "do" something, which would require strength, courage and fearlessness; but just there, were the unfailing promises of His dear presence, and His divine help, until all my work for Him on earth would be finished! Could anything be more complete than these gracious words, linked together so beautifully? Immediately after having comprehended entirely, this command came to me strongly, most impressively, and with encouraging gladness in His tone: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh." Again "Behold the bridegroom!" "Go ye out to meet him!" Instantly I knew that this was the word for which He had kept me waiting; and instantly I was assured, that with the command, would come also the power to obey it. So, without delay, looking up to Him for the necessary strength, I made a slight, feeble effort to remove the covering, and just enough strength came to do that. Then I looked to Him for more, in order to move my feet a little, and that also was given; but even then I did not feel any better or stronger, and the

pain was not abated at all. But I continued to trust Him for the power essential to fulfil His own command. Lifting my heart to Him for more strength to make the effort to sit up, I made a slight effort to raise my head off the pillow, and at once I found myself raised slowly up to a sitting posture, by a power entirely outside of self. I felt no sensible impression upon me, nor any peculiar sensation whatever. The pain had not left me then, but I did not wait to think of that, I was too eager to go on to obey the entire command, to go out to meet the bridegroom! and again I looked up to Him to make me stand on my feet. As at first, as my first tiny effort was put forth to rise, I was borne up steadily and quietly until I stood on my feet, "Strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." My first delightful feeling was that of having indeed met the Bridegroom, and of being held in His strong, loving embrace. Then I thought of how good and wonderful it all was. I was standing! and about the pains. All were gone! they had been mysteriously removed while I was in the act of rising. I felt no weakness, I was perfectly healed, and the Lord Himself had done it! My dear mother, at my first motion, moved back aghast, and awed, now she gazed at me speechless and wonderingly. But before I was standing a minute, she comprehended it all, and sprang quickly to my side, crying "Praise the Lord! He has healed my child." Then she called all the dear ones into my room that they might see what "great things the Lord had done for us," and that we might praise Him together for it. So before I had taken one step, we all knelt down and thanked Him for this great manifestation of His love and

power; and anew, I consecrated my healed body and all its faculties and members to Him, to be used mightily in His blessed service for ever. Again I looked to Him to supply the strength to rise to my feet, and it came immediately; I arose and in His strength began to walk out to the next room, at the further end of which my dear father was; I walked without pain or difficulty, out into the light. How well I remember the eager joy that came into my sister's face as she hastened to the window to roll up the thick, dark blind as high as she could reach! It was glorious to behold the light of day once more, everything looked beautiful, and the light did not even dazzle my eyes! Again we knelt to bless him for the new health he had just bestowed on me, and a comfortable chair was brought to me in which I sat for an hour, and then did not feel wearied at all. While there, we could fairly see the new, warm blood coursing through my hands, which for so long before were icy cold—and as the pink-tinted, healthy looking color remained on every part of my body, it reminded me of a fulfilled promise: (Job 33: 25, 26.) With joyful, grateful hearts we sang the 103rd Psalm and many other hymns, which helped us to express our thankfulness to our dear Lord. I had tea with the family that evening, and I took my own food and even raised the cup to my lips without any weakness or difficulty. Afterwards, as twenty or thirty thankful neighbors had hastily assembled, we had a most delightful praise meeting for some few hours. The joy of the Holy Spirit was manifestly felt by all. I had a most refreshing sleep that night, and next morning I arose again in the Lord's strength, and dressed myself without assistance;

in the afternoon I walked upstairs with a little assistance. Two days later I had my first carriage drive—it was most enjoyable. Ever since that time I have been getting stronger. I write, talk and drive a great deal, am kept exceedingly busy with these things, yet nothing causes languor or weariness. I have to comply with but one condition; that is being careful not to endeavor to do anything that is unnecessary. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." (1 Cor. 15: 57, 59.)

I am yours in Jesus' love,

MAGGIE H. SCOTT.

"MOUNT JOY FARM."

Martintown, Ont., Feb. 13th, 1883.

The restoration of this sister created a stir through the neighborhood. A special correspondent from one of the Montreal daily journals was sent to ascertain the facts accompanying the recovery. Members of families rushed to the house to behold the change with their own eyes. Tidings of the restoration were circulated far and wide by means of the press. Six months after the day of her restoration my sister travelled to Toronto, and thence to Owen Sound. One of

the most impressive meetings ever held in Knox church was that at which a densely crowded audience listened to her rehearsal of God's dealings through a prolonged and sore illness. I am indebted to the Lord for His dealings with my sister. So are many others. On her bed of pain she was instrumental in leading not a few to Christ, and in stimulating a great many more in the Lord's service. Since her restoration she has gone from place to place ever intent upon helping others to Him, who proved Himself to her a great Saviour. There are students to-day in our Canadian Universities, having the ministry in view, who have been attracted to service for the Divine Master through her gentle and effective influence. It is less than a year since I took leave of her, and a younger sister, as they boarded the train at Toronto for Vancouver, *en route* to China. And as I write, their latest letters from a far off land lie before me. They relate the early experiences of the sister missionaries who have begun, in another tongue, to tell to some of China's millions the way of Salvation through Christ Jesus.

The sick bed and the death bed have had

cementing power with the members of our home circle. Often has it been said by sympathizing ones, "how afflicted is that home." But our afflictions have had much to do in keeping God continually before us. Not very long ago the family carriage was bearing us away from "Mount Joy" at the close of our annual holiday. One of the handkerchiefs that waived the kind good bye on that occasion was swung by the hand of another sister, as bright and as full of promise as could be found in any home. That Christian darling began to feel her school work a burden. She returned to the home. Instead of improving she grew more troubled. And it came to pass that the dread typhoid handed back this sweet girl to Him who lent her to the home for a season.

At one time, in our western home, my wife's prolonged illness left us in doubt whether our married life was to be of more than very short duration. Our little son's life some time afterwards was hanging in the balance. I lay for weeks on one occasion, as an epidemic fever was thinning the homes of the town. But through the goodness of a sparing Father, wife and son

were brought to health and strength again. And a sermon that the Lord greatly blessed to a congregation that had inquired and waited with anxiety, was based upon the text with which I met my people on the first Sabbath after my recovery: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." The man of God was performing service for his Master by the brook Cherith as he was on Mount Carmel. By the brook it was a waiting service; on the Mount an active service. John Milton's lines are instructingly suggestive:

"God doth not need

Either man's work, or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Not only in the way of sickness, but also in afflictions of other kinds, has my ministry been marked at periodical stages. Yet the strokes were not unlike the rubbing with certain plants. They were necessary to the emitting of fragrance. Our troubles at times seemed great, but our hearts, invariably, were improved through the discipline of affliction. And now as we survey the

past, we find that spots, which were marked by the sorest trouble, are spots at which we received much soul enrichment.

"In the midst of the everlasting snows of Mount Blanc," writes Hugh MacMillan, "surrounded on every side by glaciers, and elevated many thousands of feet above the valley, there is a solitary projecting rock, where the scanty soil in July is covered with rare Alpine plants. The rays of the sun, reflected by the snow and ice around, shine with double power upon this favored spot, and create a warm, genial atmosphere, in the midst of which the flowers bloom with unexampled beauty and luxuriance, while the frozen peaks shelter them from all the storms. Thus the very inhospitable forces of nature minister to the welfare of these flowers. When first I saw this summer garden in the midst of eternal winter my heart was touched with the peculiar pathos of the sight. It was an emblem to me of the blessedness to be found even in the midst of sorrow that blights and chills the whole life. The things that seem to be against us are in reality working together for our good. The very winter of our sore distress creates a

summer climate in which the flowers of grace grow fairer and faster than in lots which, to worldly eyes are more favorable; and our great grief itself shelters us from the petty cares and troubles that vex others and impair their happiness."

Beautifully expressed, and so true! "Sweet are the uses of adversity." Some of us are under greater obligations to adversity than to the University for nerve to carry on life's work. Afflictions that scour the rust from faith or thresh off, as with flails, our husks, we may be thankful for. Very many times in this ten years' ministry I have felt the stroke, but always came from under it improved. Very many times in the progress of my first pastorate has a "Marah" been reached, where the waters were bitter; but, invariably, a little farther on was an "Elim" with its "wells of water," and "palm trees."

CHAPTER V.

TANGIBLE TOKEN ADDED TO TESTIMONY.

Reflections from a trip through Norway and Sweden—Stockholm the objective point—"S. S. Sirius"—Genuineness of the Swedish heart—Favours from the Royal family, city official, rich and poor—From Stockholm to Copenhagen—With a friend in Botanisk Have—Most impressive incident in Denmark—A happy mean—Helpfulness of testimony—With clasped hand giving thanks—"One thing I have been wanting to tell you"—One more sermon like that and I'll be a Christian—A motherless boy testifying to the helpfulness of a sermon—A widowed mother's testimony—Another testimony given in Boston—The three P's elaborated in Dumfries—Boston and Scotland helped by what helped in Canada—Testimony from a young man—An aged parishioner nearing the boundary—His acknowledgments and suggestions—Five tangible tokens—Deputations bearing gifts—"In the tribute of the hour I see"—Giving feeds love—Humbled through kindness—Spurred on to increased faithfulness.

IT was my privilege during the summer of 1888, after a month's holiday enjoyments in England and Scotland, to visit those northern districts of Europe, that are comprised under the more comprehensive term, Scandinavia. One charming evening, at the opening of the month of August, we left our quarters in Edinburgh, and were driven to the wharf at Leith, from which we stepped upon the Norwegian steam-

ship *Sirius*. Early on the following Sabbath morning the chain rattle from the dropping anchor told that the North Sea had been crossed, and that we had reached Haugesund, our first calling place in Norway. We were a party numbering about one hundred. The *Sirius* was chartered by us for this special trip. Our objective point was Stockholm, for we bore commissions from our respective countries to the World's Young Men's Christian Association conference, which was held that year, by invitation of the King of Sweden, in the Swedish Capital. By steamship to the north, through those remarkable fjords that have been eaten out of a rock-bound coast through the action of ice and atmosphere, and the disturbances of time; by train, through magnificent scenery for the tourist; on foot, to glacier top and waterfall; by stolkjærre and kariol, behind the hardy Norwegian pony and in front of the attentive skydsgut or driver, to view the wonders of the Romsdal and Naerodal, we had experiences that rarely fall to the lot of tourists. At Throndhjem, where we bade good bye to Captain Juell and associate officers, and left with them a souvenir of one

hundred dollars, we took train for the Swedish frontier. The Swedish government placed a special train at our disposal, and put the same in charge of a guard who had not been over the route since he had conducted the Prince of Wales, a few years before. One Sabbath, by the way, was spent in Ostersund, one night at Bollnas. Upsala, the University town of Sweden, was reached and visited the following day, and Stockholm was entered on the evening of that day.

If ever visitors had opportunity for knowing the genuineness of the Swedish heart, or for appreciating kindness from royal family, city official, Christian rich and Christian poor, we had. With reluctance a ministerial brother and myself, who had enjoyed hospitalities in the delightful home of Mr. J. P. Hagelin, 12 Norrtullsgatan, left Stockholm before the conference was over. On the way to Germany, it was a part of our plan to spend a season in Denmark. Before crossing the Baltic, for the last time on the journey, we enjoyed a portion of our holiday together in Copenhagen. Many views of interest were appreciated in that city. One incident impressed me especially.

My friend and I were returning from sight-seeing one afternoon. It was a beautiful day as we sat together in the Botanisk Have, one of the most charming of the gardens in northern Europe. We talked of things that we had seen and heard. Our minds turned westward to the people we had left on the other side of the Atlantic, and we "exchanged notes" about our work. He took from his pocket a letter received from one who had been helped in life's struggles by his preaching and influence. A grateful heart prompted her to let her pastor and benefactor know, by letter, what blessing she had received through him. No incident in our companionships interested me more than this testimony from a helped one to her helper. One of the bright anticipations he had on resuming his pastoral labors in a few weeks was in planning for work that would entitle him to listen to additional testimonies of a similar kind from others. That letter, read for me, as we were seated amid the foliage of the chief city of Denmark, has left a deeper imprint upon my recollection than that by the tardiness of the waiters at the

Hotel d'Angleterre, or the views of the Vor Frue Kirke and Marmorkirken. or even the statuary in the museum of Thorwaldsen.

I had heard from a faithful worker, not long before this, the complaint that, notwithstanding his faithfulness to his flock, it was a rare thing for him to hear a testimony to word or act that had been helpful to one of his people. With the reading of the letter just referred to I reflected upon instance after instance in my own ministry that stirred me into new activity for the Lord with the people He committed to my care. Doubtless in the line of testimony we have that which may be termed "underdone," as well as that deserving the designation of "overmuch." But striking the happy mean of propriety between cold inappreciation and fawning adulation, how much an assisted member of the flock can encourage a pastor by a well meant testimony!

The work in my Owen Sound ministry was conducted with many a signal blessing from the Lord, and many a token of appreciation from the people. In the congregation were those who had received great good, and were ready to

testify concerning it. It was no uncommon thing for me to listen to the joyful song from one and another, "Hear what the Lord hath done for me." It was delightful to see one, who had received some great blessing, giving the Lord first place in the acknowledgment. It was, at the same time, an incentive to activity when the pastor came to know from the lips of others that honor had been given to God through his instrumentality. Among the piles of manuscript that have been accumulating from year to year I have some significant pen marks, each one telling of a blessing imparted through the messages to which it belongs.

In the preparation of one of my early discourses I had an especial blessing to my own soul. The text was, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." On the occasion of the first presentation of this message it was made known to me, in a very kindly manner, that some of the hearers had been attracted to Jesus. Some time after, the same text, with the same line of thought in the sermon, was used with another congregation. At the close of this service a

leading Christian gentleman made his way to the vestry, and, taking me by the hand, returned special thanks for the good he had received through the message from the Lord that evening. I told him that the choice of theme for that service was made on account of testimony to blessing enjoyed by some hearers a few weeks before. He stated that he must add one to the testimonies.

One Sabbath day as I was entering upon a series of discourses on the Lord's Prayer, I spoke to my people from the words, "Our Father which art in Heaven." Visible results came from the service of that morning. One and another, I came to know, had received new and gladdening intelligence concerning the Fatherhood of God. I gave that sermon a special place in my memory; and as I heard from this one and that one of good being imparted through it, a special mark was attached to the first page of the manuscript. A few months after the first delivery of this sermon a class in the Sabbath school became in need of a new teacher. I went to a bright young woman, a member of my bible class, to ask if she would undertake

to teach the scholars, whose former teacher had gone away from the town. Her summary response was, "I would be very sorry to leave the bible class, but if you think I can be useful in the work of the school by teaching Miss ——'s class I will be pleased to help in that way." This answer was given in that interested and willing manner that cheers any minister who is looking out labourers to assist him in Christian work. As soon as I became informed of the young woman's willingness to assume the duties of teacher, I prepared, after a few words of instruction and counsel to her, to depart. Extending my hand for "good afternoon," she seemed as if she wished to say something more. And thus she spoke: "Mr. Scott, there is one thing I have been wanting to tell you for some time, and the only reason why I have not told you before this is because I did not know if you cared for your people to tell you such things." Being encouraged to say on she proceeded to this effect; "If you had asked me to take a class a year ago I could not have done it. But I have been so much helped since that time that I can do things now that I could

not do then." I said that it was a matter of great satisfaction to a Christian pastor to know that the members of his flock were being helped. Then she broke in with the query, "Do you remember the sermon you preached on ——?" And she named the day. I sought to recall the day and the occasion but failed, and was necessitated to reply to her question in the negative. "Well," she added, "it was on the ——, you spoke to us from the passage, "Our Father which art in Heaven," and ever since that day I have had a new and better view of God. Now that I know Him as a Father, He has become exceedingly precious to me, and I have had a desire, as His child, to do something for Him, and if I can do something in the Sabbath school to lead these little scholars to know my Father it will be a delight to me."

I told the lady that I was pleased to hear this new testimony to the blessedness of a text and message that had helped others. Some weeks after this interview I was unexpectedly called to preach for a Sabbath to a congregation in another part of the Province. At the morning

service I took the passage, "Our Father which art in Heaven." A gentleman in the audience who could not return to the evening service, and one whom I have never seen since that Sabbath day penned me a note before evening which, among other things, contained the following lines: "I am thankful that you have come to help us. Your sermon this morning will do a great deal of good. I am no flatterer, and I may say for myself that I felt refreshed in soul and spirit to hear the gospel preached from the heart, etc."

At a certain season in my ministry, when specially concerned about a number of the young people who were out of Christ, several successive Sabbath evenings were devoted to the special presentation of the claims of the Saviour upon the unregenerate. One young man was in the audience from the first. A certain lady was concerned about his spiritual welfare, and made me aware of her concern. While I had him in mind in the preparation of the series, this lady was remembering him in prayer, and working with him in private. But he offered a stubborn resistance to the truth. We had reached the stage in the series at which an urgent appeal was

made for the acceptance of Christ *now*. About the middle of the week beginning with the Sabbath on which this appeal was made, the lady came to me stating that Mr. — was "not coming back to church any more." I inquired "why?" And the young man's answer, given through her, was this: "Because if I hear one more sermon like that one on Sunday night I'll be sure to be a Christian." Poor fellow! He put away his pipe and tobacco on going from that service; for the impressiveness of the evening brought freshly to his disturbed mind that, in the use of these, he was violating a promise given to his father. But he did not yield to the claims of Jesus. The last I heard of him was that he was still without Christ. But the testimony that my message was used of the Spirit of God to convict this young man, led me to bring it again to other audiences, among the membership of which I have reason to believe there were not only convictions, but also conversions.

In contrast with the case of this young man may be mentioned that of another. He was a Christian lad who lost his mother when he was young. As he grew up, a share of responsi-

bility in caring for a motherless family fell to him, as the eldest son. Not possessed of much of this world's goods the young man, when he became able, left home with the expectation of earning wages for the benefit of the family. In a letter addressed to me from Michigan I find that he wrote in the following terms: "I arrived at Bay City late on Saturday night with only a few cents in my pocket. Though I had neither money nor friends to trust in, I had one faithful one who supplies all my wants. I felt lonely on Sabbath. I found this city very different from the town I left. I was surprised to see milk peddlers, butchers and draymen at work, some of the stores open, and some selling on the street, and, what was worse than all, the bar-rooms crowded with customers. I went twice to church that day. This was the only place that felt like home to me. I went outside the town to a retired place that I might spend a while in meditation and prayer. I did not remain long there, but went about forty miles further North. You can, perhaps, form some idea how uncomfortable and miserable I felt here on the Sabbath day, no church to go to, and the

weather so severe that I could not remain outside. It was with great difficulty that I managed to read, for in spite of my efforts the tears would rush to my eyes while hearing the name of our blessed Creator and Saviour profaned to such an extent as I had never heard before. I have often had great reason to bless God for being permitted to hear the sermon you delivered the last Sabbath morning I was in Owen Sound. I received it as a message from God to me. I considered my own circumstances in some respects similar to those of the one in the text, and I can say that sermon has been a source of blessing to me. I found a little difficulty in practising it. I found it very hard to kneel down in prayer night and morning where there were forty men or more in the same room, I being alone, or in other words, the only one who dared to do it. Had it not been for that sermon I believe I would have been tempted to do as the others did."

A widowed mother, one of my parishioners, was sitting in her lonely dwelling as I entered it one day to pay the family a pastoral call. That mother is to-day where there is no sorrow, no

sighing, no trouble. At the time of which I write she was struggling with the world, and conquering it through Divine help. Being acquainted with the circumstances of the family, there was encouragement to helpful conversation. I pointed her to Him who is our refuge and strength, and told her of the One who said, "Let thy widows trust in Me." With God given trust she had an experimental acquaintance already, so the trend of the conversation was appreciated. She told me of bright spots in a checkered career, and of remarkable ways in which the Lord had provided for her. Going back to the days of girlhood in her Scottish home, and enumerating some of the trials of married life, she proceeded to tell of the blessings from the good Shepherd since her husband had been taken from her. "And I must tell you to-day that the goodness of the Lord is with me still," she said, "and if it is not out of place I would like to tell you the good you are to me in the pulpit." She called my attention to a certain text used on a certain Sabbath, and in her own language, gave me some of the portions that had been particularly helpful to

her. The frank testimony of that good woman seemed to be a blessing to her; and assuredly it was profitable to me. As she listened to God's word from my lips in after days, and as I entered her humble home on other occasions, the remembrance of that acknowledgment paved the way for imparting and receiving further good. When I entered my library on returning home, after the visitation above referred to, I brought out the written discourse, read it again, and thanked God that it had done honour to Him by bringing blessing to one of His. I remembered very well how my mind had been led to the passage, as I proceeded to the preparation of the sermon upon it. It is a text that trying circumstances had brought me to appreciate years before. This woman's testimony, along with my own interest in the verse brought this particular portion to the notice of many a one in after days. Isaiah xlii., 16, deserves to be underscored as a specially full and precious portion: "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not: I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things

straight. These things will I do unto them and not forsake them."

On the occasion of my first visit to Boston I had the privilege of speaking to Sabbath day congregations from one of the pulpits of that city. Three years afterwards I revisited Boston. Besides preaching in one of the Columbus Avenue churches on the Sabbath day, I was called upon, on this second visit, to take part at a public meeting during the week. As the exercises of this week day meeting were progressing, a young man made his way to the spot where I was standing with a friend. There was something so striking in the familiarity of the young man, and something so significant in his salutation that I perplexed myself about my slowness to recognize one who, I thought, must be a former acquaintance. Inquiring as to the time and place of former meetings, he replied by another query, "Do you remember being in Boston some three years ago?" Answering in the affirmative, he asked again, "And do you remember preaching on a Sunday morning when you were here before?" "Yes," I answered. "Well," said the young man, "the sermon you

preached that day has been ringing in my ears ever since. I was among the people to whom you preached last Sunday, and I felt like going up to the platform at the close of the service to thank you for the good you did me, although I did not go. But when I saw you again to-day, I concluded that I must come and speak." The sermon that did the Boston auditor good was one that I had marked, because of helpful expressions that I had heard from several of my own people after I had preached it from my own pulpit at home. That which does good once contains power to do good again. At any rate the Owen Sound testimony suggested the suitableness of a text and discourse that elicited a testimony very similar in Boston. My audience on the Georgian Bay, and my audience on the Atlantic seaboard were alike in this, that both comprised men and women whose spiritual wants must be gratified from the same spiritual source. No matter where a person lives soul satisfaction must come from the Lord Jesus. And when we preach Christ, testimonies are certain to issue either in the form of the quiet life in Christ, or else in

the more open form of audible acknowledgment. Either is good so long as the Lord is glorified.

On another occasion, while visiting Britain, it was my privilege to enjoy a week's stay in the south of Scotland. An invitation was received from the parish minister of Canobie, to share the hospitalities of the manse for a few days. On arriving at the manse I was cordially greeted, and as cordially informed that the acceptance of the invitation carried with it the acceptance of the three P's. Evidencing to Dr. Snodgrass my want of familiarity with the meaning he intended to convey, the hidden significance of the three P's was readily revealed in the elaborated form—the Plate, the Pillow, and the Pulpit. As for the first of these, our hare-hunts together, to say nothing of other things, were so well rewarded that the Plate was most acceptable. The dives to coal pit bottoms, the rambles along the Liddel and Esk, the water-wades and carriage drives, together with sundry et ceteras caused the patronage of the Pillow to be highly beneficial. But as the Sabbath day came, I confess it was not without trepidation that I looked forward to fulfilling the third requirement. What

text to take in going before a Scottish congregation for the first time gave me no little thought.

The words of our Lord, "Ask and it shall be given you," were acted upon, and my passage and sermon were chosen. Some time before leaving home for this trans-Atlantic tour, I had been asked by a member of my congregation to spend an hour with her in private meditation and prayer, with a view to her being strengthened in God for a surgical operation that she was to undergo that day. The operation was performed, but from its effects this Christian woman never recovered. Her death was the means of bringing her husband to consideration. Ever after he took a deeper interest in religious things. One Sabbath evening I preached to my flock from Esther, iv. 13-14. So impressed was this man with what he had heard that he came to me during the week and told me of the help he had received. A mark was affixed to the manuscript of this discourse, and it was one of a number that I carried with me across the sea. This subject and sermon I took with me on entering, for the first time, an old country pulpit.

As in the Boston instance before referred to, so in Dumfries, what God honored in one place He honored in another. An official in the congregation, at the close of the service, led me aside and spoke, in substance, as follows: "You are a very young man, and it is not every young man that gets into the Doctor's pulpit. But we have an interest in you men from across the salt water. A former minister of this parish is now in one of your pulpits in Canada. We were fond of him down here. You men from the other side have a way of getting suddenly at the pith of a thing. Now you may know that we Scotch people are not greatly given to praises, but I have this to say, that your sermon this morning was well received; and, speaking for myself, you cannot take it amiss if I tell you that it did my heart good."

As I was unlocking my box in the post office one day a young man, the eldest son in a family connected with the congregation, came up to me and expressed a desire to speak with me on religious matters at my own house. About an hour afterwards he entered my library. He was joyful in Christ. His newly acquired

interest in the Saviour prompted him to ask for a place among those who were to express their allegiance to the Lord Jesus at the communion table, on an approaching sacramental day. He seemed to be as sure of his standing ground as was he, in the ninth of John, who said: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." He could answer with more satisfaction his questioner than could this man of the fourth gospel his twitting interrogators from among the Pharisees. In coming to me this day he said that he desired to tell me that through the gospel preached from the pulpit during the past few Sabbaths, he had been led to see his need of a Saviour, and to accept the scriptural way of salvation. He informed me of his difficulties, and of the suitableness of the Sabbath messages to his special wants. The hour spent with this young man gave me instruction that was of the greatest practical value in dealing with other young men. Moreover, it broke down every barrier of approach in conversing with him in the future. It is delightful to know what an interview such as this, between one who has been brought, and the one who brought him to Christ,

will result in for after days. I was with this young man on his marriage day. I saw him, and his devoted wife, and the children that had been born to them, at regular periods. And as far as I was able to judge, up to the hour of departure from Owen Sound I had no more attached household, nor any that lived more closely to the Lord.

There is something refreshing about the recollection of another who had been among the most regular of the worshippers at the Sabbath services. Age and ailment for some time had been leaving marks upon his physical frame. As I entered his home one day, in response to a kind, yet concerned request from his wife, I found him an invalid. In consequence of his illness, my visitations to the home became more frequent. What a grand thing it is to be alongside of a man, nearing the end of life's voyage, who whiffs the aroma from the heavenly shore! What a treat to minister to an aged disciple who, having followed the rules of God's word, is delighting in the prospect of being with Jesus soon! For a number of weeks before he died, this aged believer's sick room was a place of in

struction and comfort to me. Testimonies were given there that sent me home to put more of the word of God into my sermons than would have found a place in them under other conditions. The Saviour was exceedingly precious to him during his last illness. He used to tell me about days, and texts, and sermons that the Holy Ghost made specially helpful to him. My grateful mind, as I walked or was driven from his humble dwelling, would recall the date or passage, or message of which he spoke, and the recollection would emphasize the truth that the Lord does honour His own word. These testimonies cast new light upon the blessings that accompany Scriptural preaching. And I am assured that many a one after this aged man had been laid in his sleeping place underneath the sod, received blessing through my public ministrations because of acknowledgments and suggestions that came from him as he lay in his sick chamber.

To these and many more testimonies tangible tokens of appreciation were added.

The following lines of welcome speak for themselves:

TO MRS. SCOTT,—We, on behalf of a few of

the members of the congregation, worshipping in Knox Church, Owen Sound, under the pastorate of the Rev. A. H. Scott, welcome you amongst us with feelings of pleasure and hope; pleasure, at seeing our beloved pastor united with one whom he has chosen as his partner for life, and hope, that we shall for many years have the satisfaction of enjoying your society as the beloved partner of our minister.

We beg of you to accept the accompanying as an earnest, though of no great intrinsic value, of our warm desire for your prosperity and happiness, with the hope that as years pass by we shall be mutually drawn closer together in the bonds of Christian love.

In conclusion we hope that you will measure our desire for your happy sojourn among us, not by the value of this small present, but by the kindly feeling of sympathy with which we regard you.

Wishing our worthy pastor and yourself a long and happy life of mutual affection, we give you a joyful welcome to our midst. On behalf of the subscribers to this token of our regard for you.

MARY MCKAY,

MAGGIE R. HORNE,

A deputation from the Managing Board and congregation waited upon the pastor and his wife in the spring of 1880. The spokesman for the occasion, after a few impromptu expressions, read the following address:

To the Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A., and Mrs. Scott.

On behalf of many of the members of your congregation we beg to take advantage of the occasion of your starting housekeeping to present to you the accompanying purse of money. But it is not so much for the purpose of assisting you in this respect that this present is given, as to show our affection and esteem for you both, and our appreciation of your earnest, devoted, and acceptable services amongst us.

It was the intention at one time, instead of handing you the purse as we are now doing, to purchase furniture and present you with that. It has been thought better, however, as we do not know what you may have already, to give you this purse and leave it to your own taste and judgment how it shall be expended.

We would just add, what we are certain is the unanimous wish of the members of your con-

gregation, that you may be long spared in health and strength to encourage and assist each other in ministering to us in holy things, and that at last when our Father calls you home to receive the crown laid up for those who love the appearing of His Son, you may find your labours crown^d with even greater success than promises now to reward them.

On behalf of the congregation of Knox Church,
Owen Sound.

J. MASSON,

Chairman Board of Managers.

May 10th, 1880.

The following is clipped from a file of the Owen Sound *Advertiser*. "On Monday evening, the 8th inst., the Rev. A. H. Scott of Knox Church, was waited upon by his bible class, and quite a number of the ladies of the congregation and presented with the following address, and a silk pulpit gown:

DEAR PASTOR AND TEACHER:—We, the members of your bible class again desire to approach you with renewed expressions of regard and appreciation. We have marked with satisfaction

and gratitude your continued zeal and ever-deepening interest in the various departments of church work; and especially do we make mention of your devotedness to the Sabbath school and bible class. We are sensible that the efficiency and success of this part of the congregational work is largely due, by the blessing of God, to your personal oversight and untiring energy. Whilst recognizing the glorious character of the work in which you are engaged, and grateful to Divine Wisdom for the success which has attended your labors, we do not lose sight of the burdens and responsibilities that you bear, and the difficulties and anxieties that belong to a work of faith, and a labour of love. We desire to assure you, however faint our conceptions of the difficulties and trials, that you have our sympathies and prayers; and that your joys are shared in by us as well. We are here to-night to request your acceptance of this pulpit gown in token of our continued affection and esteem. We pray that you may be spared long to wear it in the service of your Master, as you minister from your public place to the spiritual wants of the people over whom

you are now placed. May you associate with your work pleasant and endearing wishes from your bible class.

Signed on behalf of the class,

ANNIE LITTLE.

MINNIE LEWIS.

Owen Sound October 9th, 1881."

From the commencement of my Owen Sound ministry, the strain on body and mind was great. Those who were most intimately acquainted with the exacting public and private pastoral claims in our growing congregation became aware that a temporary change and rest were needed; and they were the first to encourage an Atlantic voyage, during the summer season of 1884. They entered heartily with me into an arrangement for pulpit supply for the months of June, July and August. I had purchased the requisite steamship tickets a number of weeks before starting time, and by the end of May I counted that good congregational arrangements had been completed for the vacation season. To my surprise, a few evenings before sailing time, a deputation of ladies bearing a sum of money, which

was sufficient to cover travelling expenses from Montreal to Britain and back, presented the following address along with their gift:

Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A.

DEAR PASTOR,—As members of the Ladies' Association of Knox church, we look back with much pleasure and satisfaction to the time at which this society was organized, and as we consider the marked degree of success that has attended our various efforts to promote the best interests and ensure the well-being of this congregation, we are strongly impressed with the thought that this gratifying success is mainly due to the zeal and untiring energy of our beloved pastor. We are reminded that both in and out of the pulpit it has been your constant aim to stir up among the members of the congregation an active interest in the proceedings of the association, and we thank the Giver of all good that your unwearied efforts in this direction have been eminently successful, not only in securing for us the approval and liberal patronage of our own people, but also in arousing a deep interest in our work in many not directly connected with

the congregation. While we rejoice greatly because of past success, we look forward with the greatest confidence to the future, feeling assured that the interest you have been instrumental in arousing, is increasing. It is far beyond our power to repay you, dear pastor, for the invaluable services you have rendered, nor can we find words in which to express our appreciation of the wise counsel with which you have ever been ready to aid and encourage us in our work. Taking advantage of your intended visit to Europe as a fitting opportunity, we, on behalf of the Ladies' Association, ask your acceptance of this purse as a slight expression of the kindly feeling entertained towards you by the whole congregation, many of whom have liberally aided us in this very pleasing work. It grieves us not a little to have you absent even for a few weeks, yet we are reconciled by the thought that your brief sojourn in a distant land will result in mutual gain. We heartily unite in wishing yourself and your estimable lady a safe and pleasant tour, and pray that you may long be spared to labor in our midst, and that after the cares and trials of this life are ended, we may

meet an unbroken circle around the great White Throne.

Signed on behalf of the Association,

MRS. WM. M. BARCLAY, *V.P.*

E. BRECKENRIDGE, *Sec.*

On the evening of a birthday anniversary the choir of the church presented the pastor with a much prized gift, accompanied by the following address :

DEAR MR. SCOTT,—It is with very great pleasure we find ourselves assembled to celebrate this your natal day ; and we rejoice to find that with increased and increasing responsibilities, our pastor still continues the same kind and sympathizing friend—continually endearing himself more and more not only to us, but we believe to the whole of his pastoral charge.

With reference to our position as choir of Knox Church, we have only to say that when our pastor leads in the service of our church we are content to follow, and hope that our cordial relations may long continue, and that our efforts may be instrumental in contributing to the honour

and glory of God, and to the praise of His most Holy Name.

We hope that you and Mrs. Scott may be spared to each other for many years, and have the felicity of seeing your family grow up around you in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," and be a blessing to yourselves and to all with whom they may be associated.

We desire to mark the present anniversary of your birth with a small memento of the occasion, and beg your acceptance of this gift.

Wishing you health and every happiness,

We are yours in Christ,

On behalf of the choir,

THOS. BODDY, *Organist.*

Owen Sound, April 20th, 1887.

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in responding to friends who had shown him special kindness on a certain public occasion in New York, expressed himself in the following felicitous lines, the appropriateness of which I have felt on receiving addresses, such as the foregoing, from appreciative friends in the congregation:

“Too well I know

How Friendship pays the debt it does not owe;
Shapes a poor semblance fondly to its mind;
Adds all the virtues that it fails to find;
Adorns with graces to its heart's content;
Borrows from love what nature never lent,
Till—what with halo, jewels, gilding, paint—
The veriest sinner deems himself a saint.
Thus, while you pay these honours as my due
I owe my value's larger part to you;
And in the tribute of this hour I see
Not what I am, but what I ought to be.”

“Test the truth and then testify the truth”
is among the quaint sayings that accord with
the teachings of scripture, and the promptings of
gratefulness. “Giving feeds love” is another ex-
pression understood by those who are well bal-
anced by grace. Repentance, love, and new
obedience have been quickened in those who
were once great transgressors, as they have
testified of the divine and human agencies that
operated in the saving change. When Christians
come to say that through some sermon or service
they have been made joyful in the Lord, the
true minister may say, “I rejoiced greatly when
the brethren came and testified of the truth. .
. . I have no greater joy than to hear that
my children walk in truth.” And when tangible

tokens of love are given by his people to a minister of Christ, who is enjoying the answer to his prayer, "O Lord, I beseech thee send now prosperity," that minister is humbled by the thought of the Lord's kindness, and spurred on to increased faithfulness to the Lord and to His people.

"Trees are bowed down with weight of fruit,
Clouds big with rain hang low ;
So good men humbly bear success,
Nor overweening grow."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FURNACE, THE FORGE, AND THE FILE.

Another side to the ministry—No promises of beds of ease—Efficient servants with the Master's experiences—Mistaken inferences by a minister's wife—"Fine positions" and "delightful times"—Entitled to a better position—Adulation and jeremiad—Not have you reached position, but have you been faithful—Outward appearances sometimes untrustworthy—The fiery furnace—The hammer-beat on the forge of trial—The file of grace at work—Encroachments upon the devil's domain—Satanic noises—Displeased with reformation—One cause of ministers' troubles A second cause—Hosannas to-day—Going back to-morrow—With a view to the loaves and fishes—The hangers on—The English language failing in a term—"That man can't preach"—Anonymous letters—Arithmetic of multiplication by subtraction—Lies strangled to death—A veil thrown over—One great benefit from painfulness in the ministry—Another benefit—The gale makes the furnace draw—Two helpful lists—"My God, why should I complain!"—Two additional benefits—A persecutor now preaching—Concluding benefit—As God will!—In the hottest fire—"He knoweth the way that I take."

AFTER so many pleasant things in the foregoing chapter, candour suggests that another side of the ministry should be disclosed in this chapter. Faithful performance of our Lord's work in the public ministry, or in private discipleship, teaches minister and disciple the significance of

the scriptural words: "Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake." In the early days, when He was carrying out His plan to raise up a Christian minister, our Lord talked in a vision with Ananias of Damascus. Saul of Tarsus was the main subject of the conversation. Ananias was backward to believe the heavenly voice. "But the Lord said unto him, go thy way: for he is a chosen vessel unto me to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel." The word of God contained a remarkable addition to these words. The Lord did not tell Ananias that the new minister would enter upon his work with the promise of ease and smoothness. But He said: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." On many pages of the inspired Word is the information given, that they who bear the messages of Jehovah to their fellow men may count upon trial and difficulty. The Master's earthly training was conducted in the school of trial. And His most efficient living workmen are able to speak of experiences in the same school. He, who has given to us the Bible,

has taken care to see that on one of its pages is this admonition: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." Blessed be His name, we find immediately after that admonition, in the fourth chapter of First Peter, this encouragement: "If any man suffer as a Christian let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf."

A Presbyterian minister and his wife spent a few weeks on the shores of the Georgian Bay during the summer months of one of the years of my first ministry. Taking my wife into her special confidence one day, the visiting lady proceeded to expatiate upon the thankfulness that should belong to us, because everything in our lot was so enjoyable. She praised the church building, the beautifully situated town, our delightful surroundings, and so on. She spoke of the "fine position" held by so young a minister; and throwing her admiration into interrogative form, she expressed herself feelingly upon the "delightful times" I must have in Owen Sound. This laudation of externals paved the way for a contrasting wail. Mr. ———, her own husband,

had never had a chance. He never had a congregation suited to one of his attainments. He had always been kept down. His advantages in the old country, and his "talents," entitled him to a far better position than he had ever had in this country. If things in this Dominion were as they ought to be, Mr. ——— would be over a congregation in a town or city.

It is to be feared that the cause of Christ, both in the old country, and in this country, has been hindered and hurt by such notions, entertained and expressed in quarters where they are utterly unpardonable. If, in the conversation above referred to, the Lord was not entirely ruled out of mind, He was given such an inconspicuous place that man's importance was regarded as the main consideration. When her adulation and jeremiad reached my ears two thoughts came instantly to mind. The first was, how silly for a woman, a minister's wife, to indulge in such talk about her husband, and his claims to position. The man is given for the flock, and not the flock to make position for the man. The Lord has His people in the country as well as in the city and town. Jesus minis-

tered to congregations in Nazareth as well as in Jerusalem. Or, the great day it will not be asked, have you reached the position that carnal aspiration aimed at; but rather, have you been faithful to Me, to My message, to yourself, and to souls in the place where your lot was cast? The second thought was, how imperfect and mistaken may be conclusions arrived at concerning ministerial experiences from a few days' view of outward appearances. Perhaps I had, among my associates in the work in Owen Sound, a band of men and women, as loyal as that with any other minister, young or old, in the Canadian church. Peradventure, a special share of happiness was mine to enjoy in my first charge. And not unlikely from the standpoint of earthly vision, a person disposed to make much of position could see things that did not belong to every minister. But from behind the scenes of a ten years' ministry, in a town and congregation where good and evil were in mighty conflict, I have come bearing experiences other than the most delightful. I know something of the joys of the ministry. I know, too, of its sorrows. I have had many encour-

agements as a young servant of the Lord. But besides, as suggested by the words that head this chapter, I have come through the fiery furnace, I have felt the hammer-beat on the forge of trial, and yet, thanks to the Lord, out from the fire, the file of grace has rubbed off excrescences, and shaped me more to the mind of my Master.

One thing I did look for when I began my public ministry. It was this—that souls should be benefited. It was with encouraged eye that I watched for improvement in believers, and saving changes in the unregenerate. Both of these I found in due time. I did not watch with the same solicitude for the obstacles the Evil One cast in the way to both of these ends. From a knowledge of my own heart, as well as from a growing acquaintance with human nature, I was prepared for something other than smooth service. Smooth service I did not have. But the forms of opposition were beyond my powers of anticipation. Encroachments made upon the devil's domains are sure to be met with resistance. About the time that I began to have inquirers asking the way of Salvation, I began to hear

mutterings from the enemy of souls. No sooner had testimonies begun to be heard concerning peace through the acceptance of a personal Saviour than indications became visible that these heart changes were contrary to the will of him who "walketh about seeking whom he may devour." When the gospel pushes against carnal strongholds, Christian workers may be prepared for satanic noises. Let the church pew be patronized by him whose former haunt was the bar-room or the gambling-hell, and the loss of patronage to the latter rarely fails to call forth reflections upon him or them who are instrumental in bringing about that loss. Let Sabbath auditors give signs of reformation, on account of pulpit ministrations, and the adversary will take pains to let it be known that reformation incurs his displeasure.

Not a few of our troubles, as ministers of the flock, arise from our own weaknesses. The Lord has chosen fallible men to be His messengers to mankind. Whatever else may have been present to the Master's mind when He declared to His disciples—"In the world ye shall have tribulation;" He knew that some of their after trials

would be the outcome of their own defects. Because faithful Abraham, under a certain strain, gave way to one of his weaknesses, "the Lord plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues." When Jacob's messengers reported—"we came to thy brother Esau, and also he cometh to meet thee, and four hundred men with him," the scriptures inform us that "Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed." His fear and distress had a most intimate connection with a transaction that took place years before, when the untruths of the brother, encouraged by his mother, prepared the way for Esau's departure from home. Elijah, by reason of human frailty, lay discouraged and perplexed under the juniper tree. In an hour of special temptation the man after God's own heart succumbed, and a painful afterpart is recorded in the old Testament history of David. Peter "went out and wept bitterly" because, from following "afar off," he took God's name in vain and denied his Lord. The very best of men since Peter's day, down to the present, have attributed a measure of their trials and sorrows to their own imperfect natures. And while the furnace has been heated, and the

forge smitten by other influences, experience refuses to allow some of us to forget that not a few of our heartburnings have been occasioned by our own imperfections.

Unless my experience is different from that of other leaders I think it is fair to state that a faithful minister's trials are brought about, in too many instances, by his professed followers. Many men of many minds, and many women with varying mental and spiritual requirements are found in a large and growing congregation. Some work and follow faithfully. Others are the source of much annoyance. Moses, the lawgiver, stands conspicuous among the leaders of men, and he felt stings from followers as he sought to bring them to the mind of God. John Calvin holds no inferior place among leaders in the later centuries, and yet he was banished from Geneva through unexpected opposition from some of his own followers. What the scriptural records tell of Moses, and later history tells of Calvin, might be followed up by strange revelations from modern leaders in the church of Christ. Hosannas are heard from many when their expectations of carnal advancement

are bright, but when the prospects for self-interest are blighted by a minister's uplifting of the spiritual, events prove in our day, as in the days of Christ upon the earth, that some of his disciples "went back, and walked no more with him." Members of the staff are not always what they ought to be, neither are the rank and file at all times true. Followers of the Judas kind turn traitor to Jesus, and harass the messengers of Jesus. When those who once took sweet counsel with us turn over to the side of the enemy, cause is given for soreness of heart. Professed followers of the Lord have great responsibilities resting upon them. Defection on their part wounds the heart of Jesus, and oft times brings crushing anguish to His ambassadors. Yet out from this anguish some of us have been brought to a higher appreciation of Paul's salutation to the Corinthians, "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

It would be no difficult task to cover a number of pages in this chapter with an account of troubles brought about by those who, though not in the church, yet claimed a certain connection with it. They are found alongside of the true worshippers in many of our congregations. They have a nominal connection with this church, or that denomination, for the sake of the "loaves and fishes." They are "all things to all men," but not in the Pauline acceptance of the phrase. By some they are known as "hangers on." By others, no English word has been found fitly to designate them. Perhaps the biblical expression in the eleventh chapter of Numbers sets them forth as accurately as possible. They are the "mixed multitude." They exercise a pernicious influence upon any congregation by their discontent, their instability, and their grumbling. God's people are more or less affected by them. And many a servant of the Lord, since Moses' day, in overwhelming bitterness of soul has cried out on their account, as the great lawgiver cried: "I am not able to bear all this people alone, because it is too heavy for me. And if thou deal thus with me, kill me I pray thee out

of hand, if I have found favor in thy sight; and let me not see my wretchedness."

In the performance of work in my first charge I met with various kinds of opposition, and encountered taunts not a few. Persons known to be unfriendly to the Saviour, and, in consequence, unfriendly to him or them who have the Saviour's cause at heart, have sought to cripple me. Others wearing the guise of Christian friendliness have been found out, as they planned to harm the leader, and injure his followers. I know what it is, when some sermon has "gone home," to have an uncomfortable hearer declare, "that man can't preach." And when the Spirit of God has used my voice or influence to "stir the rest" of some indifferent auditor, I know about his endeavour to throw me into confusion by his insincere praise of some other minister. Now and again I have been favoured with productions from the anonymous correspondent although these never made a deep impression. I was never in total darkness as to their authorship. With remarkable precision a few live Christians in a congregation, or a few wide awake friends in the community, will mark

him or her in a church or town who handles the pencil of the anonymous writer. In church husbandry, as in horticulture, it is essential to attend to the weeding out processes. Attention to these gives occasion for unpleasantness. In the Lord's service, in modern times, leaders are taught, as Gideon was taught by the well of Harod, that for certain service the few are better than the many. Some fail to understand the arithmetic of multiplication by subtraction, and there are those who are unacquainted with the philosophy of increase through decrease. The choice of the "three hundred that lapped," and the setting aside of the others of the "ten thousand" is sometimes regarded as an invidious distinction. Then where knowledge is yet imperfect, and grace yet feeble, harrassing annoyances have come. The tongue of falsehood wags against the friends of Christianity now-a-days as it wagged against its founder in early days; but it is encouraging to know that great lies, like great fish, fuss and flounder in foreign air for a little time, then strangle themselves to death. A multitude of unpleasant and depressing experiences rush to mind as I pen these lines, each one seeming to

say—"if a catalogue is to be prepared do not forget me." But it is not to my purpose to expose to my readers' view all those vexations that, at various stages in my ministry, produced mortifying uneasiness, or threw me into overwhelming grief. For my own sake I cast a veil over the worst of them, and for the sake of others I will not allow that veil to be taken away. The interests that I have in view in the preparation of these chapters will be better served by a conscientious investigation of those benefits which accompany or flow from painfulness in the ministry.

First among these benefits may be mentioned the closer relationships resulting between pastor and faithful people. Unfaithfulness on the part of a few causes the faithfulness of the many to shine more brilliantly. If Iscariot imprints upon Jesus' cheek the betrayer's kiss, new meaning is given to the devotion of John. In our congregations if, now and then, an individual or family proves false, new grounds are afforded for warmer appreciation of those who are true. It was my privilege and joy to welcome over five hundred new members into the church during

my Owen Sound ministry. Some of these, in course of time, removed from the bounds, and found residence in quarters near or far away. But though absent I was helped greatly by the knowledge gained through letter and otherwise, that they remembered him who brought them to the Saviour, and desired to strengthen his hands and heart by believing prayer. Of the larger number that remained, I was continually meeting those whose hands had been placed in mine in the solemn pledge of fidelity to the Lord, and to His servant. I knew well that at family altars, morning and evening, God's grace prompted loyal Christians to breathe a petition for the pastor; and that in the closet, when the door was shut, old and young were meeting the Lord on bended knee, and among their daily prayers at the Throne of Grace was one for him whose chief desire was to see his spiritual children walking in the truth. Time works changes with men. Friends forget friends. But it will be a long time, I feel that it can never be, before I can forget the loyalty to me of Christ's friends in the most perplexing periods of my first ministry. In the hard knocks of that ministry many a back

was bared to the smiter, for my sake, and many a stroke intended for me was warded off by spiritual associates. Jonathan proved true to David when the anger of Saul burned hotly. And it strengthens me in God as I call to mind the heroic friendship of members of my first flock in the hour of severest trial.

Then there is the direct benefit to the Christian leader and pastor from trial. It is related of the late Dr. Tyng, that he undertook, on an Atlantic voyage, to condole with an engineer because of the severity of the gale. The engineer's suggestive response to one of the doctor's questions was—"Oh I like the gale for it makes the furnaces draw stronger." After careful examination I can conscientiously declare that the experiences calling forth this sixth chapter have been worth more to me than the more pleasing ones that produced the preceding chapter. Improvement has come through every difficulty. I would not desire a return of some of the painful experiences of bygone days; but from the point of present vision, as I survey the past, I recognize how God's wisdom was conducting me through some perplexities to a firmer trust in

Himself. The congregation's most successful years were not those when trials were fewest; nor were the seasons that brought most cheer to the pastor, those marked by the fewest difficulties. It seems to me to be worthy of note that the periods during which I was most perplexed were those that were opening the way for the reception of some new and unexpected blessing. The "furnace" at times was very hot, and the "forge" blows were heavy and many, yet, after a while, when I came to examine what the "file" had accomplished, I understood that the effects belonged to well ordered causes.

A third benefit resulting from trial lies in the fact that new appreciation is given to the word of God. At a certain period in my ministry I felt more than ordinarily burdened. Returning home one evening, when I had good cause for being agitated, I entered my library, and at my desk proceeded to an examination of my bible, expecting thereby to receive help in my perplexity. "How was it with the Lord's workmen in former times?" I enquired. That same evening I prepared from the New Testament two lists of recorded experiences. From the portions

relating to the Apostle Paul, I wrote down as follows :—

They “watched the gates night and day to kill him :” a sorcerer “withstood him :” the Jews “filled with envy spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming :” they “stirred up the devout and honorable women, and the chief men of the city, and raised persecution against Paul and Barnabus, and expelled them out of their coasts :” the believing Jews stirred up the Gentiles, and made their minds evil affected against the brethren :” an assault was made of Gentiles, Jews and rulers, to use them despitefully and to stone them :” certain ones persuaded the people and “having stoned Paul, drew him out of the city :” “they caught Paul and Silas and drew them into the market place unto the rulers and brought them to the magistrates :” “when they had laid many stripes upon them they cast them into prison : and made their feet fast in the stocks :” moved with envy the unbelieving persecutors “took unto them certain lewd fellows of the baser sort,” “and set all the city on an uproar,” and sought to “bring them out unto the

people:" "some mocked and others said we will hear thee again of this matter:" they opposed and blasphemed: the city was thrown into confusion because of Paul's preaching: the Jews laid wait for Paul as he was about to sail into Syria: in Jerusalem they took Paul and drew him out of the temple, and went about to kill him: they gave him audience and then "lifted up their voices and said away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live:" "the chief captain commanded him to be brought into the castle, and bade that he should be examined by scourging," and afterwards "fearing lest Paul should have been pulled in pieces of them, commanded the soldiers to go down, and to take him by force from among them, and to bring him into the castle:" certain of the Jews "banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, saying that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul:" Tertullus began to accuse Paul, saying, "we have found this man a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition among all the Jews throughout the world, and a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes:" "and when it was determined to sail into Italy they

delivered Paul and certain other prisoners unto one named Julius."

From this catalogue, prepared from the Acts of the Apostles, I turned to his second letter to the Corinthians, and wrote down as follows: "Ye suffer if a man bring you into bondage, if a man devour you, if a man take of you, if a man exalt himself, if a man smite you on the face, I speak as concerning reproach, as though we had been weak. Howbeit, whereinsoever any is bold, (I speak foolishly) I am bold also. Are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? So am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? So am I. Are they ministers of Christ? (I speak as a fool) I am more: in labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep: in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils on the sea, in perils among false brethren;

in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without that which cometh upon me daily the care of the churches. Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not? If I must needs glory I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities."

After this I enquired about the Master's experiences during His earthly ministry, so that by scriptural answers I might have guidance. On my second list I wrote down as follows: they sought Jesus' life: they complained of him and his company at the table: they found fault with him in the corn field: they took counsel to kill him: they disdained him because he was a carpenter's son: they found fault with him because of insignificant omissions in the etiquette of his followers: they tried to entangle him in his talk: they consulted, and by subtlety took him: a supposed friend betrayed him into the hands of foes: his own disciples forsook him: false witnesses accused him: they spat upon him and buffeted him, and struck him with the palms of their hands: Peter denied him: he was

sentenced to death: he was bound, stripped, scourged, mockingly arrayed, spat upon, taunted, mercilessly abused, crucified.

"My God," I said in that room, "why should I complain? How my trials are dwarfed into insignificance when seen beside those of the apostle to the Gentiles! My Master and Saviour, if they did these things to Thee why should thy servant be cast down if they do a few things to him?" So out from the place where I was alone with the Lord in examination of His word I went benefited, and many experiences of trial since that day have tuned my tongue to sing "worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

A further benefit is to be derived by the Christian worker inasmuch as he is brought through trial to a better understanding of his fellow men. Persecutors and persecutions are skillful instructors. Paul was a notorious persecutor at one time. It was God's grace, to which in persecuting days he was a stranger, that transformed him in after days into a zealous advocate of the truth as it is in Jesus. Some of those, in my

own experience, who were chargeable with words and acts that were flagrantly unkind before they knew the Lord, proved in after days to be the staunchest friends of Christ's cause. Homes that have given cold admittance to God's servants have been so changed by the gospel that old and young in them have gone to these servants desiring to be shown some way in which they could do service for the Lord. "It leads me to think," remarked an eminent minister, who was was to me both father and friend, when one was resenting the cruelties of an ill-wisher, "how patient the Lord must be when He puts up with our own provocations." What would any of us be without God's sustaining grace? Jesus cried on the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Forgiveness extended to those who cause our sorest trials is a potent factor in our own faith as ministers of the word. If, through their faults, our love can make a pathway to the hearts of those who hate us, not unlikely the spirit of God will tread the same road, bringing with Him those blessings from above that will transform our bitterest enemies into our friends, and friends of Christ. The

absence of Christ from the hearts of men being the cause of their annoyance, unkindness, and persecution, if we can be the means of presenting Jesus to these hearts, we will hear of this one or that one, "that he which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed."

As a concluding benefit in this chapter may be mentioned the encouragement in trial to be found in God. "And David was greatly distressed; for the people spake of stoning him, because the soul of all the people was grieved, every man for his sons and for his daughters: but David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." If the servant of the Lord must encounter trouble in the earlier or later stages of his career it is exceedingly helpful to remember that God is near. "I have heard the slander of many: fear was on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life. But I trusted in Thee, O Lord; I said, Thou art my God. My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies and from them that persecute me." Afflicted David, who uttered these words, has

pointed multitudes to the source of consolation in the hour of trial, and has enabled them to verify his other words: "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord: and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. And He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light and thy judgment as the noonday: the Salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: He is their strength in the time of trouble. And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them: He shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in Him." Simon Peter on the troubled lake of Galilee heard the Master say, "be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid." Still the waves roared and the tried disciple began to sink. Then Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up. Thanks be to Him for his saving power in the time of need. "He knoweth the way that I take." His way out of trial is the best way, and His time for extending help is the best time. Therefore the tried one can enter into the spirit of the poet's lines:

"Pain's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow;
And all my heart in anguish shivers
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, 'as God will!'
And in his hottest fire stand still."

CHAPTER VII.

CHRIST'S MINISTER.

A chapter for the fulfilment of a promise—A request two years after the delivery of an Address.—The request repeated—Through living voice and printed page—To others because a power to one's self—The most sacred relationship on earth—The minister of Christ solemnly related to three parties—Two calls to the minister—A worshipper's pungent remark—God never saved any man for being a preacher, nor because he was an able preacher—The most monstrous sham—Enriching delights of Grace—Resources through quiet and prolonged contact with Christ—On the Mount like Moses—More of souls than of salary—Clean hands—Spiritual deliverance through delegated messengers—A creation to be ignored by ministers—Possession of the grandest possibilities—One of the comforts of the ministry—A starving pulpit—"Evangelical" and "Evangelistic"—The message for dying men—A promise for Christ's minister—Science and Philosophy at the feet of Jesus—Moody's discovery—Watchwords for ministers—To Him upon the throne.

THE appearance of this chapter is the fulfilment of a promise. Presbytery imposed upon me the responsible task of addressing a newly placed minister on the day of his induction. What I was enabled to say in my address on that occasion was made a blessing, as the new pastor afterwards testified, both to him and to his people. Two years after its first delivery, by

request of a brother minister, this address, with certain additions, was repeated at another installation service. Since that time it has been thrice used, slightly altered and improved for each occasion. One of the brethren to whom it was delivered made a request in his own name, and in the name of his congregation, that he might have it for publication. My intention at the time was to yield to his request. But the manuscript having been prepared for my own eyes, and for those only, contained abbreviations and characters that no other person could understand; and being very much pressed with work, I was unable just then to devote the time required to make the written pages intelligible to my brother. The request was repeated at a time when a multiplicity of claims forbade immediate response. Time passed, and I thought that the good brother had no further desire to obtain that which he had twice asked for. However, the request was renewed with increased emphasis later on. In explaining myself, at a time when this volume was already mapped out in my mind, I said to my ministerial friend that if he would consent to wait until "Ten Years in

my First Charge" was issued, I would promise that the ordination address for which he asked would be found in one of its chapters. It is herewith given. I am thankful to know that brethren and their flocks have found benefit from the address when given by the living voice. I trust that the Lord may bless it to those who read it from the printed page.

ORDINATION ADDRESS.

My Brother,—Having come thus far in the public exercises of the day it devolves upon me, in the name of the Presbytery, to address you. If my own inclinations had been considered an older member of the court would be occupying the place that the brethren have requested me to take in this installation service. It seems to me that one of riper years and larger experience would render the Master and you more efficient service than I can be expected to render. The words that I am to address to you to-day are words that have been prepared for myself, and it is because I feel their power that I am encouraged to give them to a fellow-worker.

The relationship formed here to-day is one of

the most sacred that can be formed upon earth. To three parties you stand solemnly related, and on a proper discharge of your obligations to these will depend your success in that highest of Christian offices into which you have been installed on this auspicious occasion. These three parties are yourself, your people, and your God.

My Brother, *be true to yourself.* You have received a call from this congregation. You require to have had another call, a preceding call, before you can feel that you are in the right place. A worshipper, on his way from a Sabbath morning service in a church where a certain minister preached, said to a companion, "Now, there was a good man, a Christian man, a man who knows what he is about." That worshipper, sorrowful to relate, knew of one who presumed to minister to a flock in another place but who had never been called of God, hence the pungency of his remark. He who pretends to be doing God's work in the Christian ministry, and has not been called by God to that work is a living falsehood. Listen to these words from Richard Baxter: "Take heed

to yourselves lest you should be void of that saving grace of God which you offer to others, and be strangers to the effectual working of that gospel which you preach; and lest, while you proclaim the necessity of a Saviour to the world, your hearts should neglect him, and you should miss of an interest in him and his saving benefits. Take heed to yourselves lest you perish while you call upon others to take heed of perishing, and lest you famish yourselves while you prepare their food. Though there be a promise of shining as stars to those that turn many to righteousness, this is but an supposition that they be first turned to it themselves: such promises are made *cæteris paribus, et suppositis supponendis*. Their own sincerity in the faith is the condition of their glory simply considered though their great ministerial labors may be a condition of the promise of their greater glory. Many men have warned others that they come not to that place of torment, which yet they hastened to themselves; many a preacher is now in hell that hath an hundred times called upon his hearers to use the utmost care and diligence to escape it. Can any reasonable man imagine

that God should save men for offering Salvation to others, while they refused it themselves, and for telling others those truths which they themselves neglected and abused? Many a tailor goes in rags that maketh costly clothes for others; and many a cook scarce licks his fingers when he hath dressed for others his most costly dishes. Believe it, brethren, God never saved any man for being a preacher, nor because he was an able preacher; but because he was a justified, sanctified man, and consequently faithful in his Master's work. Take heed therefore to yourselves first that you be that which you persuade others to be, and believe that which you persuade them daily to believe, and have heartily entertained that Christ and Spirit which you offer unto others. He that bade you love your neighbors as yourselves, did imply that you should love yourselves and not hate and destroy both yourselves and them." God forbid that any of our Canadian pulpits should be filled by men who have not been called of God, for I can conceive of no sham more monstrous than that of a Christless man in the place of a Christian minister.

That was no meaningless question addressed to you to-day by him who presides at this service: "are zeal for the glory of God, love to the Lord Jesus Christ, and desire of saving souls, so far as you know your own heart, your great motives and chief inducements to enter the office of the ministry?" Your affirmative reply to this question signifies that you are ready to engage with this people in the joys and labours belonging to "a good minister of Jesus Christ." Thank God for the joys of the ministry. They are many and precious. I congratulate you, in anticipation, upon the joys that await you in your new charge as you growingly appreciate your Bible, and your God; as you share with your believing followers the enriching delights of grace; and as your heart joins in praise with angels because you have been honoured in bringing some lost soul to Jesus.

Be it remembered, along with the assurances of joy, that faithfulness to your calling entails very hard work. There are those in our day who suggest the office of the ministry to their sons on account of the "position" it gives; and there are sons who, without such mistaken

promptings from parents, falsely imagine that the Christian ministry is the sphere for those who desire a "good time." You begin your work with your new people indulging no such erroneous impressions. Your pulpit preparations you will find to be no child's play. Besides these you will have platform work, house to house work, Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly work. You will have many claims in your own home, and you will require many a time to go away from home. If you are conscious of facility with your pen, and are a believer in the power of the press as well as of the pulpit, you will find that what you do for the Lord, through the public prints, will be consuming to your time. These and a multitude of other considerations will teach you how necessary it is that you should be true to yourself if, with any satisfaction, you are to meet your obligations.

Hence, we who minister to others must see that we ourselves are kept in proper condition. Food and exercise, in the physical realm, are requisite for bone and blood and muscle. For him who is to educate men's minds in the things of God, there must be much study, and "much

study is a weariness of the flesh." And for him whose principal work is to help the hearts of those committed to his care it will be requisite that he shall buffet many a temptation, and overcome many an obstacle, in order that he may draw upon those resources that can be obtained only by quiet and prolonged contact with the heart of Christ. If the cistern is to continue to give out it must continually be receiving. If the scriptures counsel growth in grace, the counsel is for ministers as well as for people. Dear brother, you are called upon to lead this people; place your hand in Christ's hand that He may lead both them and you. You are expected to educate this people: receive your instruction from the Divine Teacher. You are set to help this people: remember the words, "In Me is thine help," and believe what you say as you declare with the psalmist, "My help cometh from the Lord." Come down from the mount where, like Moses, you have been with the Lord and you will minister to the wants of those who have called you, out of your "sufficiency" which is "of God."

Permit me to say to you, secondly, *be true to*

your people. From what we have seen and heard this day, we expect them to be loyal to you. You expect them to be true to you. Be true to them. Remember that you have come to take charge of souls. Make more of souls than of salary; and salary will not be wanting. Seek your people's Salvation rather than their admiration; and the admiration that is worth having will be accorded to you. Say with the apostle, "I seek not yours but you;" and "you will be enriched in everything to all bountifulness." Perform your duty to the flock, and the flock will not be likely to fail in duty to you. But should your people be unfaithful, notwithstanding your faithfulness, your hands will be clean, and God will call them to account.

Keep ever before you that the congregation is not so much for you, as you are for the congregation. The Lord has sent you to labor among them. You are His, and you are theirs. Give them to understand that God has delegated you to bear heavenly messages to them with a view to their spiritual deliverance. Encouraging yourself in the power of your commission, go to your people with those broad gospel utterances that

should proceed from the mouth of one who is the Lord's. Deriving your confidence from on high, you will be called upon to rebuke, to exhort, to encourage. Never set yourself to please any individual, any family, any class. Please your God and you will have done your duty. Avoid distinctions in your flock. The world creates them ; ministers should ignore the creation. The common people heard Jesus gladly ; it will be to you a mark of acceptance with God and man if they receive the gospel from you with gladness. Jesus went with rich Zaccheus to his home in Jericho ; should the Salvation brought by Jesus to that wealthy house be appreciated in the homes of the rich to whom you may come in His name, their money *along with their* hearts will be a power for good. Speak to your people plainly for Christ's *sake*, and they will appreciate you the better. Check the wrongdoer with firm voice and kind heart ; and give words of encouragement to those who are making progress in spiritual things. Pray for your people ; ask them to meet you often at *the* throne of grace ; and that mysterious influence issuing from

your God and their God will bring blessing to you and them.

When you enter the dwellings of your people, regard the old, the middle aged, and the young as possessed of the grandest possibilities. You may find much hardening through sin, much indifference, much to annoy you; but know that underneath all these is that true part that reaches forth to God. Let your people talk and act as they may; it will help you to bear in mind that they are possessed of souls that nothing can satisfy but a personal interest in Christ Jesus. Aim at their souls. Win the stronghold and you have a victory indeed. Get the family heart to beat spiritually, and you will have a healthy pulse in your congregation.

You have been asked already to avoid the distinctions made by the world among your people. But see that you mark the distinctions that God has made. "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad," is a statement from Christ. As you view your Sabbath audiences, or mingle with men in your pastoral work, you will find some who have embraced Christ by a living faith,

others who are strangers to Him, and out of the way: some who have been freed from the bondage of corruption, others who are yet bound by Satan's fetters: some who have seen the light as it is in Jesus, others who are still in the blindness of sin: some who have entered the strait gate and are moving along the narrow way that leads to life; others who are on the broad road that leads to destruction. You require to bring to each of these classes the adapted messages of the gospel.

It is one of the comforts of the ministry that we are surrounded by Christ's friends. Those who have been born again help us wonderfully in our work. Like Aaron and Hur they stay our hands in days of warfare. But you must remember that these believing auditors, like their believing pastor, require good food, oft taken, if they are to grow and prosper. I once heard a devoted Christian lady complain that the pulpit of her minister was a "starving pulpit." To be "evangelical" and "evangelistic" are both good when we understand the terms in their right significance. But if the "evangelistic" or the "evangelical" fails to "feed the flock" it is wanting.

There is an important period between sowing time and reaping time. The first step to Heaven is not Heaven attained. There is the birth of faith, and the life of faith. Therefore, with your new people you must not forget the requirements of the Christian. "Giving all diligence," preach and teach that to your hearers' "faith" may be added "virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you and abound they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is behind and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Then you must have care for the unsaved.

Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. And the servant must be like the Master in his love for perishing ones. "Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins." Spread the gospel net for those who are not in Christ. "Rescue the perishing: care for the dying: tell them of Jesus the mighty to save." Sometimes the unregenerate resent the well meant endeavors of God's servants to bring them to Christ. If you find any who are disposed to think that you manifest an undue concern about them, let them know that in your commission from God it is written: "Son of Man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man thou shalt surely die: if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way that wicked man shall die in his iniquity: but his blood will I require at thy hand. Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it: if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast

delivered thy soul." Dwell upon the momentous interests that are at stake with the soul. Cause your unconverted hearers, if you are able, to fear as you speak of a soul stripped of its glory in hell; at the same time fascinate them with the grandeur of a spirit brightening in splendour amid the glories of heaven. With God's word in your heart "as a burning fire," press the message of eternal life upon dying men.

I have left to conclude with, because it is of chief importance, this word of counsel, *be true to your God*. You cannot be true to yourself or your people if you are untrue to Him. It is scarcely possible, if you are true to Him, that you can be otherwise than true to yourself and your flock. An old declaration, with a "thus saith the Lord," giving it power, is as helpful to the Christian minister to-day as it was to workers eleven centuries before Christ. It is this—"Them that honour Me I will honour." Write that promise upon your heart, keep it before your eyes continually, for it is of universal application.

Honour God in the Book He has placed in your hands, the Book that contains the revelation of His will to you, and to your people, and to all

mankind. It is not what you put into some portion of the word of God that is to benefit your hearers. God honours his *own* word, and if you take from your text or portion what the Lord has put there, and give that to those who listen to you you may expect good results. It is a shame that the pulpit, as is sometimes the case, should be made the platform for some airy orator to deal out to a congregation assembled professedly to worship the living God, poor worldly stuff unsuited to the requirements of the soul. Use what you have acquired from the University and Theological Hall, from books and travels, or from any other source to brighten your appreciation of the Book of Books. Lay your knowledge of science and philosophy at the feet of Jesus, and ask that the acquirements with which He has blessed you may serve to assist you in proclaiming His everlasting gospel. Find out for yourself God's way of presenting truth, then present it in that way to your hearers. Life and light are in the Word. Be true to the Word as you are true to God.

Honour God in Christ. He is the central figure in the Old and New Testaments. Preach

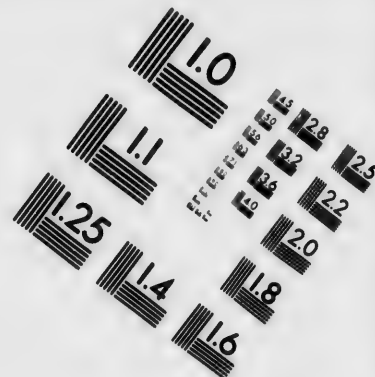
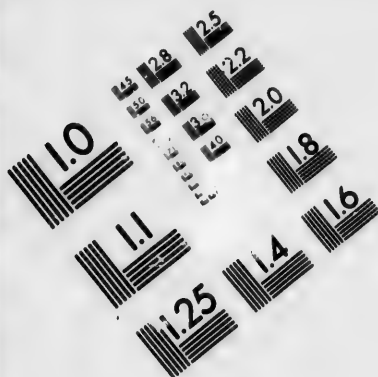
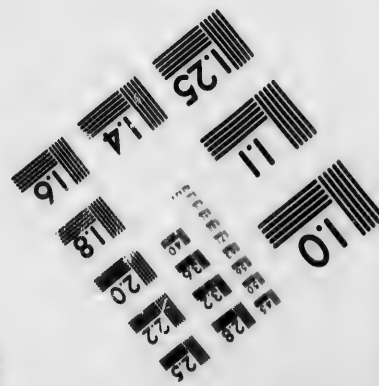
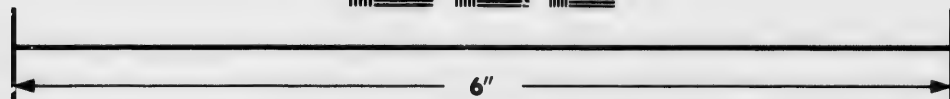
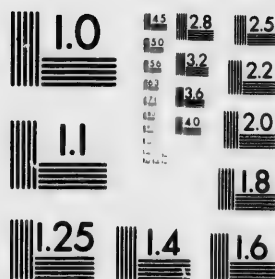


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.0



Christ. The gospel of Christ is the power of God unto Salvation. Magnify the cross in your presentations to men. "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." In preaching Christ you have a magnificent range. Show Him to your auditors in type and symbol, in prophecy and psalm, in history and doctrine, in gospel and epistle, in invitation and duty. Point your hearers to Jesus in the Old Testament theophanies. Then coming down to New Testament times engage them with Bethlehem and Nazareth, Bethany and Gethsemane, Calvary and Olivet. Enforce the gospel of life through death, and you will be preaching "Christ and Him crucified." Tell your people plainly and lovingly of "the way, the truth and the life." Stand behind Christ. Hold Him to the front. Your best sermons will be those that attract the people to see Jesus. Live the life in Christ yourself and your preaching will be with power.

Honour God in His Spirit. There is great reason in our day that the question of Paul to the disciples at Ephesus should be asked, and asked again: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost

since ye believed?" I fear that the candid answer in too many places would be: "we have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." In one of his published works I find this sentence from Mr. Moody,—“I was a Christian a long time before I found out that the Holy Ghost was a person.” We who preach to others should be well acquainted with the person and operations of the Holy Spirit as set forth in the Scriptures. Keep in mind that a verse of scripture announces: it is “not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.” When you open your bible for your private reading and study remember, that although commentaries and helps are good, the Spirit of God is better. As you prepare your matter for the public ear, rely upon the Spirit. You may deliver your message without notes or from a full manuscript, but if you give it in dependence upon the Holy Spirit you will be a convincing preacher. Get your people to honour God's Spirit in hearing as you honour Him in speaking. Bow before Him for anointing before you go to any duty. In the performance of

duty, rely upon Him and you will have many a seal to your ministry.

Honour God by your forward reach. Let "onward" and "upward" be watchwords for you and yours. Heavenly mindedness is a glorious qualification for the minister of Christ. Earth's scenes are changing. "The night cometh." Our people and ourselves are to be together but for a short season. This world is linked to another one. Man is one of the links of connection. Tell, tell these men and women again and again of the things that are yet to be. Tell them that Christ, who rose from the dead, and ascended from Olivet, left these words "I go to prepare a place for you and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again." Tell them of this corruptible putting on incorruption and of this mortal putting on immortality. Tell them of the glories in the future thus spoken of; "eye hath not seen nor ear heard neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him." If your treasure is in Heaven, my brother, your heart is there also. Pray, preach, work that your people's treasures and hearts may be where yours are.

With many whom you shall lead to Christ, with many more whom we your brethren have brought, or are yet to bring to Him, and with that great multitude which no man can number, may we who are here to-day cry: "salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, His Father: to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

Much treasure—Minister and pastor—The home—Away from the crowd—A whole audience converted—Is the home more powerful than the pulpit?—The family in olden days—Christian work began in a family—Better than orchestra or oratory—Reciprocity between church and home—How *not* to do pastoral visitation—Going out to dress—Coming in dressed—A faulty method discarded—Intimated calls—Should an elder accompany the pastor?—Congregational economy in visitation—The pastor's first requirement—The family's responsibility—Many a road to Charing Cross—Pastoral visitation a pleasure—An amusing incident—Brickmaking and soul-saving—What the pastor gives and the people get and *vicé versâ*—The grasp of an old man's hand—A lift heavenward—Sixty years to Satan—A striking incident—Sanctified Episcopalianism and consecrated Presbyterianism—Firmity between religion and dirt—Works before faith—A "little boy" like the "little maid"—Cruel critics—"Put yourself in his place"—Sympathy a need of the age—The minister behind the scenes—To the hen-house or rafters—Pearls in shells—Four things found in homes—Rewards of pastoral visitation—The choice of texts—Between Chicago and New York—On an Allan steamer—In Sweden—A whole family led to Christ—The nursery of the church in every generation.

"IN the house of the righteous is much treasure." This proverb from Scripture has a temporal and a spiritual reach. The righteousness that exalteth a nation or congregation has roots nourished in the home. Under certain circumstances Christ's minister may be debarred from frequent entrance into the homes of his people.

He may never be permitted to meet, in their own dwellings, the multitudes that hear the word from his lips from Sabbath to Sabbath. But these circumstances are rare. The rule is that the "minister of the Word shall be the pastor of the people."

Peter and his fellow-labourers, in the early days of the Christian church, were alive to the advantages of public preaching. They knew, in addition to these, the benefits of less public ministrations, for of them it is written in the Act of the Apostles: "in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." There is a certain inspiration to a public speaker from a large assemblage; and yet, at times, when crowds congregate in churches and other places, the discerning mind understands that it is not for the things that belong to Salvation. Zaccheus the publican was one of a crowd, but in order that he might receive the choicest blessing that can come to man, Jesus said unto him, "come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." Modern murmurers who make themselves conspicuous in crowds, fail in their appreciation of the ministry in the home.

But from personal dealings, since Jesus was upon earth, away from the multitude, in the quiet of the home, occasion has been given for the Saviour's testimony to be repeated, "this day is Salvation come to this house." To the synagogue and temple the Divine Preacher went on the Sabbath day. But never had He, in temple, or synagogue, or public place more signal success with a congregation, than at the mouth of Jacob's well, where, in the quietude of personal dealing, his whole audience turned to the Lord, and proceeded with grace-given fervour to tell others of the Christ.

Speaking to his people from the pulpit of the Broadway Tabernacle, Dr. William M. Taylor said: "I have great faith in the preaching of the gospel by a pastor who has the confidence and affection both of you and your children; and I look for the conversion of young people through that, for that also is God's ordinance. But I confess I have still greater faith in the example, influence and instruction of a Christian home; and I would urge you to look first and most earnestly to that." "God meant, when He made us," wrote Theodore Cuyler, "that we

should live in families. It is the only way that the two sexes can come together without impairing virtue and purity. There is no such school of true religion on the globe as a happy, God-fearing home. No church is so effective for restraint from evil and for growth in all graces as 'the church in the house.' There stands the domestic altar. There speaks the word of truth and authority on every day in the whole seven. There is felt a religion which acts and moulds from the cradle clear on to the judgment seat. It is a nursery for the noblest life. It is the earliest, the best, the surest preparation for the Home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The family is divine in its origin. Before primeval purity was lost in the fall, God "made them at the beginning male and female," one man with one wife. After the fall, and down to the present, the Lord hath respected the home. The first man, in his representative capacity, stood for the race. God testified of patriarchs and prophets how they regarded the family institution. He covenanted with Abraham, and in the covenant Abraham's seed was included. He conferred the priesthood upon Aaron with stipu-

lations concerning his family. To David was given the throne, and his children were to be participators in the gift. Moses and Samuel and Job were taught the secrets of the family institution. Laws are found on the Old Testament pages for the guidance and perpetuity of the family. And no sooner do we open the New Testament records than we come upon statements testifying that, according to the will of God, the Christianization of the world should begin in the family. John the Baptist, who had been promised in the closing sentences of Malachi, appears in the first sentences of John. Looking upon Jesus as he walked he saith—"Behold the Lamb of God!" Two disciples heard him speak. One of these was Andrew. To a member of his home Andrew went first with the glorious tidings, "we have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ:" and finding his own brother Simon, "he brought him to Jesus." In that family circle, of which Andrew and Peter were members, Christian work began. Through that household the Christian church had its earliest accessions. And whatever significance attaches, in our minds, to the church, we cannot forget

the significance that God attaches all through His Word to the home.

"There is a peaceful sanctuary in a sequestered spot more beautiful to the spirit's eye than grand cathedral," says George Dana Boardman, "there is a music softer and richer than the swelling minstrelsy of orchestra and chorus; there is a prayer purer and higher-soaring than the sonorous litany of surpliced prelate; there is a preacher whose silvery voice flows forth in melodies more subduing than the studied cadences of oratory; there is a sermon whose eloquence carries a conviction more powerful than any demonstration which logic ever wielded, a fascination more magical than any sorcery which rhetoric ever practised. That sanctuary is home; that music and prayer are the psalmody and supplication at the family altar; that preacher is love; that sermon is a husband's expostulation, a wife's pleading, a father's sigh, a mother's tear, a brother's invitation, a sister's entreaty, a little son's trembling appeal, a little daughter's Sunday-school carol. Oh! who can resist a ministry so sacred as this?"

No minister or other Christian worker can

overestimate the importance of the ministry conducted in the homes of the people. Between the larger family in the church and the smaller family in the home exist reciprocal relations that are of deepest interest to both. Without the home the church can not be. Without the church the homes are not what they ought to be. As is the home so is the church. Homes that are cold and spiritually dead will contribute to a congregation the things that tend to coldness and deadness. Let family life in any part of the land be according to the rules and encouragements of the Word of God, and the church life there will be a spiritual life; and herein lies the power of the church. The home owes much to the church. The church owes much to the home. The pulpit in the sanctuary is of great importance, so is that in the home. He who occupies the former regularly must also be an occupant of the latter frequently. As my years in the ministry multiply, I find the growing importance of pastoral visitation.

Pastoral visitation is of such moment to the Christian minister that it should be prosecuted according to some well-defined plan. It will

never do to undertake this part of ministerial work allowing open doors for this or that intruder from the outside world. Nor will it do to engage in it without positive resolution for its accomplishment. I have a friend in the ministry who once taught me a lesson how not to do pastoral visitation. He complained on one occasion about his inability to "get over" his congregation. The pastoral visiting, he told me, had never been satisfactory to him; and I can not understand how it could be conducted satisfactorily according to his irresolute plan, if plan it might be called. Though not claiming for my own plan, perfection, I had a degree of pleasure in telling this brother, in answer to his questionings, about the way in which I proceeded with my annual visitation. Thinking that turn about was fair play in questioning, I ventured to inquire as to his methods in going from house to house.

As far as I am able to recall the phraseology used in his reply, it was as follows: "Well, I never go out until the afternoon. My people are all in the country. I hitch up my horse, as a rule, between half past one and two, and I drive to a house. Sometimes I am not noticed as I

am coming, for the men are in the field. Having secured my horse I enter the dwelling. I am shown into a room, and, after a certain time, the older members of the family come in. We have been together in my congregation for a good many years, and we have a great many things to talk about, as old people usually have. Then the men folk in the field are sent for, or else the horn is blown for them, and in course of half an hour or so they arrive. They put in my horse first. Then they come in to the house and we talk for a little. After a while the young people of the house come in, dressed, and while I am talking to them some of the others go out to dress. About the time of their return it is intimated that the kettle is on the fire, and it is further suggested that I should wait and get a cup of tea. By the time tea is over, and we have read a chapter, and prayed it is too late to go to another house, and I rarely accomplish more than one visit a day." "Do you announce your visitations from the pulpit?" I asked. "No, I have not done so hitherto," was the reply, "for I liked better to drop in without any ado, but it takes me so

long to get over the families that I have been thinking for some time that I must try some other plan," "Well," I said, "some of my people, without consideration, tell me that my visitations at times are very short, but I have no difficulty in understanding how yours are so long that they are not satisfactory to you." Among the results from this conversation were the discontinuance of the method complained of, and a resolution to adopt a new and better one.

What is the best method for pastoral visitation perhaps no one should state dogmatically. Requirements differ with varying circumstances. I have come to know the best method for myself, and it is the method proved to be the best by quite a number of my most esteemed brethren in the ministry. One of my early recollections was the assembling of a number of families, including old and young, to one house, for the purpose of meeting the minister, who had announced from the pulpit that he would be at a certain house, in a particular district, on a specified day. I had great dread, as a little boy, of these visitations. If the verse of a psalm or the portion from Scripture was recited accurately, a

measure of the discomfort connected with the visitation was removed. But if the question, "Did all mankind fall in Adam's first transgression?" failed to suggest the starting words in the answer; or if memory failed to recall the "reason annexed" to one of the commandments, chagrin took possession because of an expected unfavourable report upon "the catechism." In those days some of the parents were more concerned about verbal propriety in the responses of their children, than they were about those more important considerations that should occupy the attention of pastor and members of the flock, when they came together on visitation day. The district assemblings, doubtless, had some recommending features, but they had too many faults to justify their continuance, as an adjunct of pastoral visitation.

Something may be said in favour of a pastor's going into the homes of the people without intimation. The advantage claimed for this plan is in finding people just as they are in the work of every day. Sometimes their appearance is encouraging, sometimes it is not. If, in matters of household tidiness, or personal dress, or conduct

of work, one is overtaken unfavourably, the apologies and explanations in consequence are not the most fitting preliminaries to pastoral work. Disconcerted families would prefer a minister's entrance in another way, although this way is not altogether without its advantages.

Something may be said in favour of having an elder with the minister in his pastoral calls. Now and then I have found an associate from the eldership most desirable. But, generally speaking, it seems to me that the ends of visitation are best accomplished when the pastor goes to his people unattended by elder or anybody else. Both old and young among the brethren are perplexed at times to know what order to observe in the homes belonging to their congregation—whether to read from God's word with every family, or to sing sometimes, or to give an address or exposition. Having been seeking for twelve years to know how I can best please God in this important sphere of service, I have concluded to conduct it in accordance with this simple plan.

I announce my visitations from the pulpit, at times specifying the names of the families, at

other times naming the street or district so that the people will have a good idea about the home I would reach at a certain hour of the day. I like to find all the members of the family at home. Although this is not at all times possible, and though sometimes inconvenient, I find, when spiritual appreciation marks a family, that the busiest member will readily sacrifice an hour, in order that pastor and family may be together for a little while occasionally in the home. Considerate Christians, though having many claims upon their time and attention, understand that there is much greater congregational economy in the suiting of their affairs to an hour announced by a pastor, than in the accommodating of a pastor's limited time for household work to the hours and engagements of hundreds of families. Then, as far as I know, intimated visitations are as serviceable as any others with inconsiderate Christians or unspiritual households.

The announcement having been made on the Sabbath day, and the afternoon or evening for visitation having come, I find it advantageous before leaving my own home to ask myself the question—what is my purpose in the calls I

am about to make? This question invariably brings to mind the great purpose of pastoral visitation. More than that, it sends me from bended knee to the first home, and in ejaculatory petition from house to house. John the Baptist was honoured in being the forerunner of our Lord. We who minister to others in the name of the Lord are honoured when, in accordance with our desires, He goes before us in our pastoral rounds.

The home of a parishioner having been entered, God given sense will regulate the exercises. Seeking by general demeanor, to make the members of the home feel that the formality of professionalism is absent, and the spirit of interested pastor and friend is present, I like to spend a half hour, an hour, or two hours, as the circumstances may advise, to the best advantage. Families bear great responsibilities when a servant of the Lord goes among them in his visitations. They have a part to take as well as he. They have it in their power to close the door against helpful conversation. It is in their power to encourage conversation in the line of permanent usefulness. With their help it is not

difficult, as a rule, to turn conversation and consideration from "the weather" to some family topic, from family topic to some subject that may be engaging public attention, from that subject to church affairs, and from church affairs to Him who is "the Head of the church." Many a road leads to Charing Cross, and many an avenue is open towards Christ. When Christian pastor and members of households reach the spot where He is, they may count upon blessings from His promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Christ is, or ought to be, the chief attraction when minister and congregation meet in the house of prayer. He does, or should occupy the conspicuous place when pastor and family assemble in the home circle. Whatever may be said of homes that have refused admittance to Him who says, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," I think the reciprocity of interest between a sincere pastor and a sincere family will suggest the exercises that will be suitable at each pastoral visitation. A call in one place may be longer or shorter than that in another place. The conver-

sation will vary with varying individual and family idiosyncracies. A chapter may be read in one house, and a portion of Scripture may be quoted in another. Pastor and household may surround the instrument of music, and unite their hearts and voices in a hymn of praise to the Lord; or without hymn or instrument they may attain the end of a profitable visitation. It may be deemed expedient at times to terminate a call without bowing in prayer at the family altar; but on account of the uncertainties of life, and the possibility that a particular visitation may be the last, I like to leave a home with the satisfaction, to myself at least, that I have led its members God-ward through the voice of prayer.

Very highly should shepherd and flock appreciate the privileges of the Christian pulpit. I love to tell "in the great congregation" of Him who "so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life;" and who taught that He "sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved." But scarcely less do I value the added privilege of the pulpit

in the church in the house. That Bethany home which was opened by two sisters and their brother Lazarus to the great Preacher has taught me useful lessons. And ever since I was brought to magnify the success of Jesus with the woman of Samaria, and to understand His dealings with Zaccheus of Jericho, I have placed a very high estimate upon personal dealing with souls, and upon pastoral work in households. My house to house ministrations have been a pleasure to me since the commencement of my public ministry. I believe, when the unexplained intertwinings of God's dealings with men are made plain in the future, that not a few of my people will know that the promptings of the Spirit to a new life were given as we talked together in the privacy of the home; and that others of them will see how incentives to a better life with Christ were begotten as the Lord blessed His servant's dealings with them in their own dwellings.

In order that pastor and people may become acquainted it is necessary that they should come in contact on other occasions than those that are marked by the Sabbath day assemblies. It is said of the Good Shepherd—"He calleth His

own sheep by name." "A good minister of Jesus Christ" should be able to call likewise. Time and attention are required to attain to this. But there is no better place for creating and strengthening profitable acquaintanceship than in the homes of the people. By meeting his people in the house of prayer from week to week a minister forms a more or less accurate judgment of them. Through the public service God's people have fairly good opportunities for knowing what is in the head and heart of a minister. The more they find to be there the more are they impressed by his teachings.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his life of Henry Ward Beecher, inserts an address delivered by Dr. R. S. Storrs, in Plymouth Church, on Mr. Beecher's silver-wedding anniversary. In that address Dr. Storrs, speaking of his friend Mr. Beecher, said: "I remember to have heard him once at Saugerties, where he and I had gone to inaugurate a Congregational Church movement among some Dutch farmers who wanted to be independent, and who had asked him to preach for them. . . . The text from which he preached on that occasion was, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' He spoke

of the sticks with magnificent names, which were brought to the nurseries, and which they set out with the expectation that they would produce an abundance of fruit, charming to the eye and delicious to the taste—but from which came small gnarly fruit, and only a little of that; and then of other trees with no names at all, and a meagre promise, which yielded loads of luscious fruit. It struck me then, as it has since, that if there was any one department of theology in which he was pre-eminent, it was the department of pomology. I believe that he knows as much about apples as any living minister. He knew more about them than all those farmers put together. The names of the different varieties, which were utterly unfamiliar to me, were as familiar to his lips as the names of his children; and what he did not know about them it was palpable was not worth knowing. One old farmer looked up at the new minister, and then another; and then they looked at each other, as something irresistibly funny came out, to see if . . . it might not be allowable to smile a little bit. After a while they did smile, whether it was allowable or not; and gradually the smile rippled and ran into laughter, and into

peals of it; and a jollier congregation of independent Dutchmen was never seen, I venture to say, in all that region. There was a power, too, in the practical appreciation of the truth which took hold of them in a way to which they had never been accustomed."

In the course of my own public ministrations I was one Sabbath morning declaring to my audience the information from Scripture concerning the bondage to which the children of Israel were subjected by their Egyptian taskmasters. In a part of the foundation work of my discourse I had occasion to give some of the results of my reading upon the brick-making of the early centuries. A gentleman in the congregation, whose employment was brick-making, expressed his surprise that a minister should understand so much about a department of human activity in which, as he thought, he alone in that audience had a special interest. As I was passing his brickyard a few days after he invited me to examine his works. As I complied with his request, and appeared to him to have an intelligent interest in what was being done, he spoke of the sermon on the previous Sabbath day, of the oppressions

of Pharaoh, and of the trials of the Israelites in the land of Goshen. Through the words of Mr. Beecher the risible faculties of the Hollanders were aroused, and through these the speaker sent practical truth. Very probably that preacher and that audience never met again. Through my sermon the attention of a particular auditor was arrested, which opened the way, on the first occasion of meeting him, for me to drop a word as to the place of Moses and the Israelites in the scheme of redemption. Yet this was but the beginning of powerful influences with that man. I had access to him on account of that sermon, but more satisfying access afterwards in his own home, and along with the other members of his family. He spoke to me many a time of help received from the pulpit, but he added that his greatest good received through me was when I was beside him under his own roof. Illness came to the dwelling. It came to pass that a place in the church, that had its regular occupant, became vacant. In his own dwelling I came to know him better than I could have known him as one of a worshipping congregation. In the home I first heard him express a child-like trust in Jesus.

There, while a grievous sufferer, I first saw him lean lovingly on his Lord. In that house I believe he was brought to Christ. From that house his spirit departed into the presence of God. The acquaintanceships in that home—and the same might be said of those in other homes—were the result of pulpit ministrations, but the public ministrations in themselves would not have done what after-dealings, in private life, accomplished. Action and re-action between church and home are constantly going on. It becomes pastor and people to attach due importance to the one and to the other.

The reciprocal advantages of pastoral visitation are found in what the pastor gives and the people get, as well as in what the families impart and the pastor receives.

What sincere pastor has not been amply rewarded for the time he has spent in some home with a disciple of Jesus who is no longer able to make his way to the place where the worshippers congregate on the Sabbath day? In the early days of my ministry I visited, time and again, the head of one of my families who was stooping towards the grave. He was an admirer

of the Psalms of David. Calling to mind bygone blessings received in public he used to say to me —“How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altar, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising Thee.” That good man yielded at times to a temptation of the aged. He dwelt too much upon the past, forgetful for the moment, of the ever present Friend. I have gone to him, and turned his thoughts Heavenward, telling him that the best was yet to come. I think I feel the grasp of that old man’s hand, and hear the words from his quivering lips as he would say when I was going away from his home —“Good bye! Good bye! come back soon, you have given me a lift upwards to-day. I know my tendency to dwell in the past, but my hope is in Christ, and in the future; yes, I know it is, and you have brightened my hope to-day. Come again. Your visits to me can not be very many

more. But you do me good. God bless you in your work. Come soon again. Good bye! good bye!"

Aged ones who have no such spiritual recollections, and no such hopes for the future, as he had of whom I have just written, need the attention of a Christian pastor. A dying man, with his wife far advanced in years, occupied a humble dwelling in a village situated in my first mission field. The family had no congregational claim upon me. But the old man, having heard some one speak of my pulpit ministrations in the village, asked a friend to request me to call upon him. I went to his home the day on which I received his message. He expressed his pleasure at seeing me so soon, and said that he would be thankful if I would read to him. His wife handed me a Bible, and without further introductory remarks I read the seventy-first Psalm. No sooner had I finished than his wife gave utterance to the seemingly appreciative remark—"Isn't that good?" Supposing that he acquiesced in his wife's expression I enquired if he found reason for praise to God when his strength was failing. His reply indicated that he had no hope in God. He told

me frankly about the past, and the record was not a good one. Opening the Bible again I told him the way of salvation through Christ. It was a new revelation to the man. As I talked with him he suddenly burst into a pitiful cry. Recovering from this he said—"Mr. Scott, I have given over sixty years of a life to the devil, and I am ashamed now to offer a few remaining weeks to God." I told the man it was, indeed, a matter for profound regret that sixty years should have been so spent, but added that "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "Yes," he added, "but don't you think, if my life had been a better one, that God would be more merciful to me now?" I directed his attention to the verse in Matthew's gospel containing our Saviour's words:—"Go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." "Well," he responded slowly, "God calls sinners—God does not call the righteous but sinners—if He would deign to call me, He would call an old and great sinner." Having spoken, as I thought, at sufficient length on that first visitation, I knelt at his bedside and prayed,

after which I left the house. I went back to him before long. What a number of questions the Spirit of God had brought to that man during the interval! He plied me with them on my second visitation. From asking of man he began to ask of the Lord, and the Lord showed him with clearness how He accepteth the unrighteous, through the righteousness of Christ. Although the apparent ease that marks, at death, some who had been life long transgressors has nothing of spiritual quietness in it, because it is brought about by physical and not by spiritual causes; yet the Lord and the Lord's servants know that late in life great sinners have been brought to the great Saviour. And I have good reason for entertaining the hope that this aged man, in his own house, repented, believed, and was saved.

Through the ministry from house to house blessings are brought to the young as well as to the aged. At a public meeting held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mr. B. F. Jacobs had made the statement that work among children was the work that brought the greatest profits. By way of making good his declaration, it is reported that he asked all those in the great audience to stand up

who had been brought to Christ after they had reached the age of fifty years. Amid solemn stillness two rose to their feet. Next, he asked those to rise whose conversion to Christ had taken place after they had reached the age of thirty-five. Six stood up. Then he made the final request that all should rise who were able to say that they had become regenerated under the age of twenty-one, and over two thousand rose as one mass! The scene must have taught a permanent lesson to that Massachusetts convention, of the importance of the teacher's work in the Sabbath-school, and the parent's work in the family. It impresses me with the privilege and responsibility of a pastor in the home, and serves to bring to my remembrance blessed results that the Lord has been pleased to show me as the outcome of some of my pastoral visitations.

Sanctified Episcopalianism and consecrated Presbyterianism are two great moral forces in the world to-day. But bring the formalism of Episcopacy and the conventionality of Presbytery together, the spirit of Christ being wanting, and an atmosphere is created that is not healthful for the home or the community. A family nominally

connected with the congregation to which I ministered consisted of a father whose Episcopal connections in early days had served to protect him so far from the Methodists, and a mother whose "people" were Presbyterians, and a number of children. In prosecuting my visitations in a certain portion of the congregation I was told of this home, a request from which had been made that I should call, on the strength of the woman's occasional attendance at church. Sickness and poverty had brought some of the household to anxiety about their souls and bodies. No minister in the town had ever visited the home, I was told, and the Saviour had not been admitted, as I could see. But it was a home in special need of a Christian messenger. In course of time good seed sown began to bear fruit. The doctrine of enmity between religion and dirt was preached to that family, and received. The religion of works was purposely inculcated before that of faith. Then, when filth and laziness were discarded, openings were afforded for the entrance of temporal and spiritual good. The first outstanding evidence that came to my knowledge of real improvement in the home was in the acknowledgment of God in

the food upon their table. They "ate like the hogs" before, as one member of the family said, but afterwards they partook from the hand of Him who sent "them their meat in due season." The children were found in their places regularly in the Sabbath-school. The parents worshipped in the house of God. The Bible was read in the home. I have enjoyed my visitations in that changed family, and have often thanked the Lord that He turned their feet in a new and better way. And what gives point to this interesting incident is the fact that the inclinations and words of a little boy in the family, like the influences of the "little maid" in Naaman's household, were the beginnings of a movement, whose full effects will not be known on this side of Heaven.

In addition to the ministries directed toward the old and the young in households, there are those that are called forth by the varying circumstances of the people who live, and labour, and struggle in the intermediate period of life. Joyous times in families as well as sorrowing times bring out the serviceableness of a well-meant moral call. But I have scarcely found a time

when personal dealing with the individual, or the family was more in place, or more appreciated than when some brother or sister had fallen before a strong temptation, or yielded to a besetting sin. The world has cruel critics, and the Church is not without unfair ones. It is bad enough for a professed follower of the Lord to get down into the mud. But is it fair for a fellow christian thoughtlessly, and without sympathy, to tread upon him there? "Put yourself in his place," is a useful maxim when an uncharitable judgment would be formed, without a knowledge of the circumstances. Condemn, with the power and severity that come of love, when one has deliberately departed from the right way. But when the temptation has been sore, and the circumstances have been aggravated, sympathy will do better work than hasty condemnation. For a man or woman to prostitute those faculties that God intended should promote His glory in the Church and world is hard indeed, but they who have encountered the besetments of Satan are able to speak of the power of God's grace in victory. And the more that grace is magnified the greater inducements will there be

to offer sympathy to a brother or sister who placed insufficient dependence upon God's sustaining grace, and to extend the hand of a helper to one who has been cast down. The best place for showing sympathy is apart from the crowd. The minister of Christ who is taken behind the scenes, in the homes and lives of his people, to witness sights that stun him, is the one who is most likely, the Lord helping him, to reclaim a backslider, and revive a drooping heart. Sympathy is a requirement of the age. A pastor has scope for its exercise in the homes of the people, and I have found many a time that sympathy exercised has been a potent factor in gaining the hearts of the people.

Periodical entrances to the homes of the people by a sincere pastor prepare the families for imparting that which it is a joy for him to receive.

For one thing, pastoral visitation helps to secure to a pastor the confidence of the people. Minister meets parishioner, and man meets fellow-man. Through time the sincerity that reaches out to the soul's welfare of young and old will be rewarded by the confidence of the young and old. "Don't be surprised," said one of my elders, as he was

taking me to the families in his district, "when we approach this house, if you see some of the boys and girls, by the rear path from the kitchen door, making headway to the hen-house or the rafters." "It has been the case before," he added. In my first visitation to a house I have heard snickerings from the adjoining room, that told of the presence there of two or more who understood not the object of a servant of God in going to a family belonging to his congregation. But these rear flights soon were discontinued, and these concealments became unknown, and the members of those families surrounded the family altar, where, through conversation, Scriptural reading, and prayer, interested and confiding friends turned with a pastor and friend to their common Father and Lord.

A pastor gets an insight into the defects and excellences of homes that he could not get without visitation. The blemishes at times are apparent, at other times they are not. When they are not I have had members of homes tell me as I entered about something wanting, some "skeleton in the closet," something concealed from the world's gaze, though perhaps known to the world, some

secret not intended for every ear. The visiting pastor finds excellences where some would pronounce them not to be found. As pearls are found inside the shells of mollusks, and gold is discovered underneath the rugged surface, so are the Lord's own found where even the discerning say they are not. I have found a little hunchback preaching Jesus in a home that was regarded by many as a Christless home. I have discovered in some dwelling, in which there was much that was evil, one saved member who, as the lightning-rod upon the dwelling, was the means of carrying off threatening destruction. These defects found at times where they were least expected, and these excellences discovered where those unacquainted in the home thought they were not, have very much to do in increasing the usefulness of the Lord's messenger with these particular families.

The kindly reception of a visiting pastor by the families under his care enables him to see the home improvements that are taking place from year to year. The Scriptures teach that we are to grow in grace, and one of the best places from which to observe Christian growth is in the home. When parents and children go away from a morn-

ing or evening service, and at the noonday or evening meal recount the things in the service that have improved their minds and spirits, they are on the way to the enjoyment of those blessings, for the imparting of which the Church has been established by God. When a minister of Christ comes to know that at the family altar, or in private devotions, he is remembered in the petitions of his people, he is better prepared to "feed the flock of God." When members of households who were formerly careless and cold in religious things are found manifesting an interest in the Church, in God's messages read in private and proclaimed in public, an earnest minister is greatly encouraged in his work. When young men and maidens who are about to go out into the world from the homes of the people have been impressed by pulpit and parental teaching that the blessing of the Lord upon them is the best equipment for study, for business, for the requirements of a situation, or for preparation for a profession, the homes out of which these young persons go, and the churches to which these homes belong, are sending out a contribution to the Christianity of the day with which God is

well pleased. Because I have found these four things in my visits among my homes I have counted them great rewards for pastoral visitation.

Acquaintance with the individual homes gives supplies to a pastor for his public ministrations. "In all probability," said a sagacious instructor once to his class of young men, "unless your experiences should be different from those of many who have preceded you in the work of the ministry, you will require an intimate acquaintance with the circumstances of your people, to give you a lift when your heart is heavy, to teach you suitable petitions for your public prayers, and to save you from worry in the choice of texts for your sermons." Intimate acquaintance with my people has certainly done for me what this instructor suggests in the first of his three references. A message has been carefully prepared and delivered, but my heart was burdened with a feeling that it had accomplished nothing. But on my pastoral round, as I enter some home, I hear one of my people say: "You never gave us a message from the pulpit that did me so much good." And the message, made so helpful, was the one that had been regarded as wanting in

helpfulness. Such a testimony lifts off the heart-weight, and tells the minister that he is responsible for faithfulness, and not for visible results; and that if he is faithful God will care for the results. A word presented in God's name from the pulpit and prepared with a certain person in view is frequently blessed, as I have found, to others who require that very message, although their requirements at the time were not known.

That acquaintance with the flock feeds public prayer is generally known, and that it helps in the selection of topics for religious services is well known. The instructor to whom reference has been made in the foregoing sentences used to say: "Young gentlemen, find 'sermons in stones,' find texts suggested, and build sermons on these texts, as you attend meetings, travel on cars or steamers, move among your fellow men, go on excursions, &c." I have tried to follow that counsel from the beginning of my ministry, and the longer I live the more valuable I find it to be. On a fast express train between Chicago and New York I was led to map out a series of discourses which, when delivered, accomplished to my knowledge great good. On an Allan steamer, as she

moved down the St. Lawrence, I was invited by the captain to preach to the passengers on the first Sunday of the voyage. I took for my text, "And there was no more sea." Towards the close of the voyage the captain referred to the profitableness of the theme. I told him if I were to preach that sermon again that it would be with additions, for the tossings of the ship in mid-ocean had given me new impressions of heaven, and a clearer understanding of the period when, the first heaven and the first earth having passed away, there would be no more sea, nor seasickness. On the morning after my first night spent in Sweden I received, in the delightful home of Mr J. Johansson, Östersund, new meaning for a sermon on 1st John, i., 7. But the most suggestive places for texts and topics were the homes of the people among whom I had profitable intercourse during the seasons of pastoral visitation.

What results will be made known hereafter from visitations to the feeble and the tried ones, to the triumphant and rejoicing ones, to new persons and new households discovered in the prosecution of a pastor's call! One visit to a new home has paved the way for one of my greatest rejoicings., viz.,

that of seeing a whole family led, like the family of Noah, to the ark Christ Jesus.

Whether true pastoral visitation be viewed in its relationship to the congregation or to the household, in what it imparts to the family or yields to the minister, it is an important factor in the religious activities of the day. Maintain the efficiency of the pulpit, but look well to the homes also. "The first altar upon which the sacrifice of praise and prayer was ever laid was a family altar; the first church was a church in the house; and as that altar and that church were the beginning and nursery of the Church of God, so is the family altar and the church in the house still the beginning and nursery of the Church in every generation."

CHAPTER IX.

"A PASTOR'S SKETCHES."

First sketch—Difference between a proverb and a truth—Competition and contention—Discord among brethren—Understanding between two pastors in a town—Saved from jarrings—Hearts of the best of people in need of guarding—Second sketch—On the street—A letter from an inquirer—Could not live, and not prepared to die—A convert—Third sketch—A good text but a disturbing sermon—A stalwart worshipper looking daggers—Only one part of the sermon pleasing—The heads of the discourse given—Denominational rivalry—Away in a rage—The same text with other results—Does the Lord come in dreams now-a-days?—Answered in the affirmative—A striking dream—The dreamer's testimony—Fourth sketch—Webster and gossip—Commendable gossip—Among the maples and lindens—"One touch of Nature"—Drinking tea and talking vitriol—Gossip deteriorating—Capital advice from a competent instructor—Killing ducks for one feather—A case in point—"Good sister, your turn next"—Church scissors to be used—Fifth sketch—A class of intolerable nuisances—Scriptural description—A visit from a "revivalist"—Who "Rounders" are—Different classes—What they like, and do not like—Undesirable accessions—Sixth sketch—Ejecting from a pew—In City Temple, London—A stout dame in velvet and diamonds—Attractions to saloons and churches—Two visitors from Britain in church—What impressed them most on this continent—A hint to congregations—Remedy for empty pews and small Sunday-Schools—Swayed toward Christ.

A PLEDGE BETWEEN TWO MINISTERS.

THE quaint saying, "Two of a trade can never agree," having failed to hold good in a multitude of applications, has been altered by lovers of proverbial expression, and given out in

the new form, "Two of a trade seldom agree." Even when quoted in its changed phraseology one must be careful to note the difference between uttering a proverb and speaking the truth.

It is a pity that competition and contention are found so frequently together. It is a comfort, however, to know that they are not inseparable companions, although they have been recognized by many to be keeping close company. Where they have become intimate, personal comfort has been injured, and a neighbourly feeling destroyed. The alliance between these two has wrought mischief among writers and lecturers, among editors and bookmakers, among business men and professional men, in the political world and in social circles, even among young and old claiming blood relationship.

That contention has been bred by competition among religious denominations history proves but too conclusively. That rivalry between congregations, belonging to the same denomination, has existed, and does still exist, numerous witnesses could bear testimony. And that Satan plans to throw discord among ministering brethren is known, even though no other evidence were to be found than

that in the portion of scriptural narrative which reads :—"And some days after, Paul said unto Barnabas, let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they do. And Barnabas determined to take with them John, whose surname was Mark. But Paul thought not good to take him with them, who departed from them from Pamphylia, and went not with them to the work. And the contention was so sharp between them, that they departed asunder one from the other."

Expert Christianity is needed to cope with the devil when he utters his challenges from the field of denominational or congregational rivalry. None have greater reason to look well to their armour, when he sounds the war cry there, than they who command the Lord's hosts. I could not assert that the spirit of jealousy was wanting in all of those who professed to have the Lord's cause at heart in my own congregation. And I am incompetent to speak for those in the sister congregation in Owen Sound. But I am free to declare that an understanding between the pastor of the sister congregation and myself, at the commencement of my ministry, had much to do in smothering any

envious feelings that might have shown themselves. In a private room, on the evening of my induction day, we pledged ourselves, the one to the other, and both of us to the Lord, that we would work side by side, not to outrival each other in congregational attainments, but to feed and lead, as under-shepherds in that field, those members of Christ's flock who then were, or in after days would be brought under our care. That mutual understanding probably saved us and our people from jarings that, under other circumstances, would have been harmful to the cause of Christ.

We who minister to others are deserving of no special credit for being at peace among ourselves. But this is a sinful world ; and the hearts of the best of people, both among those who lead, and those who are led, require constant guarding, lest rivalries should induce contentions that would wound our Saviour. We, being "the body of Christ and members in particular," need watchfulness "that there should be no schism in the body ; but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it ; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."

It is a matter for profound regret that those who own one Lord, and profess to be working for one end, should have so many differences. But all the greater need is there that the Lord's ministering servants should keep in mind what the Master saith: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

A YOUNG MAN'S CONCERN ABOUT HIS SOUL.

Among the audiences that congregated in our worshiping place, in the early part of my Owen Sound Ministry, were many whom I could not be expected to know intimately till after years of going in and out among the people. Faith in God and in the power of His word gives encouragement to preach, although visible results from preaching may not be seen at once. "My word shall not return unto me void" is a word of Scripture that was brought home to me with new power through an experience with a young man, who is the subject of this sketch. Overtaking him on the main street of the town one day, I recognized his face as

that belonging to one of the regular Sabbath day worshipers. Not having met him before, the conversation turned upon his place of residence, his employment, and such like subjects. Naturally, from these I turned his mind to the diets of worship, and from these again to Him whom christians worship in the house of prayer. Because he did not "know the Lord" it was with felt backwardness that he uttered a few sentences upon a foreign topic. However, he seemed to encourage me to speak. At a spot where two streets met we separated, and I had no further personal intercourse with him until I called at his house in response to the following letter:—

RESPECTED AND REVEREND SIR:—

You kindly told me one evening, when I met you on the street, that if ever you could do anything for me you would be happy to do it. I hardly thought then that I would need your help and advice so soon. I need both very much now, for I have been awakened to a sense of my great danger, and I cannot rest. I do not want to rest till I have obtained peace. I have tried to pray, but I fear that I am far astray even in that. I am in great darkness and doubt. Oh that I had light and faith! I am very

unhappy! If I could see you, as I wish I could very much, I could perhaps explain myself better. I have prayed again and again that God would give me light. May my prayer be answered soon. Oh pray for me that I may have peace.

Respectfully yours,

Entering his room I found him wrestling with the inquiry, "what must I do to be saved?" He referred to our conversation on the street, and to what he had heard at the Sabbath services in the church since our first meeting. Then he proceeded to explain that he had been plunged into terrible concern about his soul. For a number of days and nights, he said, he felt so utterly wretched that he thought he could not live. "And oh to die," he added, "that is an awful thought, for I am not prepared to die." Taking advantage of one of his remarks, that he was lost, I sought from his Bible, which I reached from a table beside his bed, to make known the suitableness of the salvation prepared by God in Christ to his case. He remained in that wretched condition for weeks, during which time I had seen him in his house once or twice, and he had come to see

me on several occasions. The trouble on his part was to understand that salvation for him lay in another. But the poor fellow was in good hands! The spirit of God brought him at length to rest for salvation upon "Jesus only." He became a valuable worker in the congregation, and a witnesser for Christ in the world.

CHRIST IN A TEXT AND CHRIST IN A DREAM.

What a marvellous declaration is that word of Christ towards the close of the epistle to the Church of the Laodiceans! "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

During my college days, when the students of the Divinity Hall were expected to give Sabbath supplies to necessitous fields within driving distance of the University city, I was called upon one Sabbath day, to meet with the people of a certain congregation. In response to the call I went to this congregation with a message from the text above quoted. It was the second time that I had led in the service in that place. The pleasant memories associated with the first ser-

vice had not a little to do with the cheerfulness that marked me as I proceeded to a second one. The service being ended a stalwart worshiper was awaiting me at the church door. We shook hands. But I recognized in his countenance that something was disturbing him. He required no encouragement to speak. And he spoke hasty words that he expressed sorrow for afterwards. He said:—"Everybody that was in this church when you were here before liked you, and when they knew you were coming back the people turned out in full force, as you have seen to-day. But I believe a good many will go home to-day very much put about because of that sermon." Taken aback for the moment I knew not what to say. There was a dead stillness as the huge man looked down upon me. I broke the silence by asking him what was wrong? As he proceeded in his reply I was getting back to a composed state of mind. He referred to the headings of my discourse, and for the sake of understanding the man's mind I took them *seriatim*. "Behold I stand at the door and knock—that shows Christ at the sinner's heart wanting admission." "Yes," he said, "that is all right,

and that part of the sermon was grand, if you had just kept on like that!" "If any man hear my voice and open the door—that is the Saviour proclaiming the universal terms of the gospel, and at the same time declaring that, before Christ comes into the heart, man has an important part to perform." "There," he said emphatically, "that's the point now, they'll make a handle of that, and we'll have no end of trouble here for a while." Not understanding at the moment what was implied in his reference I asked, "who will make a handle of that—and of what?" He answered indefinitely, and, although by this time I had a good idea of the real occasion of his trouble, I kept him to the verse, and plainly told him, no matter what was the composition of the audience, denominationally speaking, that the thing for a preacher to give and for a congregation to receive was what the Word of God said. He was not so much concerned with what the second part of the verse should bring out in a discourse as he was with that which he regretted had been said, and which would encourage a number "on the other side of religion," as he styled them, to a heated discussion that he was anticipating. So I said, "you

and the Methodists have not been getting on very well out here?" He answered with an emphatic "No." With some difficulty I succeeded in inducing him to guard against the error of making too little of man's part in the scheme of redemption, even though some of his combatants appeared to make too much of it. After lengthy talk, like the Captain of the host of the King of Syria departing from the door of the house of Elisha, "he turned and went away in a rage."

When I was ministering to the flock in my first charge I prepared a new sermon on the same passage from the third chapter of the Revelation. In the house of prayer, at the time it was being delivered, was a worshiper who was led by it to enquiry. The impressive part of the teaching to him was in the fact that Christ stands at the heart's door of a sinner. The more he thought of that the more numerous were the questions that suggested themselves. He wanted to know how Christ knocks at the heart now-a-days, and how a man may know that He is there. After reflection, that extended over days, the man came to understand that to open the door for Christ was simply to give Him the opportunity

to do what He wants to do, as a seeking Saviour with a needing sinner. Then he was interested to hear that Christ announces His presence by the workings of the Holy Spirit, through the Scriptures, in sermons, by the reading of a tract or book, sometimes through something given, at other times through some one or something taken, through a failure, a death, a calamity, in one of a thousand ways, in anything in fact that turns the attention of man to the Lord. "Do you think Christ ever knocks through a dream?" he asked. It was sufficient for him to hear the following incident in order that he might conclude that in our day as in the Patriarch's day the Lord may come to us in a dream.

One Sabbath morning, which was the first of a New Year, I met my people with the text, "And that knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armour of light." The sermon upon this passage had been faithfully prepared, and was faithfully delivered. Before more than a few days of the

New Year had passed a lady came to speak with me about uniting with the church at the first communion season. I had never seen her before, but after conversation I was satisfied that she was a christian. Then I gave her to understand that the Session of the Church would publicly give her welcome on an appointed Saturday. She said that she had something on her mind that she wished to tell me. Being encouraged to speak she related what follows :—

“I thank you for what you have said to me to-day, and hope, in coming into the church, that I may be a worthy member of it. The way I was led to come here first was so strange that I could not but feel that God was leading me. It is but a short time since we came to the town. I had never seen you before. And I was never in your church until the first Sunday morning of this year. On the Saturday night before, I had a dream. I dreamt that I was in a church, and sitting in a certain part of it during the service. I saw a young minister come into the pulpit, and I heard him preach a sermon from a certain text. When I awoke I was troubled. I determined the next morning that I would

go to some church, and I came to yours. When you came into the pulpit I recognized the very face I had seen in my dream, and I waited with peculiar interest till you would give out your text. You announced the very passage I dreamt about, and after I heard your sermon I decided with God's help that I would ever after lead the life of a Christian."

She was in her place at the Lord's table on the communion day. Before long some of her children were at the same place of christian privilege along with her. Up to the time of the departure of the family from the town I had great pleasure in my visitations to their home. And each time I entered I heard something about the dream that encouraged her still further towards the church and Saviour. Having embraced Him as He was freely offered to her in the Gospel, she engaged in the affairs of her family with new hope and new cheer. She had many trials to bear, but she bore them with help from above. Some years before I came away from the town, she and her family left it. If I do not see her on earth again I am confident of meeting her in Heaven.

GOSSIPS IN CONGREGATIONS.

There is a word in the English tongue which, when taken in its old-time signification, has a meaning of which it has been to a great extent deprived by modern usage. It is the word *Gossip*. Being derived, according to Webster, from the Anglo-Saxon terms *god*, God, and *sib*, relation or alliance, it signified a relation or sponsor in baptism, or a relation by some religious obligation. Like the term *gospel*, the word *gossip* has a good signification. When men or women are gossips in this sense they can be the cause of much pleasure among themselves, and can be the means of bringing pleasure to others. To know that a young man has been born again, or that to a young woman some good fortune has fallen, and to tell this out would be agreeable to the minds of God and man. "The air that ripples around lovers as they saunter down the street, under the shadow of the maples and lindens, is electric with good wishes. Cynical indeed is the heart that does not hope all things and believe all things beautiful and desirable and possible for them."

A contributor to "The Sitting Room," very aptly remarks, "We are not set in the world

to be lonely and selfish. We are not in society like ivory balls, each cold, and round, and self-ensphered. We are rather like the flower-petals, which touch, and blend, and overlap each other, until a beautiful whole is made. No one of us has a right to go through life caring nothing for others and their interests. In our conversation, which is perhaps the readiest and most transparent expression of ourselves which we can make, we should recognize this. Talk that is rigidly confined to philosophical discussions, to abstract reasonings, to historical events, or to the latest inventions and discoveries lacks that personal element without which sooner or later, all enthusiasm in talk flags. 'One touch of nature makes the whole world akin.' Do not, therefore, frown upon innocent gossip. Gentle, neighbourly, well-bred gossip is fit occupation, now and then, for the parlour, the table, and the Sitting-Room."

But, on the authority of such an experienced man as Mr. Spurgeon, "Every church, and, for the matter of that, every village and family is plagued with certain Mrs. Grundys, who drink tea and talk vitriol. They are never quiet, but buzz around to the great annoyance of those who are

devout and practical. No one needs to look far for perpetual motion, he has only to watch their tongues. At tea-meetings, Dorcas meetings, and other gatherings, they practise vivisection upon the characters of their neighbours, and of course they are eager to try their knives upon the minister, the minister's wife, the minister's children, the minister's wife's bonnet, the dress of the minister's daughter, and how many new ribbons she has worn for the last six months, and so on *ad infinitum*. There are also certain persons who are never so happy as when they are 'grieved to the heart' to have to tell the minister that Mr. A. is a snake in the grass, that he is quite mistaken in thinking so well of Messrs. B. and C., and that they have heard quite 'promiscuously' that Mr. D. and his wife are badly matched. Then follows a long string about Mrs. E., who says that she and Mrs. F. overheard Mrs. G. say to Mrs. H. that Mrs. J. should say that Mr. K. and Miss L. were going to move from the chapel and hear Mr. M., and all because of what old N. said to young O. about that Miss P."

It is a pity that the old-time gossip should have deteriorated into the objectionable kind of mod-

ern times. I am sorry to be compelled to confess that certain, whom I shall not name, troubled us, as a working people, in my first charge. I thought as a young minister, and I find now as a more experienced one, that the additional words of the President of the Pastor's College are marked by great practical sagacity. "Never listen to such people. Do as Nelson did when he put his blind eye to the telescope and declared that he did not see the signal, and therefore would go on with the battle. Let the creatures buzz, and do not even hear them, unless they buzz so much concerning one person that the matter threatens to be serious: then it will be well to bring them to book and talk in sober earnestness to them. Assure them that you are obliged to have the facts definitely before you, that your memory is not very tenacious, that you have many things to think of, that you are always afraid of making any mistake in such matters, and that if they would be good enough to write down what they have to say the case would be more fully before you, and you could give more time to its consideration. Mrs. Grundy will not do that; she has a great objection to making clear and defi-

nite statements; she prefers talking at random. I heartily wish that by any process we could put down gossip, but I suppose it will never be done so long as the human race continues what it is, for James tells us that "every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: but the the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." What can't be cured must be endured, and the best way of enduring it is not to listen to it. Over one of our old castles a former owner has inscribed these lines :—

They say.

What do they say?

Let them say.

Thin-skinned persons should learn this motto by heart. The talk of the village is never worthy of notice, and you should never take any interest in it except to mourn over the malice and heartlessness of which it is too often the indicator. Mayow in his "Plain Preaching" very forcibly says, "If you were to see a woman killing a farmer's ducks and geese, for the sake of having one of the feathers, you would see a

person acting as we do when we speak evil of anyone, for the sake of the pleasure we feel in evil speaking. For the pleasure we feel is not worth a single feather, and the pain we give is often greater than man feels at the loss of his property."

Listeners to gossip are sometimes as blameworthy as retailers of it. If persons would refuse to take, gossipers would not be permitted to give. *The Occident* under the caption of "An old but True Story" has contributed a clipping for my scrap book. I give it here.

"The story was all over town. Everybody was talking about it. It was too bad they said. What was too bad? Why, the new minister had been beating his wife! Was it possible? Yes, there could be no doubt about it. Mrs. S., who lives next door, heard a shriek about ten o'clock last night—a woman's shriek—from a chamber in the parsonage. She looked across, and through the curtain she could see that a man and woman were running about the room in great excitement. He was flourishing a stick and striking with it. The blows could be plainly heard. And as he struck, she screamed.

Mrs. S. could hardly sleep that night, she was so excited by what she had seen. She was up early next morning. She hurried through her breakfast, and then started out—to see the poor abused minister's wife, and comfort her? Not a bit of it. She went to Elder A's, found the family at the table, and told the news. Then she footed on to Elder B's and Deacon C's, and over half the town. The other half that she had no time to call on soon heard it from the other half, and before noon there was great excitement in Ballville.

The officers of the church discussed the matter with heavy hearts. Such disgraceful conduct could not be endured. Something must be done. But what? Call at once on the minister and his wife and inquire into the matter? Oh, no; that would not be dignified and official. Besides there could be no doubt about it. Did not Mrs. S. see the beating with her own eyes? So they called a meeting of the session, and summoned the minister and his wife. He had to answer a charge of unministerial conduct, and she to testify in the case.

They came, greatly puzzled and surprised. The

case was gravely stated by the senior elder, when the culprit and witness burst into a laugh. Checking themselves, when they saw how serious and sad the session looked, they explained.

The minister's wife, though an excellent woman who loved everybody, and especially her husband, did not love rats. But the house having been vacant for some time, the rats had taken possession. When they went to their chamber, a huge rodent ran under the bed. The wife screamed. The husband caught up a stick and missed the rat, the lady screamed again. How could she help it? It was an exciting scene, and must have looked very funny to their neighbors who were watching through the curtained window. They laughed heartily when it was all over, and the rat was dead; and they could not help laughing whenever they thought about it.

The session were in a fix. They were down on Mrs. S. for making fools of them. They asked her, "Why didn't you go over to the minister's and make sure about the matter before you reported it?" And she retorted, "Why didn't you go and inquire into it before you called a meeting?"

Gossips and liars belong to the same household, just as tale-bearing and impertinent meddlesomeness belong to the same person. It is told of Dr. Gill the Commentator that a gossipy woman once called upon him to find fault with the length of the white bands that he wore. "Well, well," said the Doctor, "what do you think is the right length? Take them and make them as long or as short as you like." The lady expressed her delight, so the story runs; she was sure that her dear pastor would grant her request, and therefore she had brought her scissors with her and would do the trimming at once. Accordingly snip, snip, and the thing was done and the bibs returned. "Now," said the Doctor, "my good sister, you must do me a good tur. also." "Yes, that I will, Doctor. What can it be?" "Well—you have something about you that is a deal too long, and causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter." "Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate," said the dame, "what is it, here are the scissors, use them as you please." "Come then," said the Pastor, "good sister, *put out your tongue.*"

Gossip is a growth that should be nipped in

the bud. If those in authority in the church are satisfied that they themselves are without the affection, a good pair of church scissors, deftly handled now and then by some one in a representative capacity, would stay the tongue-wagging that does signal service in the devil's cause.

ROUNDERS IN CONGREGATIONS.

There is a class of intolerable nuisances in some of our large congregations, and indeed I have heard of their presence in smaller congregations. Both the authorized and revised versions of the New Testament have a verse in parenthesis, in the seventeenth chapter of The Acts, that describes their chief employment. Like those depicted in the preceding sketch, persons belonging to this class can "tell" a new thing, but like the Athenians and strangers of Greece, in the days of Paul, they spend their time "in nothing else but . . . *to hear* some new thing."

Things that are an attraction to those who can be relied upon for hearty service in a church are usually unattractive to them. They like new things. New ministers they run after, funeral services they are sure to attend, evangelistic meetings

they patronize. Some of this class were greatly taken up with a certain peripatetic "revivalist" who gave out that he was somebody, and sought the countenance and co-operation of the ministers of Owen Sound for a series of special services in the town. He asked to be permitted to speak to my people at one of the regular Sabbath evening services. I gave my consent to his proposal, though with reluctance. At the close of the Sabbath afternoon Bible-class and school hour he came to my study, as I thought, with a view to quiet preparation for the evening service. I suggested that he might desire to be alone for a little. But he told me that "it didn't matter." In order that the hymns of praise for the evening might be in accord with his theme I asked for the portion of scripture with which he intended meeting the worshiping people. He intimated that he rarely knew before going to a meeting what text he would take. I regarded that remark as a bad omen for the night. He went into the pulpit along with me, and after praise, the reading of a portion of Scripture, and prayer, he read a chapter from one of Paul's epistles and announced the whole chapter as his text.

He delivered one of the most dishonouring substitutes for a sermon that I ever heard. In the course of his rambling harangue he indulged in what was intended to be an illustration. When he reached a certain stage in the picturing he floundered. Memory failed. To the disgust of the most of the worshipers in the audience he turned to me and vulgarly asked—"could you assist me to catch on again?"

I learnt that there were a few of the "new thing" hearers who expressed themselves as delighted with this man's presentations. This can be understood when one takes the measure of the class to which they belong. They would just as soon go to one church as to another, "for after all the churches are the same." I gave great offence to a male member of this class, who had been coming to the church for some time, by placing his name upon a mission list, and asking one of the collectors to take special pains not to pass him by in her solicitations. That mission book exhausted him, for he signified soon after that, although he came to the church occasionally, he did not wish himself to be considered one of us.

I am indebted to "Knoxonian" for a fair description of this class. He terms them "Rounders." In one of his contributions to the Canada Presbyterian he sets them forth in the following manner :—

"There are few things that a real genuine Rounder dislikes more than worshipping in one place—a locality with one church in it would be to him a place of punishment on the Sabbath. Next to worshipping in one place, Rounders dislike ordinary services. Plain straightforward worship has no charms for real Rounders. They like great occasions and great excitement. They fairly revel in special services, providing the crowd is large and the excitement considerable. If the attendance is but moderate and the feeling not very high they vote the movement a failure, and look around the corner in search of a larger crowd and more excitement. Rounders are fond of funeral sermons, anniversary services, church openings, missionary sermons and special occasions of all kinds. Nothing so much disgusts a Rounder as a small meeting. A large crowd and plenty of excitement is to him a far better thing than two or three met together and enjoying the promised

presence. Rounders always patronize the "*distinguished preacher from a distance*." They always like strange preachers and rarely listen to a preacher who has been a few years in the place. Rounders always run after the "new man" for a few Sabbaths. The "new man" has every one of them the first Sabbath after his settlement, and some of the "green ones" in the congregation begin to think that the Rounders are "coming over to us," but they don't come. They love to listen to a new "convert" tell how he used to abuse his mother and kick his wife. Any man that makes capital out of his own shame is far more "edifying" to them than a commonplace preacher who has always been stupid enough to conduct himself with a reasonable amount of propriety. Rounders like strange subjects as well as strange men. Let a preacher announce that he intends to preach next Sabbath on "Cain's Wife" or "Balaam's Ass" and he will draw every healthy Rounder in a radius of ten miles.

There is one point in which all Rounders agree — *they never pay*. A good Rounder, male or female, will "stand up in meetin'" and sing with marvellous fervour :—

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all."

But then he lets it demand. He never pays any more attention to the demand than simply to sing about it. This is a way that Rounders have. Rounders believe in a *free* gospel. They don't like the pew-rent system, or the envelope system, or indeed any other system that touches the pocket.

Rounders do not like missionary operations. That kind of work needs money, and it is part of a Rounder's religion never to pay anything. In fact he has great doubt about the piety of those men who raise money for any purpose. Trustees who collect pew-rent sharply, and collectors of all kinds, he thinks are all going to the bad place. They are not pious because they ask people for money. Rounders are not favourable to colleges—colleges need money. The Rounders do not like denominational distinctions—denominational machinery needs money to keep it moving. Rounders are people of broad, generous sympathies, who see good everywhere and scorn to belong to the narrower sects that need money. The only time a Rounder ever identifies himself

with a denomination is when some zealous collector is after him. Then he always belongs to some denomination other than that to which the collector belongs.

Rounders may be divided into several classes. There is the *high-toned* Rounder who patronizes the churches and sits down in the best pew with an air which seems to say, "You are all highly honoured in having *me* here to-day." There is the *Critical* Rounder who finds fault with something in every church and cannot locate himself he says, because he cannot get things exactly to his taste. There is the *Gushing* Rounder whose soul is too large to worship in any one place. He says they are all "dear brethren," and he loves them so much he must go around among them. There is the *Hypocritical* Rounder who cannot find any church pious enough for *him* to worship in. There is the *Musical* Rounder who follows the loudest organ or the best choir. There is the *Quarrelsome* Rounder who has been pushed out of half a dozen churches in succession and who gets the cold shoulder from all respectable congregations. There is also the *Hobby-horse* Rounder

in search of some "brother" willing to trot out his hobby every Sabbath."

During the ten years of my first ministry not a few who had been brought to the Lord and had become valued associates in christian work were called to engage in their various callings elsewhere. Often has my heart been cheered as I learnt, through their own letters or through information gained from other sources, that they were the means of spreading the Gospel seed in other localities. And when some pastor would write to me that this or that one from among my people was proving a helper to him, and a blessing to his congregation, I was gratified that my loss was another's gain. But during the years of that ministry Owen Sound had a great many importations from parts near and far away. Of the good among them all the churches in the place would be able to speak a kindly word. But, speaking from a congregational standpoint, among the most undesirable accessions was the class of "Rounders."

TWO BRITISH VISITORS TESTIFYING.

A good deal is said now-a-days upon the subject of sociability in the church. Mrs. Mar-

garet E. Sangster has sententiously written, "If everybody were brought up on the strong diet of Westminster and Heidelberg, if now as of old, children were thoroughly inducted into the catechism, and taught the doctrines of evangelical faith, there would be sturdier Christians, and there would be more who could not be frozen out of God's house by indifference, frightened out by style, or offended by misunderstanding. If the good old plan of taking children to church and letting them sit with their parents were generally resumed, the coming generation would be more steadfast. A sweeter, purer, steadier life with Christ, a more vital spirituality, would make our churches every way stronger. And perhaps if we all lived in daily communion with our Lord, we would not need so often the gentle reminder to be courteous, and tender, and friendly to the Lord's disciples."

That there is a lack of sociability in the Church in many places no one will deny. I once saw an old lady, who "owned" a pew, order an old man out of it. He was in the church in good time, and, being a stranger and somewhat dull of hearing, he endeavoured to get near the minister. Taking the end of this pew he felt that he was

to enjoy the privileges of a Sabbath morning worship. But he was summarily ejected by the aged member of the church who, in a haughtily selfish spirit, regarded him as interfering with her rights in the church. An usher in the City Temple, London, conducted two of us one Sabbath day to a certain pew. Just as the service was being commenced a young man with imperious mien stood in the aisle and looked daggers at those who sat therein. Pushing past those who occupied the end of the seat he sat beside me. Finding that the space was limited he intimated, in terms audible to the surrounding worshippers, that the particular part of the pew in which I sat was his, and that I must find a seat elsewhere. Elizabeth Cumings has written, "while visiting a certain city, I went with two friends to a very beautiful church to listen to a Friday afternoon lecture. A placard in the vestibule announced that the seats were free on week-days, and invited the people to seat themselves. Modestly we did as we were bidden. But in a few moments a stout dame in velvet and diamonds, with her daughters, stood at the pew door. "This is my seat," she said, peremptorily. We sat still

from amazement a second, when she added, "I guess you'll have to move."

Of course we moved; but behold, a few moments later she discovered that she had made a mistake, and that we were now in her seat. The church had filled up rapidly, and she must either remain where she was, or crowd in with us. She chose the latter alternative, and until the sermon, kept up, with her daughters, a grumbling criticism on strangers who would attend the Lenten services, and crowd pewholders out of their seats."

There is no doubt that courtesy to strangers has a power.

"Hand-shaking is a power. The politician employs it with effect to win votes. The devil's recruiting officers make free and constant use of it. The church only is chary in its employment. In the heartiness of their greetings, the saloons try to make it appear that the churches are cold, and have no cordial welcome for those who drop in to their meetings. The result is that the saloons have gained, and the churches lost, many a promising, warm-hearted, socially inclined young man. A warm grasp of the hand might have re-

tained them. The cordial feeling is in the churches. There is more real warmth in them than in the saloons, but the members have not been trained to show it."

I took occasion now and then to impress upon the people to whom I ministered the importance of courtesy among themselves, and of attention to strangers. And I had satisfaction in seeing that many of them were not hearers of this word only, but also doers. During the autumn of 1884, after the meeting of the British Association in Montreal, a gentleman, who had attended this meeting, and his wife, from England, proceeded westward to view the prairie scenery of Manitoba, and the mountain scenery on the Pacific slopes. On their return they spent a Sabbath in Owen Sound, and were attracted to one of our church services. At its close two of the young men belonging to the church made their way to the strangers, as the congregation was moving out, and spoke to them. After conversation, which was mutually enjoyed, one of the young men said to the visitors, "Our minister will be in from the vestry in a few minutes, and we should like you to meet with him: he has just returned

from England himself, and he has told us to pay special attention to strangers." When I came in from the vestry I found the lady and gentleman in charge of my two young men who, after introducing the visitors, took their departure. We talked together for a few minutes. They told me from what part they had come, how far they had travelled, and related some of the scenes they had witnessed. And the gentleman added, "in all our travels and experiences during the past three months, nothing has impressed me so much as the kind attention of your two young men."

The lady whose experience at the Lenten lecture I have recorded, has added these timely words: "Be as independent as we will, we are, after all, dependent upon, and sensitive to, human good-will and kindness, and the less fortunate we are, the more we need it. The most persuasive force in winning men and women into the meeting-house, which should be in the truest sense a sanctuary, and God's house, is not music or eloquence, but that love which is learned of Christ, which holds one's neighbor, no matter what his estate, as dear as itself, and in its fine courtesy

will take account of feelings which, it should always be remembered, may be indices of the pain and deprivation of a man's life. If any church has empty pews, if any Sunday-school is small, before the pastor is dismissed, or the Sunday-school superintendent is asked to resign, let the members try St. Paul's advice, and be kindly affectioned one toward another, and mindful to entertain strangers. Feelings may not be very gracious or large powers; but they are the springs of living, and human love can sway them, even toward Christ."

CHAPTER X.

ADDITIONAL SKETCHES.

Seventh sketch—Warning to unwary travellers—Two sisters at a marriage ceremony—No. 103 on my marriage register—One of the sisters in gaol—"I began to go astray when I left your bible-class"—Eighth sketch—On the scaffold with a blind man—His testimony—Preferred the wrong way—The execution—Ninth sketch—Two different effects of a sermon—"I want to thank you"—"Never darken the doors of the church again"—What the Scriptures say—Savour of death unto death—Of life unto life—Tenth sketch—Should have missed me—Asking for a certificate—Is it a minister's business to take a census of his audiences?—A case in contrast—Remarkable application of Isa. 30. 1-3—Eleventh sketch—Two baneful influences—David Hume and his mother—Infidel wolves in sheep's clothing—Deadened sensibilities—Guard against the unholy tendencies—A mother and her erring boys—"You have talked all my influence away"—Twelfth sketch—What a child can do—A swearing father changed—Two profitable ministries—"Neither do I condemn thee"—Thirteenth sketch—Brittleness of life's thread—"Put up a prayer for my boy"—Four touching incidents—Fourteenth sketch—First Avenue hotel, London—The two most impressive scenes in London—Congregational incidents—Fifteenth sketch—Religion of giving—A loquacious murmurer—Vacuous condition of a church treasury—Why so?—A loud talker taught—Giving for Christ's sake—An illustration—Set apart for the Lord first—Pleasure in the right way.

A BIBLE-CLASS SCHOLAR IN GAOL.

A MAN started out for church one icy morning, and presently came to a place where a little boy was standing, who, with choking voice

said: "Please don't step there." "Why not?" was the question that followed. "Because I stepped there and fell down." Such was an incident related by an onlooker who was deeply impressed by the earnestness of a boy who, by voice and gesticulation, exerted himself to prevent from coming to others what had unfortunately befallen himself.

A warning is needed by many unwary travellers on the road of life. A young woman came to me once, asking that her warning should be given to others. The first I had seen of her was when she and her sister came to the church on the afternoon of Dec. 17th, 1882, at half-past two o'clock, and after the opening Sabbath-school exercises, found their way to that part of the church in which I met the members of my bible class. At the time of the roll-call they gave me their names, and expressed a wish to become participators in the benefits of the class hour. They were regularly in their places for a number of weeks. I called at their home soon after they had united with the Sabbath-school. After the 15th of April, 1883, the spaces on my class-roll were wanting in the marks that I had become accus-

tomed to place opposite their names each Sabbath afternoon. I enquired of some of the members of the class concerning the two sisters, but received no definite information in reply. I called at the house in which I met them first but it was unoccupied. Concluding that they had gone from the town I dropped their names from my class book. On the 25th of May, 1885, these sisters came to me, one as bride, the other as bridesmaid. After the ceremony I placed the names of one of them and her husband on my private marriage register, giving them the number one hundred and three, upon a list of one hundred and seventy that marked the period of my first ministry. I understood, on the occasion of their marriage, that husband and wife were to live in the United States, to which place I believed they went on leaving Owen Sound.

The sister who acted as bridesmaid I did not see again until one of the officials belonging to the county gaol led me to look at her through the bars of a certain cell. There was no mistaking her identity. There was the girl who had sung with us our Sabbath-school hymns, whose voice sounded with the voices of others as the

superintendent led us in the Lord's Prayer. There was the girl who used to repeat the golden text in class, who was regularly in her place for a number of months, and who shared with us the privileges of the Bible-class from Sabbath to Sabbath. I asked to be allowed to enter the cell, which contained three or four female prisoners at the time. On entering I took this unfortunate girl to one corner of the apartment and spoke with her. I knew why she was there. Leading up to her incarceration was an exceedingly ugly story. She appeared stolidly indifferent to her surroundings, and was in no way impressed at first by my presence or words. A little before the time I had arranged with the official for returning to unlock the cell door I asked the girl to kneel with me while I spoke to God in her behalf. When we arose I saw the tears dropping from her eyes. There was no further conversation that day. In bidding her good-bye she asked me to come back. She waited with anxiety until I returned. I visited her three times in that cell and she told me all. When the ends for which she had been imprisoned had been attained she was once more

free. The first person towards whom she directed her steps was her former pastor. The poor, haggard-looking girl, with a small bundle of gaol clothes under her arm, rang the door bell one day and asked for me. She sat with me in my library for more than an hour, and I heard her promises for a new life. "Ellen," I said to her, "it is no part of my purpose to dwell upon the revolting past, you have gone astray, you have been a simple girl, and through lecherous companionships you have been dragged down, but you needed to be taught a sore lesson, and I think that lesson you have learned. Now you have to go home, and you have the future before you. You tell me that the God from whom you departed has received you back, as He received the returning prodigal. And I rejoice with you at our Heavenly Father's forgiveness. You will need to stay very close to Him, but if you rely upon His grace and care He will protect you and bless you for the days to come."

I commended her to the Lord, and walked with her to the door. As we walked she said—"Mr. Scott, the time I began to go astray was when I left your bible-class, and I would like if

you would tell the scholars that, and let them know how much one of the class has had reason to regret that she did not pay attention to your teachings." Then she thanked me for what she termed my kindness in her time of disgrace and trial, and went away.

Her strange story and downfall contain a warning to all who make light of the beginnings of evil. Bad companions did for her what they have done for thousands more. They laughingly led her to moral ruin. Sin will soon destroy a reputation, and blast the life of male or female. This girl speaks to every erring one who may read, or hear of this story—"Don't step there because I stepped there and fell down."

ON THE SCAFFOLD WITH A CONDEMNED MAN.

One of the most painful of my ten years' ministrations in Owen Sound was on the scaffold with a blind man who had been brought to the town from a distance for trial, and upon whom justice had pronounced the sentence of death. Another minister in the town, belonging to another denomination, saw him along with me at different periods, between the time of his sen-

tence and the morning of his execution. He asked us to be with him when he was being removed from the cell. I went down from my house to the prison about four o'clock on the morning of the eventful day. With a man who had lived for many years in neglect of God my brother minister and myself talked and prayed that morning. It was a morning that brought a terrible strain to my nerve and heart. As we sought to strengthen the condemned man in God, an officer of the law entered the cell, announcing that the hour had come. The man's elbows were fastened by a rope behind his back. As he was being conducted from the cell to the prison corridor he asked if I would walk close beside him. I told him that I would. Amid stillness like that of death itself I kept by his side until hangman and doomed man, sheriff and law officers, my brother minister and myself were standing together on the fatal platform. The noose having been adjusted and the black cap drawn down, the words of my prayer were interrupted by a thud. It was that of a man being dropped from the scaffold into the jaws of death. It was almost instantaneous death with

him. It was a season of terrible pain to some of us who were around. A physician soon pronounced dead a man who told me that in earlier days he had been taught the name of Jesus, and the duty and privilege of prayer; who had been warned against evil and advised towards good. But he preferred another way to the Lord's way, and his untimely end may serve to impress every reader of these lines with the word of Scripture, "as a man soweth so shall he also reap;" and to enforce these other words, "he that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

TWO DIFFERENT RESULTS FROM A SERMON.

In one of the monthly issues of the *Pilgrim Teacher* appeared the accompanying sentences from an editorial article. "In the closing quarter of the year we published in the *Quarterlies* for the closing hymn in the order of service, Dr. Rankin's "God be with you till we meet again." In so doing we thought that we had furnished something which would be welcomed by about every Sunday-school in our constituency. To our great surprise, the *Quarterlies* had hardly been

a week in the hands of the subscribers before there came a vigorous protest from one man who was most positive in his affirmation that such a hymn or tune should never be put into the Quarterlies—that the Sunday-schools did not want it. Quite recently, as an offset to this, there came a letter from the pupils of a Sunday-school in Massachusetts, petitioning that this same hymn and tune might *always* be published for the closing song in the Order of Service! They say: ‘many would go to Sunday-school if for nothing else than to hear that hymn sung.’”

The editor commented upon the correspondence thus: “Now the question for the one who protested against its use because “the Sunday-schools do not want such a thing, is this: is a man ever justified in supposing that his likes or dislikes represent the whole Sunday-school world?”

The reading of this article brought vividly to my recollection two different results from a sermon preached on a certain Sabbath evening. As the congregation was retiring at the close of the service an esteemed member of the congregation expressed, to a lady friend, a desire to speak with me before she would go to her home.

She put that desire into act, for when I came out from my vestry I found her awaiting me. She asked to be excused for speaking, but she added: "I could not go home to-night without coming to you to say that the message you brought to us, through your sermon, was exactly what I needed. For some time I have been perplexed about engaging in a certain work. But every vestige of doubt has been removed in the last hour and a half. I will start the work this very week. And I just want to thank you for the conclusion I have been enabled to reach by the sermon of this evening."

As an offset to this, there came to my ears the next day the report, conveyed by an interested worker, not by a tattler, that another person who was in the congregation that night "would never darken the doors of Knox church again" because of the sermon I had preached. She didn't "believe in such plain preaching as that." If I had mentioned her name, the charge was, I could not have exposed her more than I had done before that large congregation. She spoke tauntingly "he is not such a wonderful preacher as some of the people think him to be,"

and she threatened to apply for a pew in another church. The threat was not carried out however, and it was just as well, for those who leave one church because of failure to receive the truth that they require, do not, as a rule, prove an acquisition to another church.

Neither of these two auditors had I in my mind in the preparation of the discourse that operated so divergingly; nor in the delivery of it had I any idea that it was encouraging resolution in any particular one, or inflaming passion in any other. But the preached word has had this effect since man became in need of the gospel. The Apostle Paul testified the Kingdom of God, and persuaded concerning Jesus, and the outcome of the preaching, according to inspiration, was this—"some believed . . . and some believed not." How like the result specified in this sketch is that in the fourth of Acts—some were grieved that Peter and John taught the people and preached Jesus, "and they laid hold on them." "Howbeit many of them which heard the word believed." Paul and Barnabas went both together into the synagogue in Iconium and preached the word. "A great multitude both of

the Jews and also of the Greeks believed; but the unbelieving Jews stirred up the Gentiles and made their minds evil affected against the brethren." In Thessalonica, after Christ had been lifted up to a congregation, "Some of them believed and consorted with Paul and Silas; and of the devout Greeks a great multitude, and of the chief women not a few. But the Jews which believed not, moved with envy, took unto them certain lewd fellows of the baser sort and gathered a company and set all the city in an uproar." The Prince of preachers, in His audiences, had those who received the word, and those who murmured.

It is a solemnly responsible matter to preach the Word of God. And the "accommodating" mode of presentation, He teaches, is not according to His will. We require to deliver our messages thinking more of faithfulness to Him than of "effect." And it is a solemnly responsible matter to hear the preached Word of God. For thus saith the Lord, "Take heed how ye hear." For those who preach, and for those who hear, these words of Scripture are fraught with deep import—"Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the

savour of His knowledge by us in every place. For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish : to the one we are the savour of death unto death ; and to the other the savour of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things ? For we are not as many, which corrupt the word of God : but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God speak we in Christ."

REMARKABLE APPLICATION OF A TEXT.

Whether for satisfactory or for insufficient reasons, some persons have chosen to give up their former church connections, and looked out for themselves new ones. When new ones have been chosen for Christ's sake no ill results may be expected. One of my most esteemed elders came to me one day, in great distress of mind, to tell me of a certain person who was dying. He had not heard of her illness until that day, and neither had I. I went immediately to the afflicted home, and found in a certain room a dying woman. Some time after the funeral the sister of the deceased came to ask for her certificate. I knew her intentions, for she had ex-

pressed them to others who had informed me. Although she had never sent me word about the illness in the family, she concluded that I should have missed her and her sister from church, and her plea was that because I had not inquired about them, or paid them attention, she had decided to go to another church. I gave her the certificate of disjunction. I regarded the step as quite unfair to herself, and to the church, and I told her so in kindness.

Theodore Cuyler's words in "How to be a Pastor," will be appropriate here. He says, "I often urge my people to inform me promptly of every case of serious sickness. The neglect to do this sometimes involves serious mischief. I never accept as an excuse for this neglect the remark, 'you ought to have missed me from church and come to inquire after me.' It is not a minister's business to take the census of his congregation every Sabbath, and a person may be absent from a dozen causes. Ministers are not omniscient; and we must press upon our people the necessity of keeping us constantly informed as to everything in their households which we ought to know—whether it

be a case of sickness, or of peculiar affliction, or of a soul awakened to a conviction of sin."

Another lady in the congregation came to me one day to make confession, as well as to give an explanation. I had missed her from the church, but understood that she had been living under a very special strain for a number of weeks. She came to tell me that she had been following a course, for a number of Sabbaths, that the Lord had shown to her to be wrong. She had felt sorely towards some of the people in the church, so sorely indeed that she concluded she could not sit with them on the Sabbath day. She tried another church but was not comfortable. She went to it on the Sabbath day previous to this call and, as she said to me, "when I bowed my head at the beginning of the service I found myself asking God for my own minister, and not for the one who was to lead in the service in the church to which I had come." She told me that she went home unhappy. She took her bible, went to a retired spot, and asked the Lord what she should do in the circumstances. She opened her bible and was directed to the thirtieth chapter of Isaiah from which she read the follow-

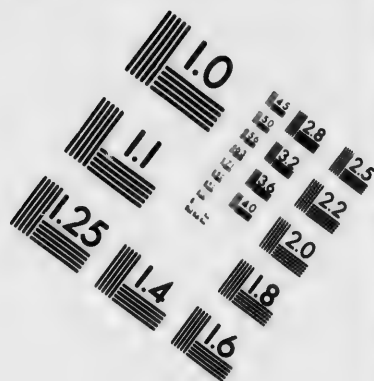
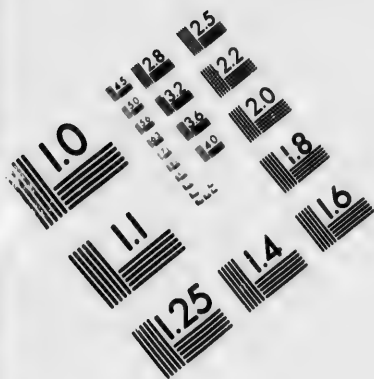
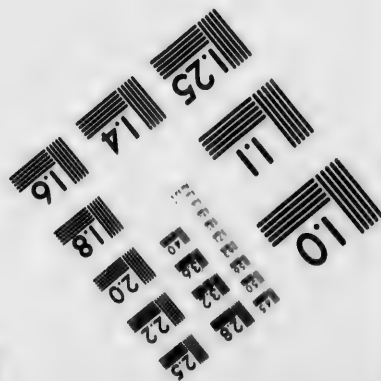
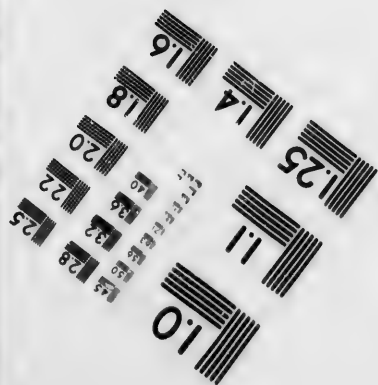
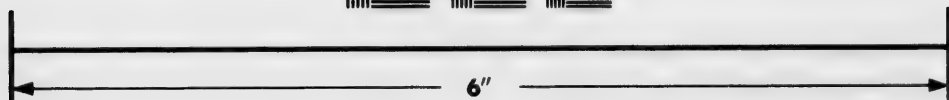
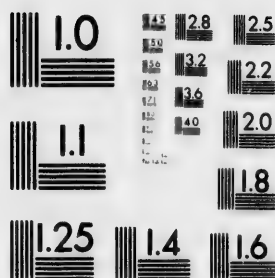


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.5 28 25
1.6 32 22
1.7 20
1.8

10
01

ing sentences—"Woe to the rebellious children, saith the Lord, that take counsel, but not of me: and that cover with a covering, but not of my Spirit, that they may add sin to sin; that walk to go down to Egypt and have not asked at my mouth; to strengthen themselves in the strength of Pharaoh, and to trust in the shadow of Egypt. Therefore shall the strength of Pharaoh be your shame, and the trust in the shadow of Egypt your confusion." She again laid her trouble before the Lord. He showed her that she had been acting on mistaken counsel. She resolved there and then to change her course. The Lord taught her His will in the matter. She came to explain everything to me. She was in her own pew with some of the members of her family the following Sabbath, and until the time of my departure from Owen Sound I regarded her as one of the most helpful Christian women in the Congregation.

TWO BANEFUL INFLUENCES.

Since it has become my privilege to take an active part in the work of extending the cause of Christ in the world, I have come in contact

with two opposing influences that have seemed to me to be of a peculiarly baneful character.

The first of these has been encountered when endeavouring to press the claims of Christ upon those who, from inclination or by compulsion, have given some attention to infidel teachings. God have mercy upon the man or woman who, assuming the role of freethinker or infidel, is the means of poisoning a mind or a home.

Scholars have reason for crediting David Hume with being a great historian, a noted political economist, and a subtle metaphysician. But in the school of life of which the Son of God is divine principal, Hume is no ornament. For one thing the name of Hume is a stench in my nostrils. He had a mother who watched him with care and devotion. She may not have had a mind as strong as that of her gifted son. She was not well grounded in the faith that is required for bringing up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The son, it is related, gave his mother arguments against Christianity. She thought over them. As she became conscious of the fame that was pronounced upon her son by the world she was

induced to fall in with his supposed claims to greatness, and to be influenced by what he would say. If a mind is not influenced by the grace of God, it may be termed a great mind but it is a destructive one. Hume destroyed his own mother. On her death bed she sent for her son. She told him that she had imbibed his teachings, and when health was good she was unconscious of their perniciousness. But now that she was face to face with death, and these arguments could not support her, she declared, in great distress that she "was sinking into eternity with nothing under her feet." The reunions of the future will be delightful in many instances, but how will that son be able to stand when charged with being the murderer of his mother's soul!

Blatant infidels have gone up and down the land proclaiming their doctrines in crowded halls, and from public platforms. These, though bad enough, are perhaps not the most dangerous. Infidel wolves in sheep's clothing are doing a work of incalculable damage. Not long ago one of the most spiritually-minded ministers in Brooklyn had preached a searching sermon to a congregation that bears a reputation in the United States

for its "gifts" and "graces." A friend of mine who was in the audience was warmed and fed by the service. But he was horrified in coming away from the church to hear one of the office-bearers of that congregation ridicule the scriptural teachings that had been so faithfully and earnestly proclaimed from the pulpit.

On several occasions, in trying to bring the messages of the Lord Jesus to bear upon hearts and homes that were in my charge, I have encountered the insidious evils consequent upon intercourse with infidels. In the case of grown up persons the evil at times was not deeply rooted, yet it was sufficiently damaging to show that hob-nobing with men tainted with infidelity was subjecting one's character to peril. In the case of some of the young, while manifesting itself along the lines of the "independent" and "clever," or loftily exalting itself above the "religion of the apron strings and the ante-diluvians" the outlook was most unpromising. Too frequently with the young, if not checked at first sight, the evil goes on apace, until sensibilities are deadened, and resolutions are absolutely formed to plan and live without Christ. From what I have seen

and experienced of this evil, I wish, with all my heart, if rejectors of Christ and of revealed religion must go to hell, that they would go unattended by those upon whom they seem to have set their mark, for the purpose of dragging them along with them; and I wish, with the same earnestness, that office-bearers in churches, Christians in congregations, and believing fathers and mothers, for the sake of the rising generation, would give a wide berth to those who are known to find satisfaction in these unholy tendencies.

The second of the pernicious influences that this sketch aims at warning against has been encountered among individuals and members of families who habitually criticize Christ's faithful minister as he performs his work. Unbridled criticism of others in this imperfect world is, generally speaking, unpardonable. Indulged criticism of pastors by members of the flock is detrimental. I am not conscious to what extent families, in my first charge, have been robbed of blessings through this second baneful influence. Perhaps not greatly, probably to a greater extent than I would like to suppose. But outside of my own flock I have found,

time and again, what sad consequences follow in the footsteps of criticism of those who have been set apart by the Lord to lead in Christian work.

A certain mother beheld her children departing from the ways of rectitude. The Lord's Day began to be disregarded. Neglect of ordinances followed Sabbath desecration, and parental disobedience soon after. That woman was thrown into great perplexity. She went to her pastor one day with the deeply suggestive question—"Can't you help my boys?" "Madam," that pastor answered, "I have no influence with your boys; you have talked it all away." It is no good sign, in an individual or in a home, when criticism runs too freely in the direction of him who ministers in holy things. The carnal mind is enmity against God; but warfare against Him means loss to them who wage it. The true minister of the gospel is in the special employ of the Lord, and He regards him as the apple of his eye. Testimonies have come from many a quarter that sons and daughters have come to sorrowful ends because of encouragements given to them in the family circle to disrespect the claims and teachings of the Lord's servants. It

is almost certain that bad reports will come from him or them who encourage dislike to the faithful minister of Christ. Of Naaman the Syrian in Elisha's day, the Scriptures relate that "he turned and went away in a rage." That was before he was cleansed. But after that he had become a changed man, the first recorded statement is this, "he returned to the man of God."

THE MINISTRY OF CHILDREN.

The ministry of the pulpit can not be valued too highly. The ministry, by pastor and grown up christians in congregations and homes ought to be magnified. But there is another ministry to whose efficiency both Scripture and experience can bear abundant testimony. It is the ministry of children.

The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord in the days of Eli. The use of God's name, and a reference to the Lord's servant by a little maid, turned the conversation in the palace of a Prince, induced a King to communicate with a Prophet, started a Syrian Premier from Damascus on an errand of salvation, and contributed to the page of inspiration the record of Naaman's

cleansing, which is one of the most suggestive gospel chapters in the sacred volume. The illness of a boy in Capernaum sent a certain nobleman to Jesus, with the result that the child who was at the point of death with fever was cured, and the father believed and his whole house. It is related of a young man who had been extremely profane, and thought little of his profanity, that after his marriage to a high-minded, lovely wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made a few spasmodic efforts to conquer it. "One morning while standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit, he ejaculated the single word "God!" and was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty picture of his three year old daughter, as, laying her dolly hastily down, she sprang from her seat on the floor, exclaiming, as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is Dod here?" Pale and ashamed, and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said, "why?" And the answer was returned, "Cause I thought He was when I heard you speak to Him." Then noticing the sober look on his face, and the tears of shame in his eyes,

as he gazed down into the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the hand, exclaiming assuringly, "Call Him again, papa, and He's sure to come." How every syllable of the child's trusting words cut to his heart! The still, small voice was heard at last. Catching the wondering child up in his arms, he knelt down, and for the first time in his life implored of God forgiveness for past offences, and guidance for all his future life, thanking Him in fervent spirit that He had not "surely come" before in answer to his awful blasphemies. Surely this Scripture was illustrated, "a little child shall lead them."

My two little children were lying in their tiny bed as I went into their room one Sabbath evening to make some toilet preparations before going to the evening service. My entrance to the room started their little talk. One of them said to the other, "Do you know where papa is going?" Which was responded to, "Yes, I do know where papa is going, he is going down to church." The first little questioner added, "and do you know what papa is going down there for? I do." "Yes," answered the second little voice, "I know what papa is going for, but I

told you before, so it is your turn now to tell me, you tell me first what papa is going for." "Well I know," was the reply, "papa is going to tell the people about Jesus." "Yes," said the other slowly and with seeming thoughtfulness, "papa is going to tell the people about Jesus." There was something about that conversation that touched my heart. I bent over to kiss the little pets good night, and then went away to deliver the sermon I had prepared from the text, "Our Lord Jesus—that great Shepherd of the sheep." In beginning my discourse I related the incident with the children before I had left my home for the pulpit. It not only impressed him who led the people that night, but it impressed the people also, and I heard of one and another who testified afterwards that the true saying of these little ones paved the way for their deeper appreciation of the shepherd Saviour.

One afternoon I entered the home of one of my families to inquire about a little girl who was very ill. Being taken into the room where she lay I found a number of persons there. The mother was sitting upon a chair near her little daughter's head. Two of the ladies who were

in the room, when I entered it, prepared to go away. One of them, a very warm Christian, took affectionate leave of mother and child. The other of colder nature bowed good-bye to the mother, and to the others in the room, but showed her unwillingness to touch even the hand of the little sufferer. I watched the situation. I saw the emotion of that tender-hearted mother. She said by her actions, "my darling child is most in need of sympathy, and this lady extends to her the least sympathy, and even manifests towards her a repugnant spirit." That mother struggled with her emotion for a moment, but it overcame her. She arose from her chair sobbingly, and indicating that if every other one in the room would move back from the sick one, there was a mother who would not fail, and bending over to the pillow she clasped and kissed the child, saying in the act, "My own little darling!"

On that particular day two matters were engaging my special attention. One of these was the passage in Isaiah, "as one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." A certain circumstance brought this promise of the

Lord especially before me. I was trying to draw from its preciousness for comfort to my own soul. And when I went away from that sick child and her mother I said to myself that I had reason to be thankful that I had gone to that house that day because, in addition to imparting consolation to a family in affliction, I had brought away with me a living commentary upon the portion of God's word that had been brought specially to my attention. The second matter that exercised my mind that day was the case of one whose departure from the path of rectitude had brought deep sorrow to some, and had afforded a topic that was greedily canvassed by others. I had hesitated for some time before this day, for a number of reasons, about going to this person. I had never been in the house to which she belonged, nor had I ever spoken to her. Yet interested ones had told me of a wish that had been expressed from that dwelling that I should go to it. The spectacle in the room with the mother and sick child decided my action and I went. And I bless the Lord that He directed me that day. I found one who was praying like erring David, "Have mercy upon

me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions and my sin is ever before me." I found one who was waiting to be told of Him who calls sinners to repentance, and to be encouraged by Him who, in the days of His earthly ministry, stood alone with a woman and, said unto her, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

BRITTLINESS OF THE THREAD OF LIFE.

How frequently a minister of the gospel has occasion to enforce the oft repeated teachings of God's word concerning the uncertainty of life!

On the occasion of my first visit to the town, which afterwards became my home, my predecessor in the pastorate there took me to see a number of his parishioners. One of the pleasant interviews that impressed me at the time was with a young man whose promise of a long life was bright, and whose business prospects appeared to be most encouraging. Scarcely had I been settled in my

charge until he was taken from his business and family circle through a most unexpected accident. Returning from the cemetery, on a funeral occasion, along with a friend, their horse took fright, and ran away. The mangled body of a fine looking young man was lying on a bed when I responded to the summons of a messenger. His aged mother was paying her last attentions to a devoted son. I think I see her, and hear her voice now, as she drew me by the hand to her side, and said so gently that painful night—"Put up a prayer for my boy, oh, put up a prayer for my dear boy." Prayer was offered. But even then the pulse was growing weak, and in a few hours he died.

A young man, whose brothers and sisters with their families worshiped with the congregation that called me to be their pastor, became an invalid. From his inflammatory ailment he had partially recovered. A number of his companions spoke with him as he stepped into a little boat, and moved out into the water in tow of one of the Georgian Bay steamers. As the whistle was signalling her entrance to one of the first calling places on the route, and as she turned into port, the line that fastened the boat to the steamer

became entangled, the young man was thrown into the water, and brought back to town a corpse.

As I was crossing Division street bridge in the town one day I met another young man. He had heard the gospel from my lips in the church. He had sung hymns of praise with us in our own drawing-room. I had spoken to him in private about his soul. He was among the most vivacious of the young people with whom I had intercourse in the town. He was a mainstay to his mother. It was about noon, on the day referred to, that I saw him. He was whistling along the street as he proceeded to a boat at the water's edge. As I was attending a public engagement in the Scrope street Methodist Church that afternoon, an excited messenger came to the part of the audience room in which I was, intimated that a young man had accidentally been shot, and asked me to go to him. I was driven hurriedly to a physician's office, and in a room adjoining it, I beheld on a couch the bleeding body of the young man whom I had met on the street a few hours before. From that couch he was conveyed by tender hands to his own home.

But before the night had passed this son and brother was being dressed for the cemetery.

Within a stone's cast of our Hill street home was a dwelling occupied by an interesting family, consisting of father and mother and twelve children. The father was an officer on the Steamer Asia, which plied on those Northern waters about the town. The Asia had entered the port of Owen Sound on a certain night. This officer had but a few minutes to spare from his port duties. These he utilized to run up to his own home. Since he had been in port before, a little babe had been born in that home. He saw the newborn babe, kissed his wife good-bye, went hastily from room to room where the children were, and hurried back to the steamer. It was a wild and stormy night. It was the night of the loss of the Asia. Many a home was thrown into distress by the lake disasters from that gale. The officer from our neighbor's house was among the drowned. Mrs. Captain Smith was a lady to whom I was attracted as much as to any other lady in Owen Sound, outside of our own congregation, on account of her large heart and generous deeds. She entered with me the home of

the family into which unexpected sorrow had come the day on which intelligence of this officer's death had reached the town. What family could withstand the shock of intelligence so distressing! No one could break it to a family with greater gentleness, or with more wisely exercised sympathy than Mrs. Smith. I think the impressiveness of that household scene can never be effaced from my remembrance. What could be done but to turn a widow and her fatherless children to the widow's God and the Father of the fatherless. That was done. Truly this scripture was emphasized, "Ye know not what a day may bring forth."

At the evening service on the first Sabbath after the opening of our new church, the closing hymn was, "Nearer my God to Thee." In the choir that evening was a young man who sang as heartily as any one in the large congregation. He was a young disciple of Christ. He had been brought to a knowledge of the truth during my ministry. I had spent a little while with him not long before in his place of business. He spoke of his business, and of his prospects for the future, and did not fail to

acknowledge the Lord in both. Little did he think, as we spoke together on that occasion, that he so soon would leave all earthly attractions. Little did he think as he sang "Nearer my God to Thee" at the close of that opening religious service that he was so near the home of God. The first intelligence that I received from the outside world on Monday morning was concerning his death. I hastened to the scene of the fire. The house in which he slept had been burned to ashes during the night. A young companion barely escaped with his life. His own charred remains were awaiting interment in a house not far distant.

IMPRESSIONS THROUGH PRAYER.

On the occasion of my first visit to the British metropolis I made my headquarters about Bloomsbury Square. The first morning after my arrival in that great city, in which, as I thought, there was but one acquaintance of whom I had any knowledge, I proceeded down Holborn until I was within convenient distance of the First Avenue Hotel. In front of that building stood a gentleman whose form I seemed to recognize.

He watched me as I walked along because he seemed to recognize in my gait what was not unfamiliar to him. It was a happy meeting of two Canadian ministers, who had sat together in Toronto a few weeks before in Foreign Mission Committee. At the suggestion of my good friend and brother from Guelph, we went up to his room in the hotel, and on our knees there remembered Him who had cared for us since we left our own homes, and asked His guiding hand to lead us till we returned to them. During the three weeks spent in London on that first visit I had special opportunities for coming in contact with persons whom I desired to meet, and for mingling with scenes that I wished to witness. But the two things that left the most lasting impression upon my memory from that first London visit were the scene of the crucifixion of our Lord in one of the rooms of the National Gallery, and the prayer scene, just referred to, in one of the rooms of the First Avenue Hotel.

It is remarkable what an effect a prayer scene produces upon a mind influenced by grace. A gentleman of distinction, who is now in the Unit-

ed States, was escorting me at one time through his possessions. He was one of those who keep in mind that God gives us our possessions. My regard for that man is enhanced as I call to remembrance that when we reached a certain spot he asked that we should kneel together, and, in turn, address the Lord. The circumstance, in the history of one of the best of my Owen Sound associates in Christian work, that I recall with greatest interest is one connected with prayer. He went from one of our church services in company with a friend. He was anxious about the welfare of that friend's soul. They talked of Christ by the way. The friend expressed a desire to be a Christian. So the former asked him to go in to the edge of the woods. And there they both bowed before the Lord, my young helper praying, by the trunk of a tree, that Salvation might be enjoyed by his companion. The most grateful recollection I entertain of one of the homes in my first congregation is connected with the teachings of the husband and father, who impressed upon his little boy that, if they were to expect blessings from God through their

minister, they must not forget to pray to God in behalf of their minister. Although years have passed since the incident occurred, what impresses me most with one of my most faithful Sunday school teachers was a visit he paid me once for the purpose of securing an understanding about prayer for the members of his class. The secret of success with a noted soul winner I found one day as he kneeled at a certain spot and with clasped hands over an open Bible pleaded with the Lord for souls.

"Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being ;

"Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of Mercy.

"Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, 'so be it ;'

"Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence."

TWO WAYS OF GIVING TO THE LORD.

One of the evidences that genuine religion is possessed by a man lies in his conscientious response to the scriptural inquiry—"what shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?"

I met a man some years ago, in a certain village, who indulged in much unnecessary talk about the vacuous condition of his church trea-

surey. In the spirit of a fault-finder with his own congregational management he inquired of one who stood by, on the occasion to which I refer, about the method of finance adopted by the congregation in which he was a worker. When an answer was returned this friend asked another question, "how much do you give your minister?" The intention of this friend was to know what income the pastor of the church, to which the loquacious murmurer belonged, received from the congregation that had called him. Mistaking the drift of the query by supposing that it sought to find out how much was his own annual contribution to the church this man was somewhat confused. After recovery from temporary embarrassment he said "it would not be easy for me to tell you just how much I give in the course of a year for, in addition to money contributions, I take the minister a gallon of syrup or a loaf of maple sugar in the spring, a quarter of lamb in the summer, sometimes a cheese in the fall, and now and then a bag of oats during the winter." When this answer came to be thoroughly understood it meant that the sugar and syrup, the lamb, cheese, and bag of oats

were taken to the minister who regarded them as a token of kindness, but the close-handed "donor" placed a high money valuation upon each article, and subtracted the total from a barely respectable amount that the church expected from him. The difference, which came to an insignificant portion, was his contribution. Even this was uncheerfully rendered. The man, at the time of which I speak, was in the company of a few giving workers who were associated with me in one of my mission fields, and who knew more than this stingy individual supposed of the drag he was upon congregational efforts in his own field. It is doubtful if ever before that man heard so much plain talk and excellent counsel upon a particular subject, and that a subject that he needed very much to be enlightened upon. Reports from that field, before a twelve-month had expired, showed what good results came from a few honest men taking hold of a grasping fault-finder, and plainly telling him that if he was doing his duty he would not be standing in the way of others who were prepared to do theirs. The interview helped to cure the complaint of vacuity in that congregation's treasury.

I like to place in contrast with that man one of the sons in a working family in my first charge. He left his bed in the darkness one night and walked fully a mile for the purpose of speaking to me about his personal salvation. When he reached the door of the house his courage failed him, for he saw no light through the windows, and judged that we had retired for the night. The next morning his mother came to me to tell how, Nicodemus-like, her boy had left his room for the purpose of conversing with me about his soul. I assured her that I would see her son that day. At the very earliest opportunity I proceeded to the house of this family and inquired about the anxious boy. I was told that he had gone to some work in a grain field near by. To that field I directed my way immediately. The swinging of his scythe prevented him from hearing my footsteps until I stood in the shade of a tree close beside him. He was so intent upon other things that he did not recognize me before I could hear the sobbing undertone of a young man who was in deep distress about his spiritual concerns. He dropped his scythe and was prepared to talk

upon the subject of his soul's salvation. I had personal dealings with him on several occasions after this day, and gave him the right hand of fellowship soon after when, at a communion season, he came to ask that he might enjoy the privilege of testifying for Christ at the table of the Lord.

Early in the Spring after he had identified himself with the christian workers in our church, he left home to engage in his particular department of work in a Canadian city. He returned in the Autumn, and the first place in which I met him was the weekly prayer-meeting. At the close of the meeting he waited to speak with me. Before we separated he took from his pocket a little roll. From that roll he took first a five dollar bill, then another of the same value, then a ten dollar bill, and another ten, and added to these another five. He asked me to take these five bills, amounting to thirty-five dollars, and regard them as his contribution to missionary purposes for the year. I asked if he wished the whole sum to be so used, remarking that it was a large offering for him. He answered that this was his desire. Then he said—"you may remember in

one of the conversations we had before I left home that you spoke to me of the privilege of doing as much as we can for Him who spared not His life for us. Perhaps you remember telling me that from every dollar that came into your hands you took out first what, I think, you called the Lord's portion. Now that conversation did me a great deal of good, and I determined that I would do something like that with my earnings. And what I am asking you to take from me now is the tenth of my summer earnings. I have set apart for the Lord a portion first, and in doing this I have had great pleasure. I have found since I came over to the side of Christ that His words are so good, "Give and it shall be given unto you."

CHAPTER XI.

FAREWELL TO PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

At work like Elisha—An unlooked for communication—Why one field of labour was left for another—Released by Presbytery from my first charge—Closing scenes—Last Sabbath morning service—Exceptional circumstances—Because of the conspicuous place given to Christ—What was the staple of the Gospel for ten years—You have Christ because Christ has you—Twenty-eight new communicants at last service—All caught in Christ's net—Last words to the unregenerate—An unfailing rule for the Christian—How genuine prosperity comes to congregations—At the Lord's table—Two names of higher note than "mother" and "home"—Press accounts of the public farewell—Town Hall filled—On the platform—Long into the night—Such a leave-taking as is not often witnessed—Addresses—United address from Session, Board of Management and Sabbath-school—"Better years we never expect to see in this world"—To the new field—Thankful for the ten years' service—"You will never meet with faces that will give you a gladder welcome"—The pastor's wife—From the Ladies' Association—The pastor's last words—Adieu and counsel—Forward—Statement in address on prosperity—Not a new church hunter—To do with others what has been done with you—A trust to maintain—Love and peace—Sorrowful things about the farewell—Joyful things—Five hundred and seventy new members—Success gauged by faithfulness rather than by figures—"Finally, brethren, farewell"—Heaven at last.

LIKE Elisha the son of Shaphat, in his field at Abel-meholah, when an unexpected visitor appeared upon the scene, I was busy in my Owen Sound field of labour when an unexpected com-

munication reached me from another congregation. I had never been in the place from which that communication had come. As far as I knew, not a person in the congregation had I ever seen. Nor was I aware that my name was known to a single individual in that congregation. The communication was dealt with according to the counsel that is contained in the opening sentence of the first chapter in this book.

At the beginning of the year 1888 I had invited my people to the special study of a new portion of Scripture, and in the course of a series of sermons on the "Friend of God" had reached the section in which is the sentence "I being in the way the Lord led me." The Lord, who led Isaac in patriarchal days, led me to understand that He wanted me to leave my congregation, and my field of labour in Owen Sound, and engage in service for Him in another place, and with another people. The communication above referred to was the first in a correspondence that was conducted during the period between January and April. A call to me from St. Andrew's Church, Perth, was forwarded through the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew to the Presbytery

of Owen Sound, and the latter Presbytery released me from my first pastoral charge.

On the 22nd of August, 1878 I was inducted into the pastoral charge of Knox Church, Owen Sound, and by an understanding between my Session, the Presbytery, and myself the 8th of April, 1888, was fixed as the last Sabbath of my first ministry. I have no inclination to enter upon a description of the scenes during the four weeks previous to this date. The sundering of ties, that ten eventful years in the history of the congregation had formed, was marked by great pain to flock and under-shepherd. On the morning of my last Sabbath the Session arranged that we should once more surround the Lord's table together. It was generally known that this morning service was intended especially for those who were connected with Knox Church, and not for visitors. There was a very large attendance of communicants and adherents at this solemn service. Before partaking of the symbols of the Saviour's broken body and shed blood, I spoke to my people in the following parting words :

FAREWELL COMMUNION ADDRESS.

Let me ask you to turn to the Epistle to the Hebrews. In the second verse of the twelfth chapter you find three words that the Spirit of God has given me to bring to you this morning. They are "looking unto Jesus."

The inspired writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the verses about this precious passage, is enforcing truth in language that bears allusion to the ancient games. The racer's goal was ahead, the prizes were ahead, the olive garland was ahead. The figure prompts to the forward look. And I desire this morning to turn your attention onward and upward by "looking unto Jesus."

It is with no little emotion that I meet you in the exceptional circumstances of this morning. I asked for a text having a wide range of application, a text that I might leave with you as a motto, to be of use in every conceivable circumstance in life. It is almost certain that all who are here this morning shall never be together at a Sabbath morning service again. Let us give

and receive from the Lord through this parting passage—"looking unto Jesus."

I delight in these three words *because they give Jesus a conspicuous place*. Believing hearers, your ears have become accustomed to the name of Jesus. It is the name that has been before you in the morning, afternoon, and evening services since I began to preach to you, nearly ten years ago. One of my grandest discoveries, before my public ministry began, was the conspicuousness of Christ in this inspired Word of God. And chief among my delights in public, since the time of that discovery, has been in lifting Him up to those who constituted my auditors from Sabbath to Sabbath.

In preaching and learning of Christ and Him crucified we have found that we were not confined to any narrow limits, but rather that we were led out into a large and wealthy place. "Christ and Him crucified" may be a parrot cry with the superficial Christian, but it ought to be something different, brethren, with you. It has been the staple of the gospel here, a gospel that has known, and has made known Christ in history, in prophecy, in inspired poetry, in type

and symbol, in evangelistic record, in doctrinal epistle, and in pastoral epistle.

I rejoice that so many in this house this morning have a living interest in Him who came from God, who went to God, who is to return from God, who is God. The "old, old story" is no meaningless phrase with many of you who have a living acquaintance with Emmanuel. You know whereof we speak when we tell you of the Lord Jesus, your personal Saviour and Friend. Soldiers have been roused to ecstasy by the name of a general. And the name of Jesus starts you upon a course of reflection that arouses your souls. Once you were without Christ, but now you have Christ because Christ has you. "Looking unto Jesus" is therefore a suggestive motto. No other three words in our language, to my mind, are more pregnant with suggestiveness than these. Permit me to request of you, in bidding you good-bye, to draw from their fullness.

This is a glorious passage *because it tells you the way of Salvation*. One thing I do regret, in going away from you, is that I am leaving some behind who are without Christ. Among the

twenty-eight who are at the Lord's table with us this morning for the first time, are those who have embraced Christ as their Saviour very recently. Praise God for the drawing powers of His grace! Would that all here this morning were in the ark of safety! Samuel Rutherford gives me the words that express my heart yearnings for the unsaved, "Oh, how rich were I if I could obtain of my Lord the salvation of you all! What a prey had I gotten to have you all caught in Christ's net! My witness is above, that your heaven would be the two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all would be two salvations to me."

Unregenerate listeners, I believe the Spirit of God is working with you to day. You have heard the invitations of Christ, and His claims upon you, many a time, but you have refused and resisted hitherto. Would you be influenced by this last appeal? Would you accept the way of salvation if you were taught that way again? Perhaps this morning you are asking, "What must I do to be saved?" Are you? If so the Spirit of God is working with you. And you may be sure the devil is not far off. When

grave questionings press themselves upon your attention Satan will do all in his power to turn you from the right way. The devil has many dislikes in congregations, and one of his greatest is the sight of an anxious inquirer after salvation. Very likely he is saying to you now, "there is time enough," or "you have left it off too long and it is too late now," or "you are too great a sinner," or something else. One of his favourite devices is to keep the anxious one looking at self.

Brethren, is the old deceiver working in this way with some of my hearers this morning? Take the road opposite that on which he directs you. Face Godward, anxious one. Christ is the way of salvation. There is no other way. His own blessed words are these, "I am the door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." The bitten Israelite in Moses' day found healing by a look at the brazen serpent on the pole. For another time, for the last time, let me tell you that the way for you to be saved, is by "looking unto Jesus."

The text is important *because it is an unfailing*

rule for the Christian. There is the birth of faith, and there is the life of faith. By "looking unto Jesus" the Spirit tells your soul the glorious meaning of the new birth. By "looking unto Jesus" the Spirit gives you the rule for the new life. By faith we embrace Christ, by faith we live and grow with Christ. The writer of the text would have the Hebrews understand the far-reaching import of "looking unto Jesus." Paul is expanding the expression before us now in this short passage, and he is teaching the same lesson for disciples in all ages, when he says "the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me."

Disciples of Christ, my parting text is of universal application. Keep "looking unto Jesus." Keep him in a conspicuous place. With John the Baptist say "He must increase but I must decrease." It is not your hold of Christ that gives you security, but His hold of you. It is not your joy in Christ that ensures your comfort, but rather His dwelling in you. It is not your faith that saves you. Christ saves. Your prayers do not contain the power; the power lies with the

Hearer of prayer. Your feelings may be intense, and your service most excellent, but your happiness is not in your emotion, nor yet in your efficiency. The happiness of a Christian is in a person, even in Christ. It is not what you are to Christ that gives rest for your soul, but what Christ is to you. Keep the eye of faith upon Him, therefore, and not upon self. Let me tell you once more that the secret of Christian life, the spur to Christian work, the joy of Christian endeavour, and the strength for efficient service are found in these words—"looking unto Jesus."

In life's worries and afflictions turn to this passage. Some of you, dear friends, here to-day have travelled on the thorny paths of life. Some of you have been sorely tried. Afflictions have multiplied in your experiences. Whatever your trouble do not forget the three words of the text. Satan keeps a sharp eye for openings through believers' trials. He is at hand with insinuating questions. When the body is weak he would prey upon the spirits. When the night is dark he would frighten the Christian if he could. But in our day as in the days of Abraham, the friend of God, the upward

look is the cure for care. Therefore remember the text and be "looking unto Jesus."

May I ask you to *lay special emphasis on this text after to-morrow*. Emphasize it to-day, but I am concerned about you after to-day and to-morrow. You are coming face to face with a new experience in your congregational life, the experience of a vacancy. When the Lord removed Moses the children of Israel received Joshua, who was the Lord's choice, for a successor; and when Elijah was taken away his followers received the God appointed Elisha. In looking for my successor I want you to remember this text.

Honour the Lord as you look for a minister, and the Lord will honour you. You will have a great many names suggested from a great many quarters for this pulpit; and you will have a great many letters of application. See that in your choice you keep your eyes upon the Lord.

Until the choice is made, and until the new pastor is here, come to your services as you came to them up to the present time. Send in your contributions as you have been accustomed to send them in. Strengthen the hands of the Ses-

sion. Support the Managing Board. Keep alive the interest in the Sabbath-school, the Ladies' Association and the Mission Band. Be loyal to Christ and to your church. Let not one of you prove unfaithful while you are without a pastor. I will hope to hear ere long of my successor telling a united and hearty people in these pews of a great and loving Christ from this pulpit.

We have had many a grand service together in this house of prayer, and I trust you may have many more when another voice than this one is leading you in the devotions. There are many things marking this beloved congregation that tell me, if you are faithful to Him whom I am seeking to magnify in my closing utterances, that you are to have prosperous days in the future. But bear in mind that genuine prosperity for Christian or congregation comes through "looking unto Jesus."

Come now, followers of Christ, and let us *observe the teaching of the text as we partake at this communion table.* We have had precious hours together during the past ten years around the table of our Lord. Let us gather once more to the sacred feast. This is a delightful place,

beloved, because Jesus is here. This sacrament will be greatly blessed to us by "looking unto Jesus," We make more of the Christ than of the sacrament this morning. Virtue does not lie in this special service, nor in this crowd, nor in the elements on this table. The virtue is in Christ. We are dealing now with the Master's memorial. Nothing must be allowed to obscure the Master.

"The Lord Jesus the same night in which He was betrayed took bread: and when He had given thanks He brake it, and said, take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of Me. After the same manner also He took the cup when He had supped, saying, this cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. For as oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come." Brethren, turn your thoughts to the past. Think of sin, then of the sin-bearer. Think of the pit, then of Him whose rescuing hand lifted you out of it. From your present place of contemplation survey the scriptural record. Having deplored the sin that

brought curse upon Eden, let your attention be arrested by the announcement, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel." Beholding in that passage an early promise of the future Saviour, mark the scheme of redemption developing throughout the Old Testament period, until Joseph was encouraged by the angel of the Lord to take Mary as his wife. Behold in that which was conceived in her as of the Holy Ghost, and understand the first advent of the world's Saviour. Trace His record from the manger to the sepulchre, and you have suitable reflections for these hallowed moments. Emphasize the transactions on Calvary. Feel your personal interest in the dear Redeemer's death. Count this place a place of privilege as you take into your hands and lips the sacred symbols of His body and blood. Pledge fidelity to Jesus this morning. Give the hand of a Christian brother and sister to every one who can say "Our Father." Father! What a world of meaning does that one word contain! "As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons

of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God, and if children then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him that we also may be glorified together." Father! It is a grand word.

"I met a fairy child, whose golden hair
Around her face in sunny clusters hung,
And as she wore her king-cup chain she sung
Her household melodies; those strains that bear
The hearer back to Eden. Surely ne'er
A brighter vision blessed my dreams. 'Whose child
Art thou,' I said, 'sweet girl?' In accents mild
She answered, 'Mother's.' When I questioned where
Her dwelling was, again she answered, 'Home.'
'Mother and Home,' O blessed ignorance,
Or rather blessed knowledge! What advance
Farther than this shall all the years to come
With all 'heir love effect? There are but given
Two names of higher note, 'Father and Heaven.'"

Yes, beloved, take in the future as you surround this table to-day. Be nourished at this halting place in life's journey. "Eat, O friends; drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved." Then

rise from the table with renewed loyalty to God and with joyous anticipations of the future. Contemplate the things that are yet to be as Revelation hath declared them. As you reflect upon the first advent let it be in connection with the second appearing of our Lord. When you think of death, the resurrection, and the judgment, think of them through the passage of this morning. Then look farther still. Anticipate the glory of the redeemed with Christ in the home of the soul. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." When these heavenly discoveries shall be made by the Lord's people, and when the hearts of the redeemed shall be enjoying these Christ-prepared blessings in Heaven, may you and I be together again, never more to be separated!

The following sentences relating to the farewell services are taken from the *Presbyterian Review*:

"The farewell services in connection with the departure of Mr. Scott from Owen Sound, for his new field of labour in the town of Perth, manifested the esteem in which he is held, not

only by his own congregation, but by his co-presbyters, by other denominations, and by the general public. In the forenoon of his last Sabbath in Knox church, the congregation most fittingly joined in the observance of the Lord's Supper. The preparatory service on Saturday afternoon was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Fraser, of Leith, who is moderator of the session during the vacancy, and notwithstanding the inauspicious weather and hour, the church was well filled. At the close of the service, more than a score of new members were admitted to full communion. The pastor's address was most appropriate and affecting. At both services on Sabbath the church, which seats a thousand people, was crowded full, and many had to go away for whom there was no room. The text of the evening sermon was 2 Cor. xiii. 11. A most appropriate text, and a sermon that will be long remembered by all who heard it. On Monday evening, arrangements for a "public farewell" were made by "the Ladies' Association" in the Town Hall, which was filled as it seldom is on other occasions. The meeting was a representative one. Members of the various churches in

the town and surrounding country were present to testify their esteem for Mr. Scott and their regret at his removal. On the platform were the Revs. John Somerville, M.A., Owen Sound; J. McAlpine, Chatsworth; Dr. Fraser, Leith; E. Mullen, Kilsyth, and A. T. Colter, Meaford, representing the presbytery. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, (Baptist), the Rev. R. Rodgers, formerly of Collingwood, Mr. Brewer, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and Mr. Miller, of the town council, in the unavoidable absence of the mayor of the town. Short addresses were delivered, by all the gentlemen named, expressing the regret that was so widely felt in parting with Mr. and Mrs. Scott, the sympathy that was felt with the congregation, and the hope that they may before long find some one who will take up and continue their good work. The choir of the congregation rendered at intervals during the evening some excellent selections. Addresses were read from the Ladies' Association of the congregation, and from the Kirk Session. It will be long before the faces of the friends so devoted to their pastor and his estimable wife are forgotten by them. Mr. Scott made brief but most touching

acknowledgment of the gratitude he felt for the success which had attended his ten years' ministry in Owen Sound, and for the appreciation manifested in so many ways in the few weeks past, and in the magnificent meeting convened to bid him good-bye and God-speed. The Rev. Mr. Somerville, at the request of the chairman, led the meeting in prayer, commending the departing friends to the God of all grace, and invoking upon them and their little ones His best benedictions. While refreshments were being served, and afterwards long into the night, there was such a leave-taking as is not often witnessed."

The address from the Session to which the *Review* alludes, and which came from the Managing Board and Sabbath School, along with the Session, was in the following terms:

To the Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A.

REV. AND DEAR SIR :--We cannot bid you farewell without expressing our regret that the tie which has bound us together for nearly ten years has been severed, that the ministry under which we have rejoiced for a season is closed.

Better years than these, speaking as a congregation, we never expect to see in this world, for they have been years of great prosperity. During all those years, in which you have been going out and in amongst us, we have had pleasant as well as profitable intercourse; and this has been the case in all our relations, in all the departments of our church work, the Kirk-Session, the Board of Management, the Sabbath-School, etc.

It is with heavy hearts that we come to you to-night to say farewell, and to express our hopes and our prayers that He, whose you are and whom you serve, may bless you in the future even more abundantly than He has done in the past; and that He may go with you to the new field, to which you have been called, and make you a standard of righteousness there, that He may be mindful of you still in your new charge, and bless you and make you a blessing to them.

As a congregation, we have to be thankful, for the ten years service which you have rendered us; for the degree of material prosperity with which we have been favoured; and especially for our spiritual prosperity, for

the souls that have been refreshed by your ministry, for the members that have been gathered into the fold, for the young that have been instructed and taught the way of the Lord more perfectly. In our case we may say "the little one" has "become a thousand," and the "small one a strong nation," for we have seen our church enlarged, our membership more than doubled, and our Sabbath School raised in numbers and efficiency to a degree far beyond our expectations. In the name of the congregation we thank you to-night for all these evidences of your success.

Then, we, as teachers of the Sabbath School, feel that we have a special duty to do on this memorable night; we have had many pleasant hours when gathered together, seed has been sown, impressions have been made on many young minds that are bearing fruit now, and will bear for many days. This is no small department of church work, and it involves no small degree of self-denial; but it was a work which we as teachers delighted in, for in working with you our own hearts were often refreshed, and we feel that our labours have not been in vain in the Lord.

You are going, dear sir, to a new field of labour, to meet with new faces, but we are sure you will never meet with faces that will give you a gladder welcome, and you will never meet with hearts more loving and tender, more disposed to listen to your counsels, and profit by your instructions; and warmer hearted gatherings than ours were, you will never address in this world.

Then we, as members of the Kirk-session, feel that we would be wanting in our duty were we not to say how much we feel this stroke, so sudden and unexpected; we had hoped for other things, for a longer pastorate on the part of our minister, for we have some heavy burdens pressing upon us, and we are not without many anxious thoughts in regard to our future; two or three years more such as we have had would do very much to lighten our burdens and clear our way; but He, who walks among the golden candlesticks, has seen that a change was necessary, which for aught we know will result in good for all parties. These years of ministerial intercourse in the Kirk-session have been very pleasant years, during which we often met and

held sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God: they have now come to a close but the memory of them will ever remain.

Your inestimable partner, Mrs. Scott, has been more or less associated with you in all your work, and indeed doing a work in a sphere of her own. Like the beloved Persis "she has laboured much in the Lord," and has proved herself a great blessing to us in many ways. As the associated elders of the congregation, we can only say these parting words—not in our own name only, but in the name of the Congregation, the Board of Management, the Sabbath School, the Ladies' Aid, and all the other organizations,—“Peace be within your walls and prosperity within your palaces. For our brethren and companions' sakes, we will now say, Peace be within thee.”

(Signed) JAMES FYFE,

On behalf of the Kirk-Session.

(Signed) R. BRECKENRIDGE,

On behalf of the Board of Management.

(Signed) ROBERT MALCOM,

On behalf of the Sabbath School.

OWEN SOUND, April 9th, 1888.

Miss McDowall, in the name of the ladies, read the accompanying address:

DEAR MR. AND MRS SCOTT,—In the providence of God we meet this evening under peculiar and trying circumstances. We have present to us the thought, that in this world of change, wherever pleasure is pain is not far off. There is a deep feeling of regret on our part as an Association when we contemplate your separation and removal from our midst. At the same time we have very great pleasure in asking your acceptance of this picture containing the members of the "Ladies' Association" as a small token of esteem and as a remembrance of the first organization of our church. We believe it will have an interest and value to yourself and Mrs. Scott that it would not have to any other persons. We know it will encourage you in your new field of labour to sometimes scan the faces of these united workers—who were banded together to assist you in the furtherance of the church work for the Master's cause in your first pastoral charge. It is accompanied with kind thoughts, loving wishes, and the earnest, heartfelt prayers of the Associa-

tion, for your temporal and spiritual welfare. We do not need by any words of ours to convey to you our feeling of respect and regard towards yourself and Mrs. Scott. In the years and days gone by we have lived them out to you. And we believe you know quite well all our hearts would gladly say. And although so many miles will separate us, yet we feel that in spirit we will not be parted.

"For only those are parted whom no love unites,
Their absence breaks not our repose who have no share in
our delights.

They may be by our side, and yet as far as pole from pole
Who lack the sympathetic thrill of *heart to heart* and *soul to soul*."

In striving to see our Heavenly Father's hand in this dispensation, you will be glad to hear us say, we look up to Him for comfort, strength, and guidance, and though cast down are not in despair. We mean to go forward, trustingly; listening and waiting for the voice which said to the first disciples in their trouble and perplexity, "In this world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer I have overcome the world." We hope your ministry may be blessed and honoured

where you go, and that many souls may be added to God's church to shine as stars in your crown. In closing we say good-bye, praying "the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever."

Very respectfully yours, in behalf of

"Knox Church Ladies' Association,"

M. McDOWALL,

Vice-President.

OWEN SOUND, April 9th, 1888.

THE PASTOR'S LAST WORDS.

You can readily understand that I am not in the mood for public speaking to-night. Yesterday's services were a great strain upon my body and spirit. And what I see and hear to-night tends to make me silent rather than to incite me to many words.

There is something suggestive about *last* things. The last sight of a friend, the last day of the year, the last farewell with one we love,

the last opportunity improved or lost, the last sermon or service, the last look of one who is about to pass into the world unseen, the last call from Christ, the last stage in the journey of life before Heaven is reached, the last day, the last eternal dwelling place for the soul—how touching, how suggestive are the thoughts that come to the reflecting mind through last things!

A great and good minister of Jesus Christ, in bidding his people good-bye, used words that the Spirit of God has been pleased to place on the page of Scripture. In taking leave of his Corinthian congregation, Paul said, "Finally, brethren, farewell." Immediately after these words of adieu he counseled his old people to be *perfect*. The idea in his mind when he gave this counsel was the removal of all disorder. He desired among the people, as individuals and as members of a church, that every thing would be in its proper place. He had in view, in short, the improvement of the church when he asked the Corinthians to be perfect.

Now I want, beloved, to know that you are to go on improving, to be better than you are, to lay your plans for higher things. "Go on" is a

good motto, in addition to the one of yesterday morning, for the people I have been leading under Christ for a number of years. You have attained to something already. So have I, if you are to be believed in your kindly expressions. But it is not as though we had already attained, or were altogether perfect. This one thing we must do, whether we go away or remain—we must keep our eyes to the front. If I go to the new place to which the Lord has called me I must be a better man, a better minister, a warmer preacher of the gospel, a more zealous servant of the Lord Jesus. And if you stay in this place, from which you are not called, then you may continue to remember the privileges of which your addresses have spoken, but, "looking unto Jesus," you must go forward. I rejoice with you at the prosperity of Knox congregation. I am going away from a strong and prosperous church. I cannot but think that your prosperity will be more and more marked. Aim at being better than you are. Let the ten years' ministry that is closing with these parting words nerve you for future service. When I am gone let this town and

community feel more than ever the influence of that Saviour who has been preached to you, and who is dwelling in the hearts of men and women whom I leave behind. Kind friends, you have wrought with me well. But your work was not for me. It was for Christ. The man, the minister may go, but Christ abideth. Let me know, in bidding you farewell, that the expression of your hearts is this—we can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us. Turn not back, neither halt by the way, but go forward. “No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.” Forward therefore brethren. “Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ, that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel.”

I hope you will appreciate what I say when, in the words of Scripture, I add this encouragement, *be of good comfort*. It might be asked—is this the time to be comfortable when our leader is being taken away, when the pulpit is to be without our minister, when our hearts are sad,

and our tears are falling? Yes, brethren, this is the time. When, let me ask, did Jesus make his way to the disciples on the waters of Gennesaret? Was it not when the storm was raging, and when the disciples were disheartened? Yea, verily. And were not His words almost identical with those with which I am seeking to encourage you? "Be of good comfort," "be of good cheer." You know that I am not a new church hunter. I made no effort to put myself in your way ten years ago. Your call came unsolicited by me. I knew when it came that it was a call from God, and I accepted it. The call from the congregation to which I am going was not solicited by me, I do not know the people there. It may be, for ought I know, that "bonds and afflictions abide me." But I am going to another people to do with them as I have striven to do with you, viz., to keep back nothing that the Lord may tell me to be profitable, but to teach publicly and from house to house, testifying repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, that I may "finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace

of God." There are very many, and very strong reasons that have been given why you and I should be spared the heart-wrenches of these farewell hours. But you may be assured that this separation is of the Lord. And because of this I want you, kind friends, to be of good comfort. The Lord never does anything unwisely. "He doeth all things well." His purposes are not always understood. But in the events of life, and in the changes in His church His hand is working, and working for the good of His people. Jesus says to the disciples here to-night as individuals and as a Christian band, "It is I, be not afraid."

I want to appeal to you once more to *be of one mind*. Ground has been lost on account of differences among men and women in congregations. The great preacher to the Gentiles incited the Corinthian congregation to unity. In bidding them adieu he counseled them to be bound together, to be united in faith, in feeling, and in purpose. Now I want that this spirit of unity shall mark you in the days to come. Cultivate it diligently and prayerfully during the time that you are to be without a settled pastor.

I hope that ere long my successor shall be telling you, from the pulpit that I am so reluctant to leave, of the Christ that I have sought to keep uppermost in my ten years' work among you. I do not know who that successor may be, but until he comes, and throughout his ministry, be a united people. Let the world know that this congregation means to stand, to grow, to prosper. Let every man among you be at his post. Let no person, man or woman, leave the church. You will be no acquisition to another congregation if, for the sake of policy, you desert your own when I am gone. Other congregations can attend to their own affairs, see that you are in your place to attend to yours. I have sought to impress you in public and in private with the importance of caring for the whole body of Christ. I believe in the christianity of denominations other than our own. And I am conscious of good work being done by sister congregations. But you have your own fields to till. You have a church that you call yours. You have a covenant to keep, a trust to maintain. Strive, not against one another, but but with one another for the faith of the gospel.

During the agitations of the past few weeks one lady belonging to our church gave public expression to the faulty resolution, that if I concluded to go away from the pastorate of this church she would sever her connection with its membership. In the heat of the moment she forgot to consult the Lord about going away. She has consulted Him since, and she has resolved to remain. Brethren, stand shoulder to shoulder under the great Captain in the fight against sin in this place. Let not one turn deserter at this juncture. You have testified your friendship to me many a time, you are bidding me good-bye to-night with strong protestations of love. That love and that friendship are reciprocated. But bear in mind you are not my friend if you go away from Knox church before it is plainly intimated to you by the Lord that you should go. I want you to be loyal to your church, and to your Saviour. Christ will lead you and help you. He will make darkness light before you and crooked things straight. But He wants you to stand firm, to be of one mind, and to work for the extension of His cause in this place.

Then you must plan to *live in peace*. "Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for God hath made them so: let bears and lions growl and fight for 'tis their nature too." But children of our Father in Heaven, ye who have been saved by the same Christ, who have worshiped under the same roof, and partaken at the same communion table, live in peace! Young men and maidens, who have wrought with me year after year in this place, be true to your church, and live in harmony among yourselves. God is the God of peace. Christ is the Prince of peace. One of His choicest blessings is peace. The Spirit would encourage all God's friends to live in peace. Brethren of Knox congregation, come to your meetings, your services, your societies, your organizations in peace. Do not gratify the devil or any of his followers by manifesting strife. Pray for him who will be in the pulpit next Sabbath morning and evening just as you prayed for me. Strengthen the hands of your superintendent and teachers when they miss from his place the one whose heart for ten good years was in the Sabbath school. Love one another, live in peace: and the God of love and peace

shall be with you. Let His love and peace show themselves in your hearts, in your homes, in your bands, in your boards, in your town. May the God of love and peace guide you and bless you continually.

About this farewell there is much that is sorrowful. I am sorry to go away knowing that some are left behind without a saving interest in Christ. I am sorry at parting with an attached flock. I find it hard to separate from my pulpit, my Bible class, my people. I am touched when I see your flowing tears, and when I know that behind them are bleeding hearts. I am sorry to go away from aged ones who say that they can never have from another what they have had from me. I am grieved at parting with homes in which I have knelt in prayer, and with members of families who have been brought to Jesus through my instrumentality. I am sorry to go away from scores who have been led to know Christ since I came to them. And I am deeply moved in taking farewell of those who say—you have been with us in joy and in sorrow: you have taught us and our children of Jesus: you have been with members

of our families in the hour of death, and we counted upon your presence to comfort us in Christ in our dying moments.

Yet there is something other than sorrowful in this farewell. In taking leave of you to-night I am cheered by the assurance that your souls have been nourished by the gospel of Christ through my lips, and that your homes have felt the preciousness of Jesus through pastoral visitations. You made references in one of your addresses to the success that has attended the ministry that is now closing. Twenty-eight new communicants were added to the church roll yesterday. When these twenty-eight are added to the numbers that have been brought in from time to time since I preached my inaugural sermon in this town, the accessions to the roll of membership give a total of five hundred and seventy. I have never gauged success by figures so much as by faithfulness, yet this list of nearly six hundred has something gratifying about it. Some of these are now in Heaven; some in other lands; a few, like Judas, have turned traitors; but the majority of them remain. I rejoice with you at the prosperity of the con

gregation up to the present, and look forward with hopefulness to the future. I have many spiritual children here, and I can "have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth."

In your kindly addresses that I hold in my hand, in the fraternal words that have fallen from the lips of those who have spoken from this platform to-night, and in the hearts of the people who know us best another name is associated with my own. Thank you for the testimonies of appreciation to Mrs. Scott. She has been your friend since you met her first. What I have said to you to-night comes from her as well as from me. We have prayed, and planned, and wrought together for your sakes, and for Christ's sake.

"Finally, brethren, farewell." This may be our last meeting together on earth. May the Lord's rich blessing rest upon you all. Live the life which you now live in the flesh by the faith of the Son of God who loved you and gave Himself for you. When you shall be awakened by the announcement of the returning Saviour may every one of you have composure

because He is your friend. And, when the redeemed shall be gathered together at last, may we who have united in worship and service here be part of that multitude which no man can number that shall worship and serve the triune God in Heaven.

CHAPTER XII.

GLEANINGS FROM EXPERIENCE FOR YOUNG MINISTERS.

Statement of Phillips Brooks—Certain first principles to be taken for granted—Plan of this closing chapter—Young men to-day where the author was thirteen years ago—Asking for a leaf from another's experience—Frankly, as a brother to brethren—Nine gleanings from experience—The first—Three terrible charges against ministers—Allow them not to be laid at your door—Hodge's Systematic Theology—Another book by Hodge—Nebulous preaching—The second—Dugald Stewart—Is there danger in Bibliolatry?—More *out of* the Book, less *about* it—Colenso, Huxley, Darwin to show off—The Science of the Cross—Philosophy of Christ's substitution—Magi ahead of the Pharisees—The Gospel of Christ is no cripple—The third—Drs. Jno. Hall, Duff, and Pierson—Ministers' power to kindle or destroy missionary ardor—Stagnant waters breed croakers—Away from home and at home—The fourth—A good wife, a good Session, a good Managing Board for a minister—Main dependence upon two others—Self-renunciation and self-dependence—How to get common sense—Stand on your own feet—World does not look through true minister's glasses—What does your minister think of you?—The fifth—Ministers must be fighters—Riddled banners—In a European city—Lessons with a friend—The hymnology of our day—What battalions get heartiest cheer?—Scars and trophies—The sixth—H. Clay Trumbull—The grace of overlooking—The house-fly for the dirty spot—Brutus and Cassius—The Arena at Rome—Victor Hugo—Love—The seventh—*ὑπὲρ Χριστοῦ* ministers—The best marked leaf in my experience—Take it in capital letters—"Position," "cloth," "ambassadorship"—The eighth—Hungry persons need food—Expository preaching—"Less gilding and

more carving"—Ornate periods—Praying for their minister that he may preach the Word—Insulting Christ—Power in simplicity—Enamelling the lily—The ninth—Last but not least—Luther's six minutes out of ten—Requirement of congregations, Professors, and Ministers—Spiritual equipment—Your people and you—In demonstration of the Spirit.

THE Rev. Phillips Brooks, in appearing before the Divinity School of Yale College for the purpose of delivering a series of addresses to the students, took occasion to state, in his introductory lecture, that there were some things which the person holding the lectureship for the time might "venture to omit, without being supposed to be either ignorant or careless of them. There are certain first principles, of primary importance, which he may take for granted in all that he says. They are so fundamental that they must be always present, and their power must pervade every treatment of the work which is built upon them. But they need not be deliberately stated anew each year. And one may venture to assume that there are some elementary principles upon whose truth all students of theology are agreed, and whose importance they all feel."

In the preparation of this concluding chapter I designedly omit from my plan the enumeration of

many deductions that God has blessed to me during my early ministry. At the same time, I desire to bring together a few gleanings from experience which, with the Lord's blessing, may prove helpful, more especially to those who are preparing for the work of the Christian ministry.

I have before my mind a number of young men who to-day are where I was thirteen years ago. They are soon to go out among their fellow-men to be preachers of the Truth. They have been called of God to engage in His work. Because of their love of souls they have made choice of the Christian ministry, and intend to make it their life work. They have regard for the sacredness of the holy calling. They are studying to shew themselves approved unto God. They desire to be workmen needing not to be ashamed; to be ministers who shall rightly divide the word of truth. They realize that they have not passed this way heretofore, and as they look out into the future they are praying that the Lord may lead them. They are expecting some word of counsel and encouragement from those who have preceded them on the ministerial way. They ask from

this one and that one whom God has honoured in the past: "Can you give us something out of your experience that you think would be helpful to us as we go out to minister to others?" They receive from this one and that one, and they are thankful. They come to me, and say: "Perhaps you can add to the counsel we have already received by guarding us against some of the things you would not do if you had the thirteen years of your ministry to live over again?" "Perhaps you would tell us frankly, as a brother to brethren, a few things that you think we should know as young ministers who are soon to be put in charge of precious souls?" The following pages give my response to these earnest questioners.

Be sure that you set the way of Salvation clearly before your people. A lady friend, who is an active Christian worker in one of our Canadian congregations, said to me once that she was assured that a large proportion of the nominal professors of religion among her acquaintances were ignorant of the simple plan of Salvation. And she added that not one out of twenty of the sermons she had been hearing for

twenty years contained matter that was likely to displace the ignorance. I met a scholarly young man, of international distinction in penmanship, in a room to which he had been brought to die. He was a Christian. I met him frequently during the last few weeks of his life. He told me one day that he had been attending church in a number of places for many years, that he had been inquiring anxiously for a long time what he was required to believe in order to be saved, and that no minister whom he had listened to before his conversion placed the plan of Salvation plainly before him. He told me, in addition to this, that although he had been about in the world a great deal since he became a Christian, and attended church regularly when opportunity afforded, yet he rarely heard a sermon that would show an inquirer after Salvation the way of life. A gentleman told me once that he had taken an active part in the management of a congregation over which was a minister who, during an exceptionally long pastorate, had never preached a sermon that showed simply and plainly what a sinner must

believe and experience in order to the enjoyment of Salvation through Christ Jesus.

Young gentlemen, you must not allow any such charges to be laid at your door. Of course your sermons in themselves cannot regenerate the soul. You can not save. But if you make known the way of Salvation, the Spirit of God will use you and your teaching to bring Salvation to your hearers. Give no one a chance to designate your pulpit presentations *nebulous* preaching. You have come from your class rooms bearing an acquaintance with Hodge's Systematic Theology. Acquaint yourselves with "The way of life" by the same author. Better than that, make a careful study of the Acts of the Apostles. Note how Peter, Paul, and Philip made known the salvation plan. Announce that plan to your hearers in a similar way. Examine with care the instances of conversion in the Old and New Testaments, and preach to the unsaved as the soul-winners of the Bible preached. One who ought to know says, "nearly three-fourths of every audience do not understand the great truths of Salvation." Be sure therefore that your audi-

ences will get from you clear scriptural instruction concerning the way of Salvation.

Be men of one book. Dugald Stewart says: "it requires courage to remain ignorant of useless subjects which are generally valued; but it is a courage necessary to men who love the truth." You will require to remain in ignorance of many subjects, that would be of little or no value to you or your hearers, if you deal faithfully with God's Word. Although the Bible, as we have it, is different from that used in the days of Moses or Jesus, it is the Inspired Word of God to man, and, as far as it is concerned, a threatening danger of our day is not Bibliolatry. You may be pardoned for the manifestation of feeling when you know of men rising into prominence in the church, and out of it, because they win the popular ear with subjects that they have lifted into greater prominence than Redemption.

Perhaps you are expressing regret, as some of us have done before you, because in the days immediately preceding your ministry you had not been taught more *out of* the book, and less *about* it. However, you have the remedy in

your own hands now. Be faithful to God's Word in your ministry. It is in that Word, and not in your words, that your power lies. Some men in sermonizing seem to depend for effect upon what they put in to a text. Show your wisdom, and your regard for Divine Revelation, by giving to your hearers what the Spirit of God enables you to take out of a text. I have known certain of the brethren to parade the names of Colenso, and Huxley, and Darwin, for the purpose of showing off their science. The class room may properly be opened for discussions upon these men, and their theories, but your pulpits are intended for higher subjects. Teach your people the science of the cross, and indoctrinate them in the philosophy of Christ's substitution. In your own study of God's word see that your aim is directed higher than its literature, and when you encourage your people to its study, counsel them not to stop short of Christ. The Scribes and Pharisees in early days had head knowledge of the scriptures, but the wisdom of the Magi is to be preferred to that, for it brought them to Jesus' feet. The gospel of Christ is no cripple needing to be supported

by you. It stands in the strength of its Author. Christ is sending you out to preach the gospel. Let not your preaching be with "the wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect. For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the *power of God*."

Lead your people in missionary activities. One of the early promptings of a heart changed by grace is to tell some other one about Christ. Take advantage of every opportunity to encourage your people in the spirit and work of missions. Dr. John Hall said wisely, "the true gauge of a church's vitality is found in what she is doing outside of herself." Dr. Duff declared, "the church that is not evangelistic will soon cease to be evangelical." "The heart that vigorously drives blood to the fingers' ends," writes Dr. Pierson, "will beat full and strong at the centre. The Christian congregation that is breathing in a missionary atmosphere is a healthy congregation. Ministers can kindle or destroy missionary ardor. For Christ's sake, as well as for the sake of themselves, and their flocks, ministers should add fuel to the fire of missionary

zeal. "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." But if in this closing decade of a departing century ministers and congregations, whom God has favoured, neglect missions and live for themselves alone, the storm of trouble is not far distant. Frogs croak in stagnant pools. The Lord Jesus was a missionary. To His early disciples He said, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." Enthusiasm through plan, prayer, and gift for God's work away from home kindles enthusiasm in the work of God at home. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself."

Start out upon your ministerial career understanding that you must depend mainly upon the Lord and yourselves. A discreet wife would be a strength to each of you. A band of spiritually-minded elders affords great support to a minister. A board of managers who have liberal views of money, and right views of Christ, is a boon to a minister. But allowance made for the excellencies of your associates you will find that your main

dependence, if you are to be strong men, will be upon two persons—your God, and yourself.

You cannot think that this counsel gives God too high a place. And if you receive what I desire to convey by this experience you will not regard this counsel as an undue exaltation of self. Self-sacrifice is a fine trait in minister or Christian. "Self-renunciation is the root of excellence," and self-dependence is one of its first-fruits. The philosophy of this lies in two truths enunciated by Christ—"I and my Father are one," and, "He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing."

You do not know what is before you in the ministry. Probably you will receive advice from those who think they know something, but who are quite incompetent to advise such as you, who are in Christ's special employ. The world does not see through the glasses worn by Christ's ambassadors. You will require therefore to depend largely upon your own judgment, and act from independent conclusions. On this account you must live on intimate terms with your Lord. This is your privilege. The best

"common sense" is to be had through knowing His mind. Consult Him in every matter. If you sincerely pray "give me now wisdom and knowledge, that I may go out and come in before this people," you should be led to appreciate the answer God vouchsafed to Solomon, "Because this was in thine heart, and thou hast not asked riches, wealth, or honour, nor the life of thine enemies, neither yet hast asked long life; but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself, that thou mayest judge my people over whom I have made thee king, wisdom and knowledge is granted unto thee," with additions. If you fail to recognize the union between Christ and his true minister, and be self-dependent, apart from Him, you will come to know that, "he that trusteth his own heart is a fool;" but if your self-dependence is regulated by the counsel I am now giving you, you will know that "he that putteth his trust in the Lord shall be made fat." Stand on your own feet. "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." Some of the queer folk in congregations are ever asking their

neighbours, "what do you think of your minister?" If you should meet them, disturb the phraseology, and press the query, "what does your minister think of you?" And if you should forget yourselves sometimes by attaching undue importance to the question, "what do the people think of my preaching?" I trust the Spirit of God may press you to answer another one, "what does Christ think of it?" Yourself and your Lord must be together. In this union there is strength.

In the days to come you may have many enemies. You and your people may be subjected to peril. But the Lord will look after them and you. And you may find that some one from the opposing Syrians will be able to say of you, as Benhadad's servant said of Elisha, "the prophet that is in Israel telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bed-chamber." From the first day of your ministry I would like you to keep in mind one sentence, the meaning of which I am knowing more and more, year by year. It is this—"the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

Remember if you are to be good ministers you

must be fighters. Some would be shocked at this advice. You may not be strong believers in the pugnacity of the gospel just now. This phase of religion will grow upon you as years multiply. The Book that tells of the "Prince of peace" is the one that declares that "The Lord is a man of war." You are to be "gentle to all men, apt to teach, patient." You must also "quit you like men," and "be strong." Christian life is a pilgrimage and a service. You must remember that it is a warfare as well. The Christian hymnology of our day is sweetly comforting with its invitation:—"Lay down, thou weary one, lay down thy head upon My breast." At the same time it is sensibly scriptural with its inspiration:—"Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war." And you young men will have frequent occasion to sound the call to your people:—"Grasp the sword of the Lord, and forward!" It may be that God in His wisdom may lead some of his people "not through the way of the Philistines although that be near . . . lest peradventure the people repent when they see war." But the greater companies of those who acknowledge Christ as the Captain of

their Salvation must draw swords on the battle field.

Aggressions upon the domains of sin are met with strong opposition from the author of sin. Satan is a crafty foe. You will learn that in the ministry. His followers partake of their leader's cunning: experience of this will bring tears to your eyes, and soreness to your hearts many a time. Then, you have enemies within you. Outside foes you can keep at the sword's point. But these opposers in our own wicked hearts are difficult to overcome. Be courageous, however, in your warfare. Conflicts have helped to make great men. The noblest characters have told of hardship. I was conducted through a building, that was counted one of the attractions in a European city, by a friend, who explained to me the history of certain flags in one of the apartments. They were riddled and ragged, but they were victors' trophies. I said to myself—these blackened banners speak more significantly than the unmutilated ones. Young soldiers of Christ, battle on. The heartiest cheers are given to the battalions that have come victors from the sternest encounters. The scars you have

borne for Jesus here will elicit praises from the redeemed yonder. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

In the work of the ministry you require to have the qualification of love. "If one has a responsibility for the correcting and training of another's character," wrote Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, "it will be necessary for him to know what are the errors which he must seek to eradicate; but even then he can work most efficiently by cultivating and promoting the opposite traits from those which are objectionable, rather than by dwelling upon the undesirable traits themselves. Overlooking faults of character is essential in the wise estimating of any character with which we have to do." Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Cassius:—"You love me not." Brutus answers:—"I do not like your faults." Then Cassius suggests:—"A friendly eye could never see such faults."

If you love your people you will turn the "blind eye" to many of their faults, and the "deaf ear" to many criticisms upon them. Love brought Jesus to men, for "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten

Son." "Jesus Christ loved His church and gave Himself for it." And if you are to do Christ's work you must follow His example, and imbibe His spirit. The common house-fly seeks out the dirty spot upon the table, and the flaws in character seem to be more attractive to some than the truer parts. But if the love of Jesus is in a minister, or other person, it will show itself. That love yearns for souls, and it will overlook much, and bear much to win souls. Classical story relates that a Dacian slave, when condemned to the beasts in the arena at Rome, was spared by a lion, whose wounds he had dressed and healed years before. Victor Hugo says:—"Your powder will project your ball six hundred feet in a second, but the flash of that powder will go six hundred thousand miles in the same time." Upon which one has appropriately commented, "The ball represents force; but the flash, the subtle power of love." Tarry about the cross. It tells of Christ's love to you. Receive the teaching and you will possess the qualification for dealing with those for whom Christ died. "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love."

Bear in mind that God expects, and this age demands that you shall be ὑπὲρ Χριστοῦ ministers.

Interpret the expression either "ministers serving for Christ's sake," or "ambassadors ministering in Christ's stead," believe the truth of the interpretation, preach to men, and go in and out among them in the power of this truth, and God will honour you. You are asking for a few leaves out of an elder brother's book of experience. No leaf in mine has lines more distinctly underscored than that on which I have written verse twentieth in the fifth of Second Corinthians. "In Christ's stead" is a motto I am continually asking the Lord to keep prominently before me. Because I feel its power I want you to take it. Hang it on the wall of your library in capital letters. It is more deserving of a place in your pulpit than an "order of service." On Sabbath days when you stand before your congregations, on other days in public assembly, or amongst your people ministering from house to house, realize that you are the Lord's representatives, serving "in Christ's stead."

Give prominence to this verity and you will realize the dignity of the Christian ministry.

Some talk of the dignity of "position," others of the dignity of the "cloth," both empty as too frequently regarded. See that you magnify the dignity of ambassadorship. If you require to speak severe words at times, or to use the "scourge of small cords," your authority will be the greater if you go to your unpleasant service "in Christ's stead." Your tenderest appeals will be telling, only in so far as they come from men realizing that they speak in the stead of Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost." The weakness that belongs to man changes into the strength that is of God when the messenger proceeds to duty in the name of Jesus. You will disown the world's distinctions between high and low, rich and poor, when upon their common humiliating level you meet men "in Christ's stead," and proclaim the possibilities and assurances that belong to those who embrace by faith the offers of Salvation. I know of nothing that gives nerve and confidence to a true minister, in every sphere of service, like that which comes from the fulness of those three words. "In Christ's stead!" Thank the Lord for what they have been to me up to the

present! I recommend them to you with all my heart.

Feed your people with scriptural truth given out in words that they can understand. Hungry people need food. Congregations need the gospel. Christians thrive on the bread of life. You ought to begin your ministry convinced that the truths of God's word are exceedingly attractive. My own aim is to be a good expository preacher, and I testify that expository preaching has done me and my people great good. You have been preparing to give yourselves to the ministry of *the Word*. Go forth as ministers of the Word. If you substitute man's manufacture for Divine revelation, "Ichabod" will be written upon your ministry. Your sufficiency lies in the sufficiency of the messages with which the Lord has entrusted you. A number of spiritually minded persons in an "influential" congregation in Ontario organized themselves into a band to pray to God that their minister might give them food from God's word in his sermons, instead of ornate periods without the gospel. Never insult Christ by dragging in his name at the tail end of a discourse, lest some of your

godly hearers should conclude that you had forgotten Him altogether. Remember what Paul said:—"Christ sent me . . . to preach the gospel: not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect. For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."

A minister of Christ should be possessed of much head and heart knowledge. His knowledge is deficient if he yields to the expectations of those who say, "We are a very intellectual people here," and who might add, "We judge the worth of sermons by their ornamentation, and by the part of them we can't understand." The truly intellectual, who know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, are they who understand the power in simplicity. Preaching that aims to be "abreast of the times," apart from the living Word of God, is not Scriptural preaching, and the man who gives from the pulpit what is not Scriptural should devote his attention to some other calling. Young gentlemen, preach the Word of God with earnestness. Preach it with plainness, too. He knew whereof he spoke who said: "Vanity will

make a man speak grandly, piety plainly. Simple language alone reaches the heart. You will not move a man if you do not make him understand you. If you desire to make a useless sermon, make a beautiful one."

A friend of Lord Alvanley invited a number of guests to his table, which was laid in a new and highly decorated dining-room. As the story has been told, some of the guests spoke flatteringly to their host about the embellishments of the new dining-room, and about the taste and costliness of his plate. The meal, however, was an indifferent one, and Lord Alvanley interposed: "For my own part, I would rather have seen less gilding, and more carving." Plate if you will, but give your people something upon the plate. Painting will not improve the rose, nor enamelling the lily. And not a little of sermonic ornamentation is a sickly substitute for God-given doctrine. Give forth the Word of Life in plain language. "Carving" is of more consequence than "gilding" at the tables of the hungry. Offer your people wheat, not chaff. Let your expressions have something to express, and let that something be the truth of Scripture.

In the ministry of the Word know the value of this declaration from the Lord:—"Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit. This counsel is last, but not least. You want to act by it first, last, and always. It was a saying of Luther—"If I had only ten minutes in which to read the Bible I would spend six of them in prayer, that my soul might be brought into fellowship with the Holy Spirit." If you are to give to others from the Word of God you must receive yourselves from this Word. The Spirit of God is the key to the Scriptures; and He is the power to the man who bears their messages to his fellow-men.

A certain Parliamentarian stated that he delivered his best speeches in the Commons when he went to the House well saturated with a stimulant. Stimulants have had their influence upon other men with other audiences. These are poor models for the minister of Christ. Before you go to your pulpit, or to any other service for God, you want a special preparation. You should make yourselves familiar with the preparations of the man after God's own heart. Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed David

in the midst of his brethren; "and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day." Bow before the Lord, that His Spirit may suffuse your head with heavenly oil. Spiritual preachers in our pulpits, spiritual teachers and professors in our colleges and seminaries, spiritual men and women in our congregations—these are three requirements in our day. There is abundance of machinery in the Church. The wheels clog too often for want of spiritual oil. The absence of spirituality in a minister has a deadening effect upon a congregation. At the very forefront of your requirements in going out among men as preachers of the truth is spiritual power. And to have spiritual power means to be deriving from the Spirit of God continually.

It is a good thing to go to the work of the ministry with a strong body. It is a good thing to go mentally equipped from the University or Theological Hall to your appointed sphere of service. But it is of infinitely greater moment that you should go out with a spiritual equipment. God may call you to labour in the country, or in the town, or in the city. You may have large and wealthy congregations, or you may have a

people fewer in number, with less of the things of this world. But neither the place, nor the class of people, nor the possessions of the people are to gauge congregational prosperity. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." If the Spirit of God will be influencing the hearts of your people you will have the chief cause for rejoicing. And the Spirit, whose blessed influence is so necessary to make congregations prosperous, you must keep in mind is absolutely necessary to make you worthy men in a holy calling. Scholarship, gifts, eloquence, application, are all good; but, oh! remember the prime qualification of spirituality. If you are not filled with the Spirit you will not know how to use the Word of God; and if you know not that your preaching will be labour in vain. It is a great matter to have so many young men going out to preach the Gospel. May you have the old power of apostolic days, and may your people have that power too! The longer you are with them the more emphasis may each of you be able to lay upon Paul's words, because you have made them your own:—"And I,

brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified . . . and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."